



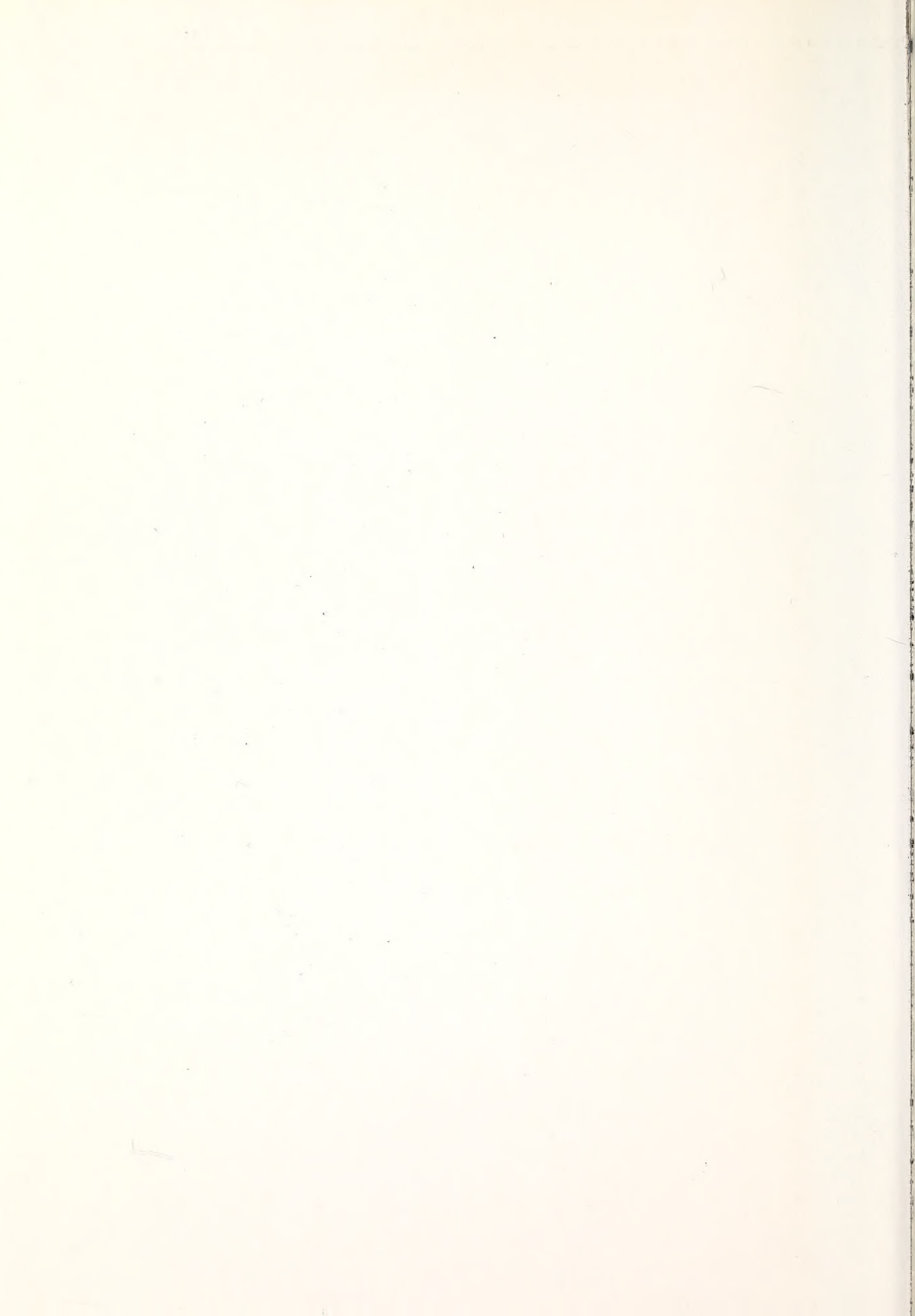
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Jackson

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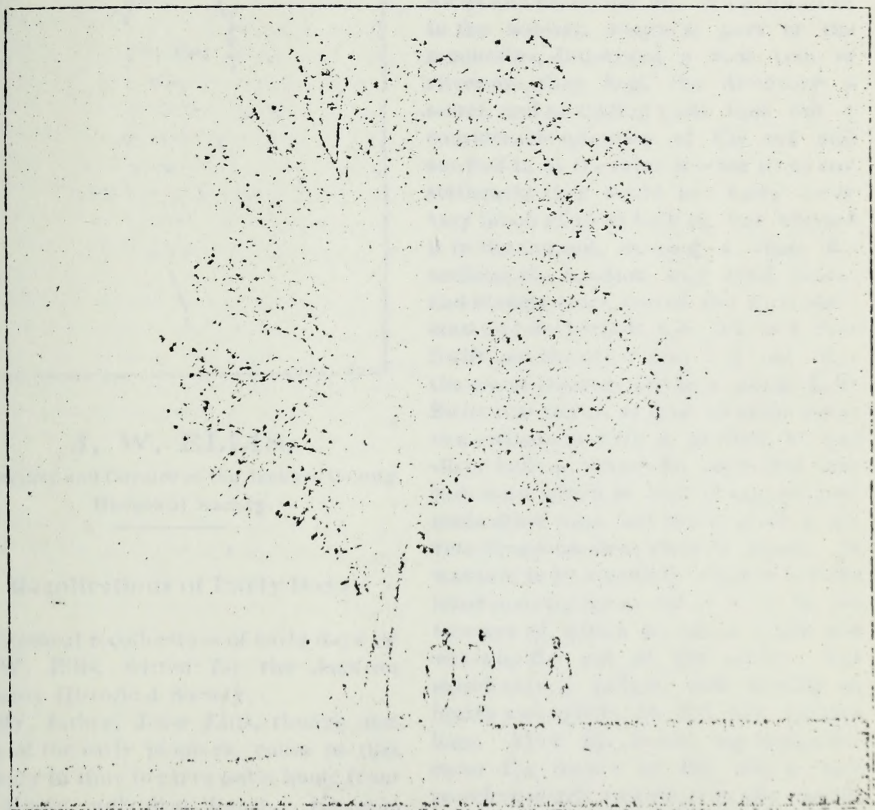
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GRAVE OF COL. THOMAS COX

Section 15, Maquoketa Township

COMMITTEE OF OLD SETTLERS' SOCIETY.

Jos. W. Ellis, W. C. Gregory and Harry Reid Standing on site of grave.

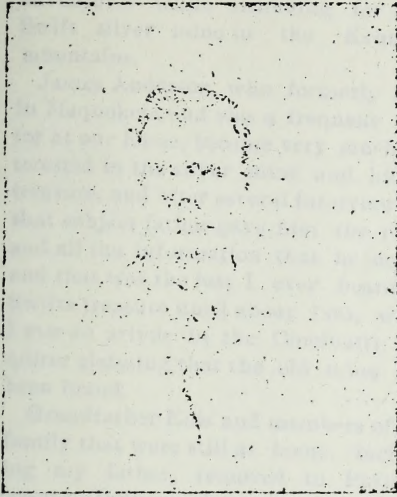
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J. W. ELLIS.

Secretary and Curator of the Jackson County
Historical Society.

Recollections of Early Days.

Personal recollections of early days by
J. W. Ellis, written for the Jackson
County Historical Society.

My father, Jesse Ellis, though not
one of the early pioneers, came to this
county in time to carve out a home from
an almost unbroken forest. He was
born in Kentucky, near Frankfort, Feb.
2, 1810. His father, Joseph Ellis, came
to Kentucky about the year 1800 from
Polaski county, Va, where he was born
Jan. 12, 1768. He was married to
Frankie Wood, who was born in the
same place Dec. 23, 1774. My father's
grandfather, whose name was also Jos-
eph, was born in 1730. My father grew
up on the Kentucky farm and when
about 16 years old was employed as an
over seer by his brother-in-law, Eli
Rogers, who owned several slaves. Af-

ter he reached the age of 20 years he
made several trips to New Orleans, and
later he became possessed of the secret
chart of the famous Swift silver mine in
the Kentucky mountains.

He spent nearly two years in the
mountains trying to find the mine.
Swift and two other men, while hunting
in the wildest, roughest part of the
mountains, discovered a rich vein of
silver ore, they kept the discovery a
secret, and procuring tools took out a
considerable quantity of the ore and
smelted it, as the mine was far from any
settlement they could not carry away
very much of their bullion, but buried
it in the ground, making a chart de-
scribing the location and land marks
and blazing trees, one of the men sick-
ened and died and it was believed that
Swift and the other man fell out over
the secret treasure and in a finish fight
Swift was victor, at least he alone came
to a settlement with a portion of the
silver bullion, which he converted into
cash with which he bought supplies and
made other trips, but finally after a se-
vere illness he went entirely blind. It
was said to be a pathetic sight to see the
blind man trying to direct men to the
treasure of which he alone knew the
secret by the aid of the chart. His
search was a failure, and broken in
health and spirits he did not survive
long. After his death, my father be-
came the owner of the chart and
searched nearly two years in the moun-
tains for the hidden treasure. He found
the blazed trees described in the chart
and found the gulch in which the mine
was located, but could not find the open-
ing to the cavern and he always believed
that a landslide had covered the en-
trance to the cavern and obliterated the
most important signs on the chart. Af-
ter enduring innumerable hardships,
sleeping on the ground in the open air
and living entirely on such game as
they could secure with their rifles, bear
deer and wild turkey, being quite plen-

tiful in the mountains at that time, the search was abandoned. Father often entertained visitors with stories of his adventures while searching for the Swift silver mine in the Kentucky mountains.

James Anderson, who formerly lived in Maquoketa and was a frequent visitor at our home, became very much interested in the silver mine and hidden treasure, and after several interviews on that subject father gave him the chart and all the information that he could, and that was the last I ever heard of Swifts treasure until about 1895, when I saw an article in the Cincinnati Enquirer claiming that the old mine had been found.

Grandfather Ellis and members of his family that were still at home, including my father, removed to Putnam county, Indiana, about the year 1833. Grandfather secured a tract of land with a land warrant received for revolutionary services.

Jesse Ellis married Ailsea Jeffers in Hendricks county, Indiana, in 1837, she was also a native of Kentucky. I still have a government patent to a piece of land which father purchased in 1837 and on which he lived until the 26th of Sept. 1852, when he started overland for Iowa.

I was but four years old at that time but remember many instances of the journey, one that made a lasting impression on my mind was that of meeting a circus at the crossing of some river in Illinois. There were two or more elephants and some camels and the large animals were fording the stream, the elephants seemed to enjoy very much sucking up the water in their trunks and deluging the other animals as well as their own bodies with it.

After leaving the state of Indiana my father had a great deal of trouble with his wagon which was built on the wide track and would not fit in the ruts of the western wagons.

Our first stop in Iowa was at the home of Thomas Flathers, a relative of ours who lived four and one-half miles south of Maquoketa. Mr. Flathers knew that father had considerable money and tried to get him to enter some of the rich land in that locality, which was still held by the government and could have been had at \$1.25 per acre. But father had always lived in a timbered country and would not believe that a man could live in a prairie country 5 or 6 miles from timber and be able to get up enough fuel to keep from freezing to death.

He next visited his brother William, who had secured a piece of land about one mile west of Fulton, with his land warrant received for service in the war of 1812. He had fought with Jackson at New Orleans. He came to Iowa several years prior to our coming and had the pick of the country, but had settled on about as poor a tract as could well be found. Needless to say my father did not like the land in that neighborhood. He visited with Willis, William and Edward Flathers and Jos Anderson, all relatives, and all living within a few miles of each other, within the forks of the Maquoketa rivers and finally purchased 160 acres of land in section 11, South Fork township, on which he remained until his death, in 1889. In 1852 there was a double log cabin and a large frame barn on the land which was well watered, having two spring branches with numerous springs, and with the exception of 10 or 12 acres of cleared land it was covered with the finest body of timber I ever saw.

I will make an assertion here that will seem incredible to my readers, but it is actually true, there were as many families in this part of South Fork township in 1852 as there are today, excluding Hurstville. But there are very few representatives of the original families left. Levi Rolfe, a veteran of the war of 1812, lived in a cabin on the

north side of the creek on our land, but soon bought a piece of land in the neighborhood and moved onto it. Daniel Frazier, coming from Ohio about that time, moved into the cabin vacated by Rolfe, but soon afterwards bought the Willis Flathers place, in section 10, and moved to it, and Walter Watrous, fresh from the Scioto bottoms, moved into the cabin. Thomas Frazier was our nearest neighbor, owning the quarter section west of our land, but at that time had not returned from the California gold-fields, where he went in company with D. C. Clary in 1850, but returned soon after our arrival and had a goodly share of the yellow metal, some of it as I remember was octagonal \$50 pieces.

There was at that time three cabins, all occupied, on the Frazier land, one by the Frazier family, one by Frazier's brother-in-law, Henry Hammel, and the other by the Sherwood family. Two of these cabins were old buildings.

In 1852, a daughter of Sherwoods married a Dr. Martin, who for some years lived in Maquoketa, and I think that Charlie Martin, the carpenter, is their son. They had buried two small children on our land, the stones marking their graves, stood for many years, but have long since disappeared.

There was quite a French settlement on land adjoining ours in 1852. A man by the name of Bywaters lived in a log cabin which I believe is standing yet on A. Hurst's land near his farm house. Peter Jerman, another Frenchman, whose wife was a Flathers, and a relative of ours, had been killed in a well that had caved in on him on the land now owned by A. J. York. Another Frenchman by the name of Daniels, lived in a cabin on land adjoining the Jerman land, and still another Frenchman named Fredrick, lived about 80 rods north of Daniels and taught school in what is now known as the Hurstville district, in 1853. Josiah Eaton lived then near where the John Davis house

now stands, being the nearest to the schoolhouse. The school was known as the Eaton school. Nathaniel Woods lived on the place that Groat lived on when he killed his neighbor, Davis, in 1839, now known as the Fitch farm. A brother of Jason Pangborn lived on land now owned by A. Hurst, north of Hurstville, near the river. Isaac Hight lived on the farm now owned by Asa Struble. Joseph Jackson Woods lived for several years on the farm he sold to Asa Davis at about the beginning of the war. A family by the name of Beck lived on the land now owned by Baumgartner, adjoining the Davis land and John Woods lived in 1852 in the same house that his son, C. L. Woods, lives in now. The old place on the Iron Hill road four miles west of Maquoketa, now owned by Williams, was owned in 1852 by a Dr. McKenzie, and I think he sold to William Sears. A half mile south of us stood a cabin, which was old when we came here. It was called the Woods place and after it rotted down, garden vegetables would grow up in the cleared space and the spot was known for many years as the Woods garden. James Armstrong, whose wife was a cousin of mine, lived near where George Coleman now lives.

Lowell was quite a thriving village in those early days, among the families living there was a Mr. Wolfe, a native Kentuckian, and I think my father admired him on that account as much as anything else. The land in Lowell was considered so valuable that the lots were made very small, only 25 feet front. In addition to the grist-mill, saw mill and woolen mills, there was an imposing mansion on the highest point of land, with three cottages on the north and three on the south, and east of the brick house there stood a shop in which it was said Ben Sears was building a wonderful wagon, that, when completed, would run by steam on any kind of roads and would revolutionize the mode

of travel and do away largely with the demand for horses. I often tried to get a view of this wonderful wagon, but never succeeded.

The early promise of greatness for Lowell was a delusion and her glory long since departed. One of the greatest drawbacks in the early days was the often impassable roads. The roads were generally a single track through the great forest, and it was many years before the trees were cut to let the sun in to dry them. Another difficulty was the bridges. The rain fall was heavier than of late years and it seemed that no matter how high we made the bridges the water would get high enough to take them out. There was a wooden bridge over the river in Maquoketa part of the time, and it was out a good part of the time. When the bridge was out and the river low enough we would ford it. But in the spring there was much of the time the road through the river bottoms would be under water so we could not reach the bridge.

I remember that for a time there was a toll bridge kept by a Mr. Parker, and I probably remember it because Mr. Parker had a parrot that helped him to watch the bridge. The bird would call Parker, Parker, every time it saw anyone approaching the bridge.

The schools in the early days were kept up by subscription, that is, the head of a family would pay an agreed amount to the teacher and furnish a share of the fuel and board the teacher a share of the term, although some of the teachers I went to school to had families and lived in the neighborhood. The first teacher I went to school to regularly was Jacob Whistler. I think that he taught about three years, the next was John Orr, and after him A. U. Parmer. I went for a time to Rhoda Jones, but my mind was on the teacher much more than on the studies.

The great forests between the forks of the Maquoketa was full of game in the

early fifties and there was deer and wild turkeys here until about 1870 and the river was full of fine fish. I will describe one fishing excursion which I was permitted to attend when a small boy. My father and big brother, Thomas and Benton Frazier, Theo. Eaton and I think Henry Hammett went fishing to the mouth of what is now called the Hurstville branch. They took axes with them and arriving at the river began cutting down willows and trimming off the fine brush, this brush they made into a long pole of about 50 or 60 feet and about 3 feet thick and bound together with bark, with long bark ropes tied to each end. When completed this crude seine was rolled into the water and while some of the men pulled it through the water with the ropes of bark, others walked behind and held the seine down. This was hard to handle but was a complete success. Every haul made brought a lot of nice fish, and in one haul they had two large pickerel in the catch, fully three feet long. One of them went out over the top of the seine like a bird, but one of the men secured the other with a spear. When they had caught all the fish they wanted, they divided them in as many piles as there were sharers in the party. My father was then blindfolded and with his back turned to the piles of fish he was asked who should have the pile designated by one of the men by putting his hand on the fish, father would call out the name, and the last pile went to father.

J. W. ELLIS.

In the early fifties the farms in the forks of the Maquoketa were very small and but few of the settlers raised grain sufficient for their needs. Many of them would exchange fence posts and rails with the prairie farmers for grain and hay. Flour was more of a luxury than a necessity those days. Corn bread was the staple article. At least once each week my father would bring in a sack of corn in the car, in the evening the wash tub would be placed on the floor in front of the fire place and we would all gather around and help shell a grist of corn. The next morning father would throw the sack of corn on one of the horses and put one of the boys on top of the sack and start him to mill. Sometimes we would go to Lowell and sometimes to Pinhook or McCloys. Arriving at the mill, the miller would help the boy down and take charge of the corn, and the boy would try to catch a mess of fish while waiting for the grist, when the corn was ground the miller loaded it on to the horse, toss the boy on top and started him home.

Pork was raised very cheaply in those days, the woods were full of mast on which hogs would thrive. Each settler had his private mark for his hogs, they would put that mark on the hogs in the spring and turned them out into the woods and they thrived very well, until fall unless as sometimes happened they strayed across the river, when they would be gobbled up and sold as estrays, then it would cost all they were worth to redeem them. We had considerable trouble on account of a family living in Lowell, who we believed took pains to drive our stock across the bridge where they would be pounced upon and put in in the pound and sold for expenses.

One of our neighbors had a flock of sheep running out and they strayed too far away and were shut up in Lowell. The owner heard that the sheep had been shut up and a ransom demanded for them, but instead of trying to raise

the ransom he shouldered his shot gun and went for his sheep, and he got them by simply opening the fence and turning them out, and gave the man to understand that if he interfered with his stock again he would have to be picked up in pieces and carried home in a basket and that old fellow's stock was never molested in that way again.

Every body kept sheep then and most of the settlers made their own clothing. The first suit the writer had, other than home spun, was a soldier uniform. My mother and sisters spun the yarn and wove the cloth for the clothing of all members of the family.

In our immediate locality the settlers depended upon what they could grow in their little cleared patches, and upon their timber. But farther west almost every settler was either a cooper or run a cooper shop. Flour at that time was put into barrels, of which there were many thousands made in the forks each year for many years. Whiskey barrels, pork barrels and lard tierces were also manufactured very largely and sold for the most part in Galena. This industry furnished employment to hundreds of men for many years. The coopers and wagon makers had the first choice of the fine timber that once grew in the forks; the railroads had the next whack at it, and the lime manufacturers have about consumed what was left. There is but little remaining of the great forest that was such an attraction to emigrants in the early forties and fifties.

Those who settled in the forks had one advantage over their neighbors on the prairie side, they could manufacture all the sweets they cared for without any expense aside from their labor. Nearly every settler had his sugar bush and made enough maple sugar in the spring time to last until the next season. The woods were full of bees and the settlers could have all the honey they wanted by cutting a bee tree and taking out the honey.

From the time that I arrived in the country in 1852, there was not much deprivation and hardships to encounter. We always had plenty of corn for bread an abundance of pork, potatoes, maple sugar and syrup, and honey, and when we wanted them wild plumbs, blackberries, raspberries, and gooseberries were a never failing crop and the woods were full of them.

Our immediate neighborhood was always peaceable and quiet. We had spelling school, singing school and debating societies, but no great tragedy ever occurred in our midst, although Montgomery killed Brown within less than two miles of our place, and it was but 6 or 7 miles to the scene of the killing of Ingles by Alex. Grifford, which was the immediate cause of the forming of a Vigilance committee at Iron Hills, of which I am collecting material from survivors for a more complete write up than has ever been given to the public.

In looking backward and trying to recall the names of friends and associates of other days we almost feel that we are out of place, that we have out-lived all of our acquaintances of early days. Of my father's family of eleven, there is only sister Mary and myself remaining in the state. Of the Eaton family, consisting of eleven members, there is not one left in this part of the country. Of the Joseph Anderson family, which I think had also eleven members before the war, there are three of the children still living in the county. The Fraziers all left the neighborhood many years ago. Of Nathaniel Woods and his large family who lived in our school district in 1852, Mrs. John Johnson of Andrew, now only remains. Thomas Thompson, another neighbor with a large family, found an early grave in the south land. The wife and eldest daughter were carried off with a malignant fever and the youngest children were scattered and lost track of. C. L. Woods still owns the farm his father acquired in 1810 and

my sister and myself still own a part of the land our father purchased in 1852. All other lands in the locality have changed hands, some of it many times since the early fifties. If there is any one living that can tell us, we would like to know who removed and what became of the old mill frame that stood on the branch near the Eaton school house when the writer was a very small boy. It had been built by Joe Henri in a very early day, but was never completed. Mr. Henri thought he owned the land when he undertook to build the mill, but learning before it was completed that his title was not good, he abandoned the work and the old frame stood without roof or siding for many years. My recollection is, that it was pulled down about the beginning of the war, and converted into another building.

J. W. ELLIS.

Some of the Old Mills

EDITOR OF THE RECORD: I read with pleasure James Ellis' article on early history, in last week's Record. I think a great deal more should be published while yet possible to collect as I find it already hard to do with a positive certainty as to facts, we will contribute this "mite" which we have been at some pains to gather and hope it will be found true.

In 1814, David Sears, a pioneer of Maquoketa, built a water saw mill on the South Fork of the Maquoketa river on land in section 13, South Fork Twp. This mill cut lumber from the Maquoketa timber, for use by the early settlers. Lumber yards and pine stock was nearly, if not quite unknown in eastern Iowa during the first few years of settlement, and the native lumber was a great factor in the development of the country. Oak generally being used for framing and shingles, white-black walnut was much used for siding and finishing lumber. I can sight

old houses yet standing, built fifty years ago or more with enough black walnut lumber in them to bring a goodly sum today, 1905, if it was in proper form for market. The old David Sears' mill, after running several years, burned and was rebuilt by Wm. Sears, son of David, in 1856. The Seares seemed to have been natural mill men for I find in 1861 Benjamin Sears built a saw mill on the south fork of the Maquoketa also on section 13 and about one-half mile above where his father David built one in 1841. This later Sears' mill was in operation about eleven years.

In a much earlier day, 1837, according to record, Joseph Henry built a saw mill on Mill or Paris creek, in section 36, South Fork Twp., perhaps a half mile (according to tradition) up stream from where Joseph McCloy built in 1841, the first or first mill that bolted flour in Jackson county. This early saw mill built by Henry, for some reason or other proved a failure, according to recorded Jackson county history, doing but little, if any sawing, which was a serious drawback for the few earliest settlers in the Maquoketa country, for I do not find as there was any other saw mill in Jackson county except the one built by Bell and Sublette at Bellevue in the year 1836. I find records differ as to the Bell-Sublette mill, giving two dates, 1836 and 1838. Dr. Little acquired title to this early mill, or else built on or near this mill site and after several years time moved it east of Maquoketa on Mill creek and perhaps a quarter of a mile or thereabouts down stream from where Joseph Willey built a stone mill, which was afterwards purchased, and operated for a number of years by Seneca Williams, situated on the S. W. quarter of section 20, Maquoketa Twp. his stone grist mill in 1867.

In the early fifties the influx of emigrants into Jackson county was quite

large and it seems those early day saw mills were extremely necessary to the country for they appear to have followed in rapid succession. The next saw mill built on the south fork of the Maquoketa above where Ben Sears' mill was built in 1841, was built in about 1845 by Jesse Wilson. Two men by name of Stimpson and Fairbrother, or at least Fairbrother, had an interest in it. This mill done a great business for some time, running day and night. Later, I understand, it passed into the hands of Peff and Nickerson, who added a flouring mill and woolen factory. Those mills were the Pin Hook mills. Some years ago they burned down and never was rebuilt. Three miles west of Pin Hook, on the river and on, or near the S. E. quarter of section 17, South Fork Twp., John Ball built a saw mill in or about 1855. This mill was in operation for nearly a score of years. It was at this old mill dam where the writer and other young settlers of his age, on the pleasant summer boyhood days, when the outer world and all the opposite sex was shut out from view by the bluffs and woods, used to be clothed in garments cut so low in the neck they made tracks in the sand. About one mile and a quarter up the stream on the N. W. quarter of sec 18, South Fork Twp., Crowell Wilson previous to this, built another water saw mill in or about 1852. This mill was short lived for soon after it was built a flood on the river took out the dam and undermined the mill so it toppled into the stream. The logs in the yard was rafted down to the Pin Hook mill. We trace on the Maquoketa river, west of the line of Main street, Maquoketa, within a distance of 5 1/2 miles west as the chain goes, five saw mills, two flouring mills and two woolen mills including the Lovel mills erected in the early forties by Sears, Doolittle and Wright. All these mills and the others mentioned in this account were

water mills and have gone the way of the pioneers. Their wheels have been stilled by the changed conditions, most of them are totally obliterated and all the dams are only a trace, except the Pin Hook dam, kept in place to afford a good field for Maquoketa's ice supply. If this history isn't correct it is as near to it as it has been possible for me to learn, owing to the silence of record and the uncertain memory of old men.

A Few Settlers of Other Days.

Although I fail to have much of the personal history of all the following parties, I wish to record them as among the early settlers of my part of Jackson county, that time may not soon obliterate the memory of them as among those who helped to lay the foundation of Jackson county's present and future well.

In 1854, Thomas Harvey, with his family, came by ox team to Jackson county, Iowa, from Waukeegan, Ill., and settled in South Grove, Monmouth Twp., where the balance of his life was spent pursuing the avocation of a farmer. His family of children were eight: Elizabeth, Charles, Mabelle, Mary Ann, Julia, James, Richard and Ida. James of this family was accidentally killed over thirty years ago while hunting, by having his gun discharged while getting through a fence.

Robert Swan, who I believe married Elizabeth Harvey, emigrated from near Waukeegan, Ill., to Jackson county, in 1856. He and his young wife came by wagon, driving a yoke of cattle and leading three cows behind. They settled about two miles southeast of Mill Rock, in South Grove, Monmouth Twp., where they followed farming for a livelihood. Their children were: Hattie, now the wife of Will Doan of Maquoketa; Emma, wife of Wilson Teeple of Nashville; Ida, wife of Wm. Noble of South Grove; William T., who I believe died young, and Wheeler, a farmer living

two miles south of Nashville

Another early settler in South Grove, who I believe settled just over the line in Clinton county but afterward became a resident of Jackson county, was James Illingsworth. In about 1848 he came from England to Illinois and in 1853 moved to this part of Iowa. He was a fine old man, positive and original, but never could get out of the habit of calling England, Hengland. If he was to tell you to go to li— you would have thought it was some newly discovered country called 'ell. He raised a fine family consisting of Mary Jane, who was Hiram Burnap's first wife while she lived; George, now of Nebraska; Anna and Louisa, who died single; James; Thresa, who married Clarence Burnap of Kansas, and Caroline.

Perhaps I will be excused if I refer to our own family of which we know more. We were not pioneers, not coming here until the spring of 1856, still one who came here 49 years ago is not a tenderfoot. My father, Hiram Seeley, was born in Warren county, N. Y., and with his father, Wm. Seeley, and family, emigrated to Crawford county, western Pennsylvania, when it was a comparative forest wilderness. There father married Julia A. Bagley, daughter of John Bagley, who when sixteen years of age came to that yet wild country with a yoke of cattle and with only another young man about his age as a companion. There grandfather Bagley began clearing a farm and went sixty miles to Pittsburgh for his few indispensable necessities. Two years before father was married he came west to Illinois in 1815, I suppose he left a greater attraction behind him than he found in the swamps of central Illinois, for he soon returned, married and began to hew a farm out of the beeches and maples of Pennsylvania of which he soon tired, and in 1836, he with his family came to Jackson county. His first stay was with Lyman Bates, who was a relative and had come to

Jackson county, from Warren county, N. Y., in 1838, with J. E. Goodenow. Father bought a piece of land near a Mr. DeGrush, father of Fred. His land was unbroken, with no buildings on it. The summer of '56 he worked land owned by Mr DeGrush, and moved a shack about 14 feet square onto his own land and put up some western outbuildings, a straw stable and a slab granary, in which he stored the grain he raised that year. We moved into our 14x14 palace that fall and one night we took in, fed and slept twelve men, women and children, who were traveling. It made the old shack look like a box of sardines. The coming winter was the winter of '56 '57, said to have been the coldest in the history of Iowa. That winter father hauled his firewood some 12 miles, from near Burts caves, with a yoke of oxen, it took him from before daylight until after night-fall to make a trip and cut his load. In February a spark from the stove pipe—chimneys were mostly stove pipes those days—fired our stable and granary and all father's grain and feed went up in smoke. I was too young to know just how father felt about it, but we suppose something like I did in 1882 when in our first year in Sac county, 400 acres of my crops went off in a hail storm. Father sold his land there in section 28 Maquoketa township, and bought again near Andrew, and the next year, 1857, while living at the latter place, father saw Barger, who shot his wife at Bellevue in 1854, hung by a mob May 28, 1857, and on the same old oak tree where Alee Grifford was hanged April 11 of the same year for killing John Ingles of Farmers Creek township, March 27, 1857.

In either of these two affairs father had no part, but as the law at that time moved about as swift and not quite as certain as the glazer, it would have been nothing against him if he had, some of the best men in this county played quite a part in the removal of those two men.

What is called "the ramble lust" was always to some extent in the blood of a Seeley, and after about a year at Andrew the old clearings in Pennsylvania began to look to father like the garden of Eden, so we "pulled stakes" and went back, but after a few months among the stumps and nigger-heads it destroyed the limelight that he thought the Pittsburgh and Erie canal was the center of, and the fall of 1859 found us in Maquoketa, where we wintered, and in the spring of '60 bought and moved onto land at Buckhorn. The most of our lives since has been spent in this section.

FARMER BUCKHORN.

Pioneer Life in Iowa.

Having been solicited by the editor of the Record and also by my old friend, Jim Ellis, I will try to contribute somewhat to the history of Iowa and especially as to what I know of the early events of Jackson county. To do this intelligently, I must go back to my starting point.

On the 15th of October, 1850 I started from Pittsburgh Pa. for what was called the far west at that time.

There were but few railroads east of Pittsburgh and none west of it.

My route of travel lay down the Ohio river and up the Mississippi. I engaged passage on the noble steamer S.B. Hungarian which plied regularly between the starting point and St. Louis and after a tedious voyage of 16 days I reached St. Louis where I stopped over two days waiting for an up river steamer destined for Dubuque Iowa, and after another run of 4 days I was landed at the latter place, somewhat fatigued on account of the long and tedious trip. at 6 o'clock A.M. November 6th, and after looking the small but thriving town of Dubuque over a little while there arrived another steamer with some emigrants that also started from

Pittsburg and among them was a family, with which I was somewhat acquainted, whose destination was to the same point I aimed for, 15 miles south of Dubuque where lived an old neighbor by the name of Daniel Court, who had braved the wilds of Iowa several years before. The family above referred to, consisted of John Kemere and wife and about 6 children, aged from about 12 years and down, and two young men somewhat related, Onver and Daniel B. said by name, and myself. Mr. Kemere hired a team to haul his family and a part of his household goods to the place of destination.

Our party left Dubuque at 1 o'clock P.M. we had 15 miles before us and the roads were somewhat heavy on account of recent rains, our progress was necessarily slow. The first ten miles was not very difficult, but now it began to be dark and the country began to be very sparsely settled and it was raining, our road lay through an open prairie with no fences or house in sight. But we managed to keep the road through the dark on account of the grass on either side, after perusing our way of 2 or 3 miles by the aid of our grass fence at the sides, we came to a large piece of breaking, through which the road passed. And here is where our difficulties began. It was raining hard and we lost the track on the breaking, which brought our party to a stand still and after holding a council, it was decided to leave the wagon together with the family and driver to stand still till we, that were loose footed, could make a reconnaissance and find an outlet. Accordingly two of us started to travel around through the dark for at least an hour without any success, unless it was that we found ourselves lost on an open prairie. By this time we had no idea how far we were from the wagon, or in what direction the breaking was from us, here our predicament was worse

than ever. We helloed at the top of our voices, to see if we could get a response from the wagon, but it would not go. We traveled a while in what we thought might be in the direction of the wagon party, but it proved to be in the opposite direction. We stopped again to hullo a number of times, - one time we got an answer just in hearing distance, it was from a belated boy returning from his work to his home.

The boy was coming toward us and as soon as he was in easy speaking distance he inquired what the trouble was, so we told him we were lost and wanted to find a road that would lead to Daniel Court's place and the boy answered, come over to the road and go 4 miles south and you will get there.

We told the boy to stay till we got there, and then he began to explain the route more definite. But we interrupted him by telling him that we had also lost a wagon somewhere with a family of children and others which we first wanted to find before we were ready to proceed, telling the boy it was on a large piece of breaking where we lost the road. The boy told us there was only one piece of breaking in the neighborhood and that was 2 miles north and we must follow this road to a certain crossing and then turn to the right. But we were in no mood to make further experiments. So we offered the boy a dollar to pilot us to our wagon and act as guide for the remainder of our journey, this the boy eagerly accepted and in due time we made our landing at 10 o'clock P.M.

Here we met with a most cordial reception Mr. Court appeared at his best, and his noble wife, was soon engaged in preparing a hearty supper for which our whole party was more than ready.

It was now 11 o'clock and it began to me to be a wonder how this now large family could be lodged for the remainder of the night. But this problem was soon solved. Presently John

than Alshouse stopped in, whose residence was $\frac{1}{2}$ mile distance, and Lebus Alshouse, a brother who lived nearby also came, for the sole purpose of taking in a part of the newly arrived emigrants. The Alshouse boys, as we then called them, were formerly from Wilkinburg, a suburb of Pittsburg Pa.

So after we were distributed to our several lodgings we felt perfectly at home, and it was now 1 o'clock A.M. and so ended my first days experience in Iowa.

All the above named parties, of whom I will have more to say in the future, lived in the immediate vicinity of the present Zwingle on the line that separates Dubuque from Jackson County.

FIFTY FIVE YEARS IN IOWA.

Recollections of Early Days.

Recollections of early days, written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.

I think it was in the summer of 1857 that my father met with a great loss. I had previously mentioned that there was a large frame barn on our land, part of it was used for a horse stable, part for a granary and corn crib, and in the largest part was what we called a tramping floor, a large room with a double floor where we thrashed out the wheat and oats with horses. My father would lay two courses of sheaves in a circle around the room with the heads overlapping, then a couple of us boys would mount a horse and trot around and around this circle leading another horse, my father continually turning the sheaves until the grain was all tramped out, after which the straw would be thrown off and the grain run through a fanning mill. On one occasion after we had been cleaning up the wheat and had left considerable chaff on the floor, my little 4-year-old brother saw some mice hiding in the chaff and it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to burn them out. My father and all the big boys

were away from home at the time and mother was very busy and not paying much attention to the little tots, so that Johnny managed to get some coals from the fireplace and proceeded to burn out the mice, with the result that the barn and contents, consisting of 400 bushels of corn, 12 tons of hay, some oats and two sets of harness went with the mice.

That fall there was an early frost which caught all the corn, and that winter and the next spring and summer, corn suitable for bread sold for \$1.00 per bushel.

The German barn, as it was called, was a land mark that will be remembered by many who are yet living, it stood in 1852, only partially built, near where Andy York's house now stands. Peter German had started to build the barn, which he laid out with generous plans, but before it was completed he undertook to dig a well, the ground at the spot chosen for the well was sandy and caved in and killed him, so that neither well nor barn were ever completed. I well remember a hole in the side of the barn next to where the road ran through his place, that it was said old Peter cut out to shoot through when parties came to steal his grain, as he anticipated they would do. There was a tradition that he had money buried somewhere on the land, I have never heard that Andy York found the buried treasure, but he certainly has managed to extract considerable wealth from the old farm.

The modes of conveyance in the early days here were heavy linchpin wagons drawn by horses or oxen, or riding horseback. I am quite confident there was not a carriage or buggy in the forks of the Maquoketa in 1852 and am not sure that there was a frame house. The first vehicle that I can remember that could be called a carriage was a two seated wagon purchased by John Woods, Esq., I think about 1856, and it was in great demand at all funerals in our neighborhood for years. Nelson Lane also got a carriage in the fifties, and the two

were all that I had any knowledge of prior to the war. It was a great thing in those days to own a carriage.

The fiddle was the principal and almost the only musical instrument in the country in the early days. I remember very well the first piano I ever saw. In the winter of 1856 or '57 Uncle Joe Anderson was hauling wood to Dr. Allen, and was invited to bring his family down to hear Miss Kate Allen play the piano. I was invited by some of the children to go along and Uncle Joe took a sled load of us down to the Doctor's house, which stood north of where the Stephens bank now stands, and Miss Allen entertained us nicely, it was the first time that any of the party had ever seen or heard a piano and it was a great event with us, I know I felt somewhat stockup over my brothers and sisters as I had heard and seen a piano and they had not.

For some years after coming to Iowa my mother cooked over a fire-place, but finally father took a couple of loads of dressed hogs to Lyons and brought home a new box stove with a whole lot of bright tinware, and we had something to brag about at school.

There was one character in our community in the early days, around whom my memory clings with feelings of deep veneration and fond affection, I refer to Dr. Charles L. Usher, a pioneer of the early forties and a good samaritan to the early settlers in every sense of the word. The doctor was a welcome guest in every cabin and never failed to respond to a call for help in sickness, day or night. He was a graduate of an Ohio medical college, and his greatest ambition in life, as he often told the writer, was to do all the good he could to his fellow men. His services were in great demand, but poorly paid for, and he was compelled to dig, dry and graind up and prepare the herbs that he used in his remedies. Many times the writer has helped him to dig and collect burdock, Indian eup, squaw

cabbage, golden seal and many other herbs used by him. The doctor hated dogs and often remarked, that no family was too poor to afford several dogs. He was also bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. He lived to attain a great age, honored and respected, but died poor for the reason that he was a poor collector, had he kept an account of his services and looked after the collection of his fees as some modern doctors do, he might have been a wealthy man.

One of the early day preachers that I remember quite well was Rev. Mullholl, who occasionally held service in our school house and prayer meetings in the houses of the settlers. On one of his visits to our neighborhood he accosted Joel Woods and said, "My boy do you know Jesus Christ?" Joel said, "No sir, don't think he lives in the timber, I think he must live on the prairie." Joel has never heard the last of his answer to the preacher.

One little adventure that befell me in the early days will help to illustrate some of the difficulties we met with. Father sent me to town on horse back for the mail and some groceries, it had been raining hard but cleared up before I left home, it commenced raining again just as I got into town and never let up for one moment until after dark, and it was awful dark. As soon as it stopped raining I mounted the horse, one that we had owned only a short time and was blind in one eye, and started for home. I got along nicely until I crossed the old wooden bridge and struck the timber, which at that time grew right down to the end of the bridge, when I entered the forest it was like entering a dark room and I could not see my hand when held before my eyes, and the only way I could tell when the horse was in the road was by the sound of his feet splashing in the water, the instant he stepped out of the road the sound of his feet was muffled by the leaves and grass.

so I managed to keep in the road until I got within a half mile of home when the rain began pouring down again and my old horse got out of the road and in my efforts to get him back he stumbled over a the trunk of a fallen tree and became hopelessly anchored with his front legs on one side of the tree and his hind legs on the other, I could feel the log under my feet but could not go backwards or forwards. As a last resort I concluded to try my lung power, I could rival a Commanch Indian in yelling those days. I gave a couple of whoops and was overjoyed to hear an answering shout and soon saw a couple of faint lights gleaming through the trees, which came nearer, guided by the responsive shouting, and in a short time my father and older brother arrived on the scene, with torches made from dry maple slivers, and immediately relieved me from my embarrassing position.

I roamed through the forest a great deal when I was a boy, but was never lost or turned around as the saying is. Father taught his boys to handle and shoot a gun and allowed us to go hunting as soon as we were able to carry one. One of my favorite places to hunt was the sand ridge where the village of Hurstville now stands. When I was a boy it was covered with second growth white oak, a specie of tree that retains the foliage all winter, hence was an ideal place for hunting pheasants on a moonlight night. I was a little timorous about approaching the east end of the ridge, where the Indian burying ground was located, when on a night excursion alone. In the days before the war there was a lake and a pond north of the saw mill and east of where Senator Hurst's house now stands, that actually teemed with fish of the best and gamiest varieties, bass, pike, pickerel and sun-fish, and I can close my eyes and see the old willow and elm trees, on whose roots I could stand and yank out the fish to my hearts content. There

were two other ponds, in what is now Nisson's corn field, where fishing was good and where I have enjoyed sport shooting wild ducks.

Deer and wild turkeys were quite plentiful in the forks prior to the war, but I never had the satisfaction of killing one in my boyhood days, but some of our neighbors killed a good many, and a cousin of the writer, William Ellis, would quite frequently bring in the carcass of a deer to our place and leave it until he could come for it with a horse. The nearest I ever came to killing a deer when a boy at home, was when I was about 10 years old. I went into the woods with a small rifle one morn after a light snow fall, and soon struck a fresh deer track and followed it through the thickets where it had been browsing finally coming to a maple tree that had been blown down when full of leaves, I was thinking what a nice place for a deer that would be and while walking around the top, up jumped a big buck and looked me square in the face, I yelled like an Indian and the deer started off with 10 and 20 foot jumps, and I never thought of my gun until the deer was pretty well out of range. My folks had a great deal of fun at my expense when I told them of my adventure.

Recollections of Early Days.

Theodore Fischer, Sr., was a pioneer of Tete-des-Morts township, Jackson county, Iowa, and was a veteran of two wars. He was born in Westphalia, Jan. 21, 1821, and came to America in 1841, landing at New Orleans then came to St. Louis and for a time worked on steamboats on the Mississippi river. In 1843 he went to Galena and worked there and at Mineral Point. He made several trips to New Orleans. When the Mexican war broke out he enlisted in Waldemar Fischer's Company B. Missouri Light Artillery and was mus-

tered into the U. S. Service the 21st day of June 1816, and participated in the following battles: Palo-Alto, Resaca De-la-Palma, Buena-Vista, Vera Cruz, Chapultepec, Sierra-Gordo, Tobasco, Las-Pascual and Monterey. When the war was over he went back to St. Louis and was married. His wife dying with cholera after giving birth to a girl baby. He afterwards married Caroline Menke, and came to Jackson county, and settled in Tere-des-Morts township, where he remained until his death June 15, 1891. In 1864, his township being short on its quota of soldiers; he was drafted into U. S. Service and served under Sherman until the end of the war. He held two honorable discharges from the U. S. army for service rendered in two different wars. While living in St. Louis after his return from the Mexican war, he made an over-land trip, with oxen, across the plains and mountains to Santa Fee, New Mexico Ter. Mr. Fischer was an honorable, upright man respected by all who knew him. His children are: Anna, wife of Peter Kalmes, St. Donatus; Antoine, in Dubuque; August, Bennetsville; Theodore, Jr., Maquoketa; John, St. Donatus; Caroline, wife of Math Evens, Springbrook; Henry on the old homestead in Tere des Morts township, which his father acquired with a land warrant received for services in the Mexican war. Theodore, Jr., has a medal formerly owned by his father, commemorating the battles that he was in, in the Mexican war.

Pioneer Life in Iowa.

By Levi Wagoner.

After having renewed my acquaintance with my former neighbors, most of whom had preceded me and were settled in and around Zwingle, some in Dubuque county and some in Jackson county, I began to look around for a location for myself. But being born and raised in a country of tall timber, I

found nothing in Dubuque county that was suitable or that suited my purpose. I therefore decided to strike out for other regions.

It was now about the first of January 1851, and I was in Dubuque for several days acquainting myself with the ways and means for obtaining government lands. I found that public lands might be preempted and settled upon in 5 years time, thus giving the settler the use of the land and paying for it at the end of 5 years at \$1.25 per acre. And I also found that fully one half the land had been settled in that way, and that quite a large share of it was entered through land warrants obtained by soldiers of the late Mexican war. I also found that many of the preempted claims had lapsed, the time of final payment having expired, and were therefore open to entry to whoever might come along and dispossess the would be owners, and thus deprive him not only of his land but his improvements as well. Such practices were not common, but they did occur far oftener than one might think could be possible in a country where civilization claims a foothold. The disposition of some men, (if I may so call them) to take advantage of the circumstances of their fellowmen and deprive them of the results of labor and hopes, was found to be a loathsome disease that must be treated with severe remedies. And these remedies, which were iron clad, could be found in every house, especially where men held lapsed claims, (the rifle and the shot gun).

If the reader will now follow me on a trip to Clayton county, I will relate my first experience where rifle and revolver were brought to the front. I was a guest of the Waples House, Dubuque, where I found a large number of land seekers from the eastern states and among them I found two men that were in accord with me. They too wanted timber land, one of them was my brother-in-law, Wm. Keong, the other, J. D.

Moody, of New York state. I was scarcely 21 years of age. Moody and Keons were by several years my senior, Mr. Moody being somewhat of an expert and of the daring kind naturally became our Moses. But before we started we prepared ourselves with maps, which showed the vacant lands of Clay county. We also applied to one, H. W. Sanford, a land speculator, who owned several hundred acres in that county that he held for sale, on which he gave us prices and also letters to parties who would show us the lands.

It was Monday morning when our party started northward from Dubuque on foot through a newly fallen snow about six inches deep. Our road lay through a very sparsely settled part of the country. It was therefore necessary to enquire ahead where dinner could be obtained, and was told there was a small settlement 15 miles ahead where was a blacksmith shop hard by the road where we could be accommodated. It was about 12 o'clock when we arrived at the blacksmith shop, which consisted of a shed facing the south about 10x12 constructed of poles set in the ground interwoven with a tall specie of weeds that were plentiful in that country along streams, the nearby house was similarly constructed and also very small in size. We found the blacksmith, a good fellow with a large family of about six children ages about 14 and down. They were just eating their dinner, which consisted of parched corn, of which they seemed to have an abundant supply, which was prepared in a large pan by the smith using his forge to make the necessary heat. We did not order dinner that day, but got directions from the smith to last us to the next station, which was called the Floyd settlement, 15 miles distant.

We left the blacksmith shop about 1 o'clock p. m., and arrived at the Floyd settlement about 8 o'clock, here we found a hotel with good accommoda-

tions. Here was a small village consisting of hotel, church, store and school house, about 8 or 10 private houses. Altogether it was a sort of homely place and was situated on the thoroughfare that led to McGregor landing on the Mississippi river.

We left the hotel in the morning in quest of one of the parties Mr. Sanford had referred us, who we found about 8 miles north. Here we spent the remainder of the day in looking at lands belonging to the said Sanford, with one, Owen Rooney, as our guide, who also entertained us the following night. Mr. Rooney was rather above the average in intelligence and knew how to make shifts, being one of the first settlers, and lived in a first class cabin, built out of round logs, about 16x20 feet with a large fire-place in one end. It was all in one room. Besides the other things in the room there were about 400 bushels of shelled corn in sacks, which was stacked along two of the walls up to the ceiling, or rather where the ceiling should have been. This stockade served an excellent purpose to shut out the cold, which at this time would easily reach zero. His house stood in a group of bur-oak trees, which at a distance resembled apple trees. Mr. Rooney, our host, together with our party, after our days work, of looking over Mr. Sanford's land, was through with, we returned to the cabin for grub and lodging. Here close to the house on one of the trees, was three-quarters of a very fine looking beef, hung up among the limbs about five feet from the ground, froze solid. And a part of this was soon brought in to be used for the evening meal. Mr. Rooney, armed with an ax, climbed the tree and vigorously plied his ax and made chips of considerable size which flew in every direction until enough was down for both supper and breakfast. A frontier feast was soon ready to which our whole party did ample justice. But I now began to wonder what of the

night. From all appearances, there was hardly sleeping room enough for the family, but here our host found no difficulty at all, he began to pull down enough of the sacked corn to make a good foundation for a bed, before a huge fire-place well supplied with wood for the night, on this we passed the night very comfortably having our overcoats and a pair of buffalo robes to complete the outfit. Next morning we again started out to see more of Mr. Sanford's land which lay about two miles east. Mr. Rooney again accompanied us as guide.

When we came to the land which lay along side of a public highway, we stopped while Mr. Rooney pointed out the land that we were looking after. About 80 rods to the right we saw a house, and presently we saw a man start from the house on the run, with a gun in his hand, coming towards us, shouting at the top of his voice, not to cross that road as he would shoot the first man that set foot on his claim, as soon as he came to the edge of his claim and not over a rod from where our party stood, Mr. Rooney asked him why he wanted to shoot, to which he replied. You have brought these men to jump my claim, but Mr. Rooney protested and gave him the lie. At this he became still more boisterous and began to raise his rifle, keeping his eye on Mr. Rooney. At this juncture our little Moses and Mr. Coons stepped to the front, revolvers in hand and Mr. Moody said to the mad man, put down your gun and hear me a minute, you big fool, you might shoot down one of our party, but you must be a bigger fool than I think you are if you can't see that you would be the next man to drop. This little speech seemed to bring the man to his senses. And now Rooney again came to the front and addressed the man thus. Mr. Varner, (for that was the man's name), you can't help but see that you now easily become our prisoner, now therefore lay down your gun, and I will show you a letter

from Mr. Sanford of Dubuque, describing the lands which these gentlemen are now looking after, and you will easily see that these men are not after your lapsed claim at all. He then handed him the letter and after reading its contents he said yes that it was all right, and I will now join your party and assist you as I am pretty well acquainted with Mr. Sanford's lands. And so ended our sight seeing in Clay county. The writer had one more such experience in Jones county later on, which terminated very nearly in the same way. There was nobody shot. Our York State Moody being still with us. Here our whole party entered some government lands. And here we parted company with Mr. Moody, who returned to his eastern home. I have not seen or heard of him since. The reader will in my next communication find me among my old friends in and around Zwingle.

Some of Jackson County's Earliest Temples of Learning.

It has been our desire to write an article on the first school houses in the several Jackson county townships, and have written several letters asking for information. As after many days we have received only one answer, we have concluded that the people are not able to learn the history of their own section, or are indifferent as to whether it is made a matter of record for the benefit of those in the future, who would know something of the early days of this country. Such matter grows more valuable as time passes.

From the fiftieth anniversary souvenir of the Sentinel, we learn that the first school house in Maquoketa township, was built on the east side of what is now Main street, Maquoketa, on land belonging to J. E. Goodenow. It was half dug-out and half log with a sod roof. A man named Richard Steen taught the first term of school in that primitive affair in 1811. From this beginning has

grown several district schools in the township, and the splendid high school building and the three fine ward school buildings in the city of Maquoketa.

From a letter received from Mr. John Applegate, postmaster and general merchant, of Fulton, we learn that the first school taught in Farmers Creek township was in a private house one mile west of the present town of Fulton, and that the first school house built was on the n. w. of the n. e. of section 23. Mr. Applegate did not state in what year it was built or of what material. It was probably in the early forties and of the log cabin variety, as most of the first buildings were in Jackson county when first settled.

The first school house in Monmouth township was built in 1841. It was built just south of the presents limits of Baldwin, a few rods west of the bank of Bear Creek, not far from where Joshua Beers, who came here in 1836, lived. In early days this was called the "Shake Rag" school house. It was constructed of logs and in it was held the first election Monmouth township held.

As near as I can possibly find out the first school taught in what is now South Fork township, was taught by the wife of Daniel Pinton in their log dwelling house, that then stood on what was later known as the T. K. Nickerson place, and near the three large cottonwood trees that now stand on the south side of the Maquoketa and Anamosa road and west of where Glahn now lives.

The first school house built in the township was built at Buckhorn in about 1843, and stood some twenty rods east of Pumpkin Run, on the rocky hill, south of the road ten rods and about as many feet west of the section quarter line.

I know more about that old school house than any of the rest, for there I put in two or three terms having our young ideas leart to shoot. We learned more about shooting with a sling at the

end of the old log blacksmith shop and shooting the rapids in Pumpkin Run. This school house was built of logs from the Maquoketa timber and chinked with clay. When it was first built it was warmed in winter by a fire place in the east end. Along the west end and along the north side were slab benches and board desks. The schollars sat in a row around the side of the building and figured out two and two makes four, and that a popgun makes everybody jump. The first teacher I went to school to in this house was Miss Amanda Summers, now Mrs. Henry Little. That was in 1860, I think. She taught a good school, considering the number of devils she had to contend with. A woman could keep better order in those days than a man, if she had the nerve to quell the big girls, for there was some little gallantry among the big boys, but a man teacher had to have his track well sandal. We had one man teacher by the name of Ramsey, who seemed to lack the required amount of grit, had probably been brought up on batter-milk. The big boys would put him out of the house and hold the fort and he had to give up the school. The board hired Harvey Gillman to finish the term. "Gee Whiz," lightning struck there. I remember it hit me. The first day Harvey taught he was several feet from where I sat and had his back to me, seemingly lost in an exercise. I raised up and leaned over the desk to drop a paper wad down an urchan's back, when something lit onto my back and my heels hit the ceiling. It was all done and over with so quick that I never knew how it happened and don't now. But I can give evidence that though there were a good many big boys and some of them twenty years old, they never tried many monkey tricks on Harvey Gillman. He always seemed to me to be a bundle of nerves, a bag of sand and a streak of lightning done up in a sack full of eye holes. Yours truly,

PARMER BUCKHORN.

William Ellis was born in Slate creek settlement, Pulaski county, Virginia, Sept. 8, 1794, and went with his father and family to Franklin county, Kentucky, about 1800. During the second war with England, he with his brother, John, enlisted in a regiment of Kentucky rifles and fought with Jackson at New Orleans. Soon after that decisive victory for the American troops, news reached this country that a new treaty of peace between the two nations had been concluded and the American Volunteers were disbanded and made their way home as best they could.

The Kentuckians went up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers by boat, leaving the latter river at the nearest point to their homes and traveling on foot the balance of the journey. The Ellis brothers were with quite a company of Kentuckians, who went from the same locality, and when their party left the boat John Ellis who had been ailing for some time, was unable from weakness to travel but slowly, and the other members being anxious to get home again pushed on and left William and John, promising to send help to them. Their progress was very slow as John was getting weaker all the time and William feared that he would never get him home alive. One day while John's fever was high and William thought him delirious, he stopped and gazed for a long time in the direction in which they were traveling, finally a smile lit up his face and turning to William he said, I won't have to walk much farther, I see old Bally coming. William strained his eyes in following the gaze of his brother but could see nothing and thought that John's mind was wandering, but John rallied his feelings and pushed onward and in a few hours met some of their people and sure enough they had brought old Bally, a horse that William had left at home, and John was able to reach home alive, but only lived a short time.

William got married and went to Put-

nam county, Indiana, and in the early forties removed to Iowa and settled on a piece of land west of Fulton, Jackson county, Iowa, in section 28, Farmers Creek township, where he followed his trade of gun maker for many years at his home near the bluffs on the north fork of the Maquoketa. There was an abundance of game in the locality and Uncle Billy, as he was called, spent a great deal of his time with his pack of hounds in the forest hunting deer, wildcat and other game. I remember hearing him say that he had kill 62 wild-cats. He was famous as a gun maker and his silver mounted rifles with birds-eye maple stocks a ways commanded a good price. There were few men of his time that could shoot with truer aim than Uncle Billy.

I was thrilled when a boy by hearing him tell of the hot reception that was given Lord Puckeham's veterans at New Orleans on the 8th day of January, 1814, by the Kentucky Rifles, in which himself and brother, John, took an active part, witnessing as I often have the wonderful marksmanship of Uncle William and my own father, and realizing that it was probably a fair sample of what all the Kentuckians could do, I could form a pretty good idea of the carnage among the red coats when they charged the works behind which stood the stalwart Kentuckians with their deadly rifles, awaiting as ordered until they could see the whites of the eyes of the enemy before firing. Men who could pick the eye out of a squirrel from the top of the tallest tree, could hardly miss a target such as a Britisher would make at close quarters.

Uncle William lived on his little farm working at his trade part of the time, farming a little, and hunting game and bees for pastime as well as profit until 1858, when he was stricken with paralysis, and was confined to his bed I think for eight years before death released him from his sufferings. He left a large

family of grown up children, all of whom I think, but one, have passed away, but there are quite a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren living in this locality.

Business Men of Maquoketa in 1857

In writing of early days and recalling men and incidents of the past, I have thought it might be of interest to the remaining pioneers of Maquoketa and vicinity to be reminded of those who were prominent in business and the professions in Maquoketa 48 or 50 years ago. In 1857 the principal business blocks were the Union, and Excelsior Blocks. At that time Maquoketa was quite a business center, and had great expectations thru the contemplated railroad and navigable river running through the town.

Joseph McCloy and Fred S. Dunham were engaged in general merchandise business, on the northwest corner of Platt and Main Sts.

D. W. Graves was an attorney, office third story Union block.

Shollenberger & Gebert, or later Shattuck, Gebert & Co., were in general merchandise at No. 4 Union block.

Dinnitt & McGregor, wholesale and retail dealers in groceries, etc., special reference to Stinson's flour No. 5 Excelsior block.

W. S. Beiden had a drug stock in No. 3 Union block, and Dr. J. H. Allen was associated with him.

S. F. Brown and D. H. Chase were architects and builders at that time. Chase had a shop on West Platt street.

J. Hollister, M. D., had an office in the Excelsior block.

D. A. Fletcher was an attorney and counselor at law, could be found in No. 3, Excelsior block, third story, afterward associated with Chas. Rich.

Dr. George Murray was a practicing physician, office at his residence on West Platt St.

Dr. G. S. Martin, Botanic physician and surgeon, office in residence three doors north of brick church.

W. P. Montgomery was an attorney at law and fire insurance agent, office up stairs in Union block.

J. Berry, attorney and land agent, office over Mitchell's store.

J. W. Jenkins, attorney, also over Mitchell's store.

S. D. & T. Lyman ran a general store on the east side of North Main street.

E. Baldwin & Co., had a hardware store at No. 2 Union block.

A Fellows had a drug and book store at No. 2, Excelsior block.

Matthews & Reeve had a general store, including hardware, and sold hardwood building lumber for Sartwell & Son.

Jonas Clark had a bank on the southeast corner of Main and Platt streets.

S. Parker sold piano-fortes and melodions. John Elfrick made boots and shoes, on West Platt street.

J. P. Eddie was a hustling real estate man. Thomas Wright & Co. had a woolen mill on North Main street.

P. Bricker was a tailor with office at his residence, near the woolen factory.

Catlin & Co., had a hardware store at No. 4 Excelsior block.

Taubman & Mole, merchant tailors, were on South Main street.

Thomas & Shed conducted the New York Store at No. 1, Excelsior block.

The Decker House was conducted by G. Brainard, late of New York.

R. B. Clancy had a grocery and provision store opposite the Decker House.

M. Murphy was making ambrotypes at his Daguerrean gallery for 50 cents.

H. C. Jewell was making melanotypes, ambrotypes and ambrographs.

P. Mitchell was conducting the Pioneer store, selling almost everything, on the northeast corner of Main and Platt streets.

J. A. Bryan was selling watches, clocks, etc., at No. 3, Excelsior block.

Dr. George Stanley was the first Homopathetic to come to our town, his office was on South Main street.

Drs. George and Mrs. S. J. Moyers, Hygie Therapeutic physicians and surgeons, had their office in their residence on Prospect street.

Farr & Brown were in the grocery business on West Platt street.

R. S. Williams was a brick and stone mason.

Edward Sterling had pine lumber and shingles to sell or trade for country produce.

The Chicago, Iowa & Nebraska railroad was running trains to Ames Creek, 17 miles west of Clinton, made the trip every day from Clinton to Ames Creek and return, one hour and forty minutes each way.

In 1857, petitions were circulated for a vote by the county to take the county seat from Bellevue to Fulton, and a court house was actually built in Fulton, and that flourishing town was beat out of the county seat by treachery. It

was claimed that Fulton was the most central town in the county, was high and dry, that the north fork of the Maquoketa river passed within one-quarter mile of its plat. That it was three-quarters of a mile from the finest body of timber in Iowa, that around it was the most densely populated and fertile land in the county. That while the town was only a year and a half old, it had a population of 200 inhabitants, and that in an average distance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles there were ten mills in operation. The Fulton people also claimed that within three-fourths of a mile were a number of good stone quarries, and buildings could be built 20 per cent cheaper here than any place else in the county. They said good durable water could be got by digging from 10 to 20 feet, and that the houses were all frame and of more respectable dimensions than could be found elsewhere in a town of its age. That there was a flouring mill, a Methodist church, and a potter shop in contemplation, that they had a common school house, two stores, two wagon shops, two blacksmith shops, one tin shop, one grocery and one steam turning lathe and was about to have a public house.

Governor J. W. Grimes, General Ralph P. Lowe and Henry O'Connor were stumping the state for Lowe for Governor. John McGregor of Maquoketa was nominated by the democrats for District Senator for Jackson and Jones counties, and Bradley of Andrew and Millsap of Otter Creek for representatives. Capt. Marsh of VanBuren township and Geo. McDowell of Lamotte were after the republican nomination for the office of representative.

There were other business and professional men in Maquoketa in 1857, besides those named above. Charles M. Dunbar was a young lawyer and Dr. P. H. Griffin was a popular physician. But I believe I have named fully as many business and professional men as there

are in our town today. I am not sure whether Dr. Holt was here in 1857, but know that he was in 1859. Probably some of the readers will recall others who were engaged in business here in 1859.

Of those prominent in business here in 1857, Col. J. W. Jenkins and Captains Gebbert and Belden, and Major-J. H. Allen gained fame in the great civil war. Henry Jewell was a member of Co. B, 26th Iowa, and I think died in the service.

Zwingle In 1846.

Having been on a ramble of three week's duration, most of the time outside of Jackson county, I now return to my first love where I spent my first night in Iowa. Here I am right among my old friends, of childhood and youth. Here for a distance of five or six miles, north and south, and as many east and west, lived the first settlers who came here from Pennsylvania, from the neighborhood of Adamsburg, Wilkinsburg and Pittsburg. If I am somewhat tedious in my narrative, I trust the reader will bear with me, for this is to me a sacred spot.

Daniel Court was the first settler at the present Zwingle in 1846. Albert Court, his brother, came two or three years later, also settling near Zwingle, these two being the first in, gave it the name of the Court neighborhood and made it a sort of nucleus around which to gather. Dan Court being a man of push, soon hewed out for himself a comfortable home and was among the most prominent citizens, and was twice elected representative of Dubuque county in the state legislature. His family consisted of four children, three girls and one son. The eldest, Elizabeth, was married to Rev. M. Bowman in 1855, both of whom are still living. The second daughter, Emeline, married W. C. Simpson about the year 1856, and are

both now living, and next, Sarah, married Abe Erwin, this couple are also living. The son, Albert, was married to Kate Foster, the youngest, Mary M., was married to John Bowman, brother of Rev. F. B. But in looking the field over now I find scarcely any of the original house holders remaining and for the most part it is the third generation that now occupy the stage of the old stock of settlers. The Rev. F. Bowman is perhaps the oldest now living. It was in the spring of 1855 that he preached my fathers funeral, as also that of my father-in-law, Philip Sauer, whose death occurred three weeks before that of my father on May 5, 1855.

It is worthy of note that the same Rev. F. Bowman of 50 years ago was already installed pastor of the German Reformed church at Zwingle and is today still at his post, doing the work of a pastor for over 50 years to the same congregation. This is without doubt the longest continuous pastorate that the writer has any knowledge of in this section.

James Simpson, Jr., came in 1852 and settled three miles west of Zwingle, his father, with his family, came in 1854. His son, Washington, had preceeded his father three years, coming in 1851. The remainder of Sr. James Simpson's family consisted of Wm. C., who afterwards married Miss Emeline Court about 1856, Hiram, I think enlisted among the first in about 1861 or '62 and contracted disease while he was in the army and died soon after returning home. But I can not be sure of the correctness of this statement. Of the Simpson boys only two are now living, Rush, who recently had a farm near Buckhorn, and who also recently made the writer a short visit. I had not seen him for over 30 years. The girls in the Simpson family were: Amanda, who married one, Job Miller, both have been dead a good many years; Mary Ann, married Geo. Scholian, and she is also dead; two more girls, Harriette and Martha, the youngest, I have

lost track of, but I think that they are also dead.

The Ashouse family, to which I have already referred in a former article, consisted of Johnathan, the eldest, who I think came in the spring of 1849 or '50, together with his family and sister, Miss Dianua, who afterward became the wife of the late Whashington Simpson in 1857. She is still living and for the last 20 years has been a resident of Maquoketa. I am indebted to her for much of the above information. Lebus Ashouse, who served from first to last in the Mexican war, came home at the end of that war to his fathers place, who kept a hotel for a number of years in Wilkinsburg, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pa., and on account of the genial disposition of the landlord, Joe Ashouse already an old man, made his hotel a favorite place for travelers and teamsters to stop at. His house was always crowded with guests.

It was on one such occasion that I formed my first acquaintance with the recently returned soldier. The hotel, as usual, was crowded with guests, and Lebus, the soldier, early became the central figure and was soon called on for a speech, but he felt disposed to decline the honor and after a unanimous second call from the audience, he consented to give a few reminiscences of his two years experience in Mexico, among which were vivid descriptions of the bombardment and capture of Monterey and Vera Cruze, but he was much to modest on that occasion to say that he was the first man that got inside when the walls were scaled at Chapultepec. After the war the government issued land warrants to the returned soldiers, which gave the holder free choice of any government land in Uncle Sam's domain. And now armed with such warrant, he came to Iowa in 1848 or '49 and located his warrant near Zwingle on the Jackson county side of the line, and here began life as a bachelor for two years

more or less. In 1830 his sister, Dianna, came from the east and kept house for her brother, Leb, for a year or more. Later on he made a visit to the land of his nativity but soon returned bringing with him a wife of his own. Soon afterwards he sold his now improved farm to Washington Simpson, who also became the husband of the aforesaid Dianna Alshouse in 1837. And Lebeus, the soldier, with his family, removed to Illinois a year or two previous to the war of the rebellion. And now the great war was on and Mr. Alshouse, true to the government call, again enlisted at Macomb, Ill., as a private and was soon promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Mr. Alshouse was a man of more than ordinary courage and intelligence. But it fell to his lot through the vicissitudes of war to find his way to Libby prison where he died toward the close of the war. It is now but natural that we should inquire of the whereabouts of the family of so brave a soldier. These we now find well staked down in North Dakota. His son, a chipoff the old block, a prominent citizen and a member of the state legislature for two consecutive terms

I will now name as many of the old settlers as I can recall to memory, who settled in the vicinity of Zwingle prior to 1855: Daniel Court, Albert Court, Jacob Buckman, Johnathan Alshouse, Lebeus Alshouse, John Kemerer, Dan Kemerer, Chris Denlinger, Dr. J. Biglow, Mr. Kenedy, Phillip Miller, Tob Miller, John McClarg, Jacob Koons, David Koons, Matthias Schollian, John L. Sauer, Geo. Sauer, Michal Beck, Sr., James Simpson Sr., James Simpson Jr., Wm. C. Simpson and Washington Simpson. The remainder of the Simpson family all being minors, I will not give their names here. This settlement all before 1855 was composed almost exclusively of former Pennsylvanians and nearly all from the same neighborhood. But I must here add the names of Oliver

Bossard and Dan Bossard. These were the pioneers who settled in Dubuque and Jackson counties around the present Zwingle, prior to 1855. But their offspring are so numerous that I will not attempt to follow them but will leave the account to some future historian.

Zwingle, being the first place I visited after coming to Iowa in 1850 where I felt at home among my old friends, was not my abiding home, I was still foot loose. And in search of land suitable for a home which according to my idea at that time, must be timber land, which I found in the eastern part of Jones and the western part of Jackson counties, some of it east and some of it west of of Canton.

From here I will begin my next letter
L. W.

P. S. Of the above named early settlers, there are only three that are now known to be living, to-wit: Wm. C. Simpson, Mrs. Dianna Simpson and the Rev. F. Bowman.

A History of the Walker Family.

A short history of the Walker family, who came to Iowa 50 years ago. The head of the family was Truman N. A. Walker. He was born in Massachusetts, January 11, 1803, and while a boy emigrated with his parents to the state of New York. In 1824 he took as wife, Miss Eliza Lyon of Oppenheim, New York. She was a sister of the wife of Rev. C. E. Brown, who came as a missionary to the forks of the Maquoketa in 1841, and also a sister of Mrs. J. O. Dugrath, a pioneer of Jackson county.

In June 1853 Truman Walker came to Jackson county, Iowa, with his family except two sons, who had preceded him here. The first year after his arrival he spent in Maquoketa. In 1854 he moved onto a piece of land in sections 29 and 32, South Fork township, where he continually resided until his

death January 23, 1884, thirteen years after the death of his wife, who died the 28th day of December, 1871. Mr. Walker was a thorough man, a good carpenter and joiner and a first-class farmer. Mr. Walker was a master mason and a member of Helion Lodge No. 36, that was chartered at Maquoketa in May of 1851.

He came from New York to Chicago by way of the great lakes and from Chicago to Jackson county, by few horse team. The first four years after coming here he lived in a log house until he built the house now occupied by his son, E. N. Walker. In his family were the following nine children all of whom came to Iowa: Nelson H., Julia A., Charlotte L., Geo. B., Benjamin L., Frances E., Stephen D., Mary J. and Eben N. Walker.

Nelson H. Walker, son of Truman N., came from Utica, N. Y., to Jackson county in 1848, five years before his father did. He brought with him a stock of dry goods and opened up a store in Maquoketa. He only lived one year after coming here, dying December 18, 1849. He was a member of the Baptist church.

Benjamin E., another son of Truman Walker was born Feb. 5, 1836, and came with his parents to Iowa in 1853, residing near Buckhorn until 1869, when he emigrated to Nebraska and entered government land, living there until 1880, when he and his family went to Denver, Colorado, where he has been employed in the car factories of the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad as a painter.

Stephen D. Also came here with his parents, being born in New York, Dec. 8, 1844, and has lived in Jackson county until the present time, 1905. He has followed the carpenters trade the most of his life though farming for a few years. He married Miss Ada Atherton, a daughter of Schuyler Atherton of near Buckhorn, a musician in the Civil war and had a son, Loyal, who was also a

musician in Co. M. Iowa National Guard, that was enlisted for the Spanish American war. Loyal died at Jacksonville, Florida, of typhoid fever.

Eben N. was born in the state of New York, Nov. 7, 1850, and was brought to Jackson county when three years old, where he has since lived, with the exception of a short period when he was in the state of Nebraska. He married Miss Eva Hall, sister of Charles Hall of Maquoketa, Lyman Hall of Buckhorn, and Byron Hall of Onslow. Her father was a civil war veteran. Eben N. Walker owns, and lives on the old homestead of his father, and like his father before him, is an A No. 1 farmer, and an all around good fellow.

George B. Walker, was born in York State, March 8th 1832. He came to Jackson County Iowa, previous to his father Truman Walker, but for some reason was not satisfied here, and in 1853 on the same day his father's family got here, he left Iowa for the Pacific coast, by way of New York City and the ocean route crossing the Isthmus of Panama the year following. He followed mining, and won quite a large fortune, but losing much of it by being too good to his friends. He served in the Washington legislature and had the honor of naming Idaho. We quote will a little of his obituary, printed in the Seattle Intelligencer, after his death at Seattle, May 29, 1879. "He was born at Russia Corners, Herkimer county, N. Y. He was one of the best mining experts in the country and was known by all the pioneers of nearly all the great mining camps in the west. Among his personal friends was the United States Senator Lealand Stanford of California. The State of Idaho was named by Mr. Walker at a consultation in 1861 with W. H. Wallace, Salustius Garfield and Judge Leander, whose names are intimately connected with the early history of the Pacific Northwest. The name was suggested to Mr. Walker by the steamer

Idaho, that plies on the Puget Sound."

Though George Walker's life in the west was mostly spent in "the far west," he visited Jackson county several times, and was married to a daughter of Wm. Vosburg, who settled here in 1837, and was Captain of Co. F, 81st I N. Inf., that went from Maquoketa in 1862.

Of the four Walker girls, three married early settlers of this county. Charlotte married Charles Dunbar, an attorney at law of Maquoketa and quite a prominent mason and Master of Helion Lodge for five years, honored thus from 1861 to 1864 and also again in 1866.

Frances married Isaac Northrop, quite an early settler and a farmer here, and some time after his death married a Mr. Niles of Anamosa, who was a man very much liked by those who knew him.

Mary J. Walker married DeWitt French of near Buckhorn, who some 35 years ago went to Nebraska and from there to the Pacific coast, where he perfected and had patented a device for excavating irrigation and flume ditches, and also dredging channels. It is now in practical operation and in a fair way of bringing a large return to the patentee and to the firm backing the venture, by manufacturing and putting the excavator on the market. On account of being an invalid a part of her life, Julia A. Walker never married.

Perhaps a little incident in connection with this narrative is not amiss. When the Walkers came to Jackson county, wolves were quite numerous. One day one of the little Walker girls, Frances, or as she is best known, Fauny, then a young child, visited at a neighbors and played with the neighbors children until dark before starting home, some half a mile distant. When part way home she became aware of some animal following her as she could hear the patter of feet behind her. She didn't know whether it was a dog or what it was, but hurried home as fast as she could walk, too brave to run and too fearful

to stop to investigate, which was perhaps lucky for her. As she reached home her father was on waiting for her and remarked, "My lady, do you know there is a wolf following you?"

FARMER BUCKHORN.

Recollections of Early Days.

Recollections of early days, written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.

My letter last week on "Business men of Maquoketa in 1857," has been the subject of considerable criticism from various old settlers.

1st. Mr. J. W. Gates, claims that the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska R. R. was running trains to Wheatland in the winter of 1856 and 7. To show that I had good grounds for my statement, that the road was only completed 17 miles west of the river, I copy a paid advertisement of the road which appeared in No. 29 of Vol. 2 of the Weekly Maquoketa Excelsior, date of Sept. 29 1857.

Under a fairly good cut of the quaint looking trains of fifty years ago was the following:

Chicago Iowa and Nebraska R. R. open to Ames Creek, 17 miles west of the Mississippi river. On and after Monday, Apr. 27th and until further notice passenger trains will run as follows: Leave Clinton at 9 o'clock a.m., arrive at Ames Creek 10:40 a. m. Leave Ames creek, at 4 p. m., arrive at Clinton 5:40, p. m.

Passengers taking the 9 a. m. train connect direct with stages for DeWitt, Maquoketa, Davenport, Tipton and Toronto.

Passengers wishing to go to De Witt on business, can have three hours at De Witt and return the same day.

All baggage destined for Clinton or the road will be received at Fulton, and delivered free of charge. Freight trains run daily. M. Smith, Engineer and superintendent. Clinton, Apr. 27 1857.

Others say there were other business men in Maquoketa in 1857. Well, that is why I wrote the article. We want to know who was in business, and will appreciate the information. J. W.

Around Canton in 1850

In my last letter I promised to make Canton my next point to start from. It was in the winter of 1850 that I found this place. It was a small village of perhaps 150 inhabitants. There was here an excellent water power with a flouring mill, a saw mill and a woolen factory, together with other machinery for cutting plastering lath and also turning lathes, in fact anything in the line of wooden supplies could be obtained here. Canton had the only grist mill in a circuit of 20 miles, and saw mills were also very few and far between. Canton also had two fairly good country stores. The proprietor of all these industries was J. J. Tomilson, formerly a Virginian, who also owned about 700 acres of timber land and nearly all the town lots. Canton thus equipped became the center of trade for many miles around. It was then a brisk village and did more business in a day than it now does in two months. The proprietor was a man of great energy and with all, a genial disposition, easily approached and a man of more than ordinary intelligence.

Mr. E. M. Franks, formerly of Ohio, was also here and in the mercantile business, and a trader in live stock, having at this time 300 steers and cows in one feed lot, together with three or four hundred shoats as gleaners.

Canton was already about 20 years old and was among the first settlements west of the Mississippi, and at that time I thought it was destined to be one of the best inland points in the state. Being surrounded by a dense body of timber and as good water power as could be found anywhere in the state, I felt that I had found the right spot at last.

Among the residents were some that the reader will doubtless remember. John Reynor, an Englishman, who had recently come over to operate the woolen mills. Dr. T. Gracy, who also was county surveyor, and his two deputies, O. Vincent and J. Woods. Garvis

Smith, a merchant, J. Brenaman, a justice and notary, Dr. Johnson, then a practicing physician, who on one occasion was returning from a visit to a patient fell from his buggy into a mud hole, while under the influence, but he succeeded in gaining his seat after some struggle. His clothing now in a sad plight, on his arrival at his home he found a man waiting with a forthwith call seven miles away. He now faced about to immediately obey the call, but here his wife interferred and said doctor you can't go in such a plight, come in and change your clothes, but he refused and said he had not the time. His wife still protesting the doctor now turned to the messenger and said, did they send for my clothes or for me, to which he replied, for you, all right here I go. There was also at this time an old gentleman stopping at the only hotel in the village, Fulton by name, always well dressed and plenty funds to pay his way, he had already been here over a year. Some of the citizens once asked him when he had imbibed a bit too freely, why he did not seek a more desirable place to spend the evening of his life, to which he replied, I am all right here, I am under a salary. I am hired to stay here by parties in York state, who are defendants in a suit pending in court. I am the only important witness and I must stay here until I am found out by the plaintiff in the case, and then I must hide again.

Having now completed my recent land purchase I decided to return to my home in Pennsylvania till such time when the remainder of my father's family could be got ready to emigrate. It was now mid winter, and their being no railroads farther west than Pittsburgh, Pa., I must needs go by steamer down the Mississippi River and up the Ohio, but the upper river being now ice-bound, I must make my way to St. Louis overland. I now started for Bellevue where I had some unsettled business to attend

ro. On may way night overtook me about 15 miles west of that town where I found a lone settler, who had evidently been a very early settler from the appearance of his buildings and other surroundings, and here I staid over night. The man was apparently fully 65 years of age and had a family of five or six children, all of them far up, past their teens. The old man told me that his former home was in old Virginia, which he had left more than 40 years ago, and that he had stopped a few years in Indiana and later on in Illinois, and now in Jackson county, Iowa. On my arrival the old man sent one of the boys to the post office to see if there was any mail, the distance to Lamotte, where the post office was kept, was five miles, during the evening the man gave me an interesting history of his life up to the then present time. About 9 o'clock the boy returned bringing a letter postmarked Virginia, the whole family now gathered around all anxiety, the old man now turned to me and said, stranger can you read writing, which I answered in the affirmative, he then handed me the letter to read, but I told him it might contain something not suitable for a stranger to hear. He said, none of my folks can read and we must depend on others. I then read the letter, which was from a brother, and was throughout very religious and emotional in tone. I had not read half the letter till the old man was on his feet clapping his hands and shouting, Glory to God, in this his wife also joined, after quiet was resumed, I finished the reading, when another outburst occurred, in true old Virginia style. My entertainment by the family throughout was of the hospitable kind for which the southern people are famous.

In all my experience before and since, I never met with a family so thoroughly illiterate and so thoroughly christian and emotional and I began to study the cause. Good mammy wit was not wanting with any member of the family. The

letter of the evening was well composed and showed the emotional christian throat and carried with it the spirit of southern hospitality and sociability. And the kind treatment, simple and unpretentious as it was, and the emotional outburst of the evening before, and the hearty benediction at my starting out in the morning showed plainly that good people with fertil brain can have their origin in the mountains of Virginia. Altogether it had the effect to command respect instead of amusement and contempt, and I was constrained to bow the head in reverence.

But I must now hasten to Bellevue and from there to St. Louis and secure a passage to Pittsburgh. On this trip nothing occurred and 12 days afterward I found myself once more among my father's family and among my old neighbors and friends.

My next letter will begin with my second departure for the far west as it was then called.

LEVI WAGONER.

Recollections of Early Days by A. J. Phillips.

My father, William Phillips, came to the Territory of Iowa in 1837, and settled near the Maquoketa River north of the city and made the farm, now known as the Sears farm. At that time this part of Iowa was almost a trackless wilderness, there was not a road of any kind where the city now is located, except an Indian trail which came from Dunham's grove crossed Mill Creek where McCloy's mill since stood.

There were three other families who came to Iowa in company with my father. John Clark, who settled on the 160 acres which is now the southeast part of the city; Isaac Mitchell and family, who settled on the 160 acres since known as the William Current farm, where William Current, Jr., the present editor of the Maquoketa Record was born; the

bird family was John Barnett. Mr. Barnett did not stop here very long, he went south and settled near Burlington. John Clark sold his land to Mr. Marshall, who also owned at that time the mill which afterwards became the property of Joseph McCloy.

When we came here in 1837, there were a good many Winnebago Indians here, living near the forks of the Maquoketa River. The year before we came here a good many of them died with the small pox, some of them were buried in the sand ridge east of Hurstville. They died off so rapidly that they quit burying and laid their dead on the ground with their head at the base of a large tree, wrapped in their blankets and such other clothing as they wore, also their guns, bows and arrows, hatchets and whatever they happened to own was laid by their side. The women were laid out with their clothing wrapped tightly around them, decked with long strings of beads, ear jewels, bracelets and such things as they used to ornament with, camp kettles and knives by their side, and a small pen built around to protect them from wild animals.

Some of the early settlers robbed the dead of their guns, jewelry, camp kettles, etc., and carried off some of the bones for relics. I used to go and visit the bleaching bones some years after the flesh had all gone.

Daniel Livermore came from Ohio I think in 1845, he drove a good team of bay horses. When a call for volunteers was made for cavalry soldiers for the war with Mexico, he sold his team to Erastus Gordon and Alonzo Livermore some other young men volunteered for the war, but they were sent up to the north of Iowa, on Turkey River, to protect the settlements from the Indians, who were hostile at the time.

Mr. William Current came with some other men on foot from Canada in 1839. They were unsafe in Canada as they were friendly to the rebellion. Quite a

number came here about that time from Canada and became good citizens. took up land, broke up the wild prairie sod, endured the hardships of pioneer life, reared families of honor and have gone to their reward, of such I love to cherish their memory. Surely at times when I think of the early days and the few who were at that time neighbors, although living twenty miles apart, friends, yes, such only as death can part. I can only find at the present time, who came here before 1850, now living: Anson Wilson, Royal Goodenow, Mrs. J. E. Goodenow, Miles Eaton, Geo. and Benjamin Sears, and James R. Wright.

My father entered the first land in Maquoketa township on Nov. 1, 1838, the land was not surveyed by the government until 1838. My father was one of the commissioners who organized Jackson county, and was one of the grand jurors of the first court held at Bellevue.

I neglected to mention Charlie and Frank Burleson, they were here before 1840. I was so young when we came to Iowa that I did not take very much to the scenes of manhood. I enjoyed hunting and fishing, there was an abundance of game in that line. As I grew up I learned to handle a spear with such skill that a large fish was nearly always my game if I had a clear chance to throw my spear, often a distance of 20 feet. Wild deer and turkey used to come into our cornfield, the turkeys after corn and the deer after green fall wheat.

My father built the first saw mill in this part of the county on Mill Creek, two miles northeast of the city, it was of short life, after he had spent one thousand dollars, he sold it to Elijah Eaton, who soon abandoned it as unprofitable because the soil was so loose that a dam would not hold the mill pond.

A. J. PHILLIPS.

Jacques Charpiot.

The following interesting sketch of one of Jackson county's pioneers was clipped from a letter written by J. W. Ellis, for the Clinton Advertiser in July 1897. Mr. Ellis, who was well acquainted with Jacques Charpiot, says that as an explorer, scout and guide, as well as his adventurous life on the plains and in the mountains would entitle him to rank with Kit Carson. Since this letter was written, both Jacques and Barbara have crossed the dark river and joined their kindred on the other shore.

"We had a pleasant visit one day last week with our old friend Jacques Charpiot, of the Tete des Morts Valley. Jacques is a quaint charmer and has had a wonderfully eventful career. He was born in France in 1839; desiring to come to America when about 14 years old and being refused a passport, he had some friends nail him up in a cracker box and carry him aboard an American bound vessel, whereby he escaped the vigilant eye of the inspector, and was enable to join his friends in Philadelphia. At the breaking out of the civil war he was living in St. Louis and enlisted in the first Missouri, and served through the war. In 1866 he fitted out 12 teams with a yoke of cattle to each wagon and went to freighting across the plains to Denver and other points, accumulating a vast amount of wealth.

At one time he was engaged in the mercantile business in Denver and operated a mine, working a large force of men for three years. At one time a fire in Central City cleaned him out. He handled hundreds of thousands of dollars and spent money as lavish as a prince. After spending tens of thousands of dollars on his mines, they proved nothing better than a sink hole to him. On one occasion he sold a mine to an eastern broker for \$100,000. The papers were made out and the broker came on to Denver with the funds to pay for it, arriving on the stage in the evening, and notified Jacques to meet him at his hotel the next morning. During the night

the man died. A son came on from the east for the body of his father. On being told of the business of his father in Denver he said that he had not lost a mine, and didn't want to find one, so took the \$100,000 back with him.

On one occasion while freighting, he passed a ranch where a butcher lived and saw thousands of hides drying in the sun. He hunted up the butcher and asked what he intended to do with them. The butcher didn't know. "What will you take for them?" asked the Frenchman. "What will you give?" Charpiot offered fifty dollars and was told to take them. He had the hides stacked on his wagons and bound them with poles like hay, and started east with them. When he got to Omaha, a passing empty vessel took the hides to St. Louis for a nominal sum, and the astute Frenchman cleaned up over \$1,000. On his return trip, which he was accustomed to make empty, after several years of varying fortunes, sometimes almost a millionaire, and at other times freighting with oxen, he found himself in 1872 with very little of his great fortune left, except the farm he had bought in Prairie Springs township before the war.

Being brave and resolute and fond of adventure, he was easily persuaded to join a U. S. Geological survey party, in 1872, and was in the employ of the government in that capacity for several years. His tales of adventure are more entertaining than Cooper's novels. He led the surveying party into the cliff dwellers country in the southwest corner of Colorado, and thinks that he was the first white man that ever gazed on the ruins of this prehistoric people; while exploring the roughest portion of the mountainous country of Colorado, they were attacked by a party of renegade Utes, who surrounded them on the side of the mountain and kept them corralled in a place where they could not obtain water for several days; they had

to lay concealed through the day, as any movement in their camp would bring a volley of bullets from the concealed foe. One morning after the party had been three days without water, Charpiot put a piece of loaf sugar in his mouth and ground it up and blew it out as dry as powder, remarking that they had stayed long enough in that place. He told his companions that in another day they would all die without water and they must fight their way out; that if any of them fell the others should pay no attention to them but keep right on.

I will take the lead, if I fall keep on in the way I was going. He led the lead mule and kept the bell ringing to attract the fire of the Indians to himself, and although severely wounded in the head, he emerged from the trap, with the party entire, but with the loss of seven mules killed; they were 500 miles from a settlement or camp and had but 15 pounds of flour. This, when they got to water, they mixed up and baked on hot stones. A thin cake, half the size of a man's hand, was the ration for one day. They made the journey of 500 miles in 10 days, living on such small birds and game as they could shoot with their pistols. After they reached Denver Charpiot received a present from the government in recognition of his services, which he was very proud of, it being a silver mounted pistol with the following inscription: "Presented to Jacques Charpiot for bravery and fidelity in the battle with the Renegade Utes, Aug. 15 and 16, 1875." After that expedition Charpiot left the survey and started a restaurant in Denver. He was prospering, when a fire cleaned him out, and he returned to his Iowa home to spend his remaining days in peace, far from the exciting scenes through which he had passed.

The old hero has all the comforts of life, a good productive farm, a thrifty orchard and good buildings. The cellar of their stone mansion is hewn out

of solid rock, from which Mrs. Charpiot brought forth last year's apples, which were as sound on the 28th day of July as in the previous October. Mrs. Charpiot is a worthy partner for her adventurous husband. Although 64 years of age, her luxuriant hair is black as a raven, and she has a fine figure. She bears a striking resemblance to the Empress Josephine, first wife of the great Napoleon.

Discovery of the Counterfeiters.

Fifty years ago Iowa had no herd laws and cattle, hogs and horses were allowed to run at large and often strayed two or three miles from home. On one occasion Orren Sinkey and James Cooley had some cattle in the woods that they had not seen for a month, so the two men started out to search for the cattle, which they expected to find down on the south fork of the Maquoketa River. They followed Pine Creek about 2½ miles where the bluffs on either side rise from 75 to 100 feet. But here they concluded to change their course and looked for a place where they might scale the bluffs to get onto the table land. After doing this they discovered a thin column of smoke rising out of a crevice of the ledge of rocks, and here they were puzzled to know from whence it came.

They now began a search to see where access might be had to the smouldering fire. And after a close search they found a dim path that led by a circuitous route among the rocks to a cave entirely hidden from view, either from above or below, this they entered and found glowing embers that still gave forth a little smoke. They also found some fragments of metal lying around that resembled silver, and they also found a number of imperfect coins sticking in crevices in the sides of the cave. But they saw no man and no mint. They gathered some of the imperfect coins and made their escape, believing that the

cave dwellers might be concealed in the brush somewhere nearby, and that that was not a healthy place to look for cattle, so they got away as soon as they could. But they told everybody what they had found.

At that time Nesbua Alden lived at Emeline, who came from Ohio several years before. He was somewhat out spoken and frequently said that there was a nest of counterfeiters in the big woods and that they must be ferreted out and dealt with according to law. It was soon after that Mr. Alden was doing some work in his timber that he had a hole shot through his hat, but did no damage more than cutting a little whisp of hair. He quickly looked around to see from whence the shot came, and saw a man running in the opposite direction with a gun in his hand. Mr. Alden immediately reported to his neighbors and this circumstance and the finding of the cave is what gave rise to the vigilance committee that formed two days after. And what followed I will relate in my next letter.

Vigilance Committee of 1853

There are doubtless many yet living in Jackson county who remember that there lived a Mr. Barger in the neighborhood of the mouth of Little's creek 1853 or '51, who, on account of some family trouble separated from his wife, and that his wife found refuge with some of her friends in the town of Bellevue.

After some time the said Barger found out her whereabouts, so he followed her up and laid in wait for her behind a board fence, the cracks being close enough so that a man could hide behind it without being seen. Here he whittled a hole sufficiently large to let the muzzle of his rifle through and here he watched until she made her appearance in the yard early in the morning, and then he shot her dead.

I cannot now tell how long after

the murder until the said Barger was arrested. But he was hunted down and brought to preliminary trial and committed to jail and in due time was tried in the district court, but on account of some irregularities in the proceedings he was again committed. And these imperfect trials continued from time to time until nearly 3 years had elapsed.

At his last trial in Jackson county he took a change of venue to Clinton county and the prisoner was removed to De Witt jail for safe keeping, until court would again convene. By this time the whole community was thoroughly aroused at the thought that one of the most cold blooded murderers was now in a fair way of escaping the penalty of the law, and while the excitement was still high, still another foul murder was committed near East Iron Hill.

In the neighborhood lived a man whose name I cannot now recall, but he had formerly lived in York State and had settled some where east of Iron Hill a year or two before. This man, it was said, had a charge hanging over him of some crime he had committed in York State and had fled to his present hiding place to evade a trial in court. There was also a neighbor of his found his way sometime afterwards to Jackson county and settled in the same locality named Ingle or Engle, who soon found out that his former old neighbor was not known here by the same name that he was known by in the east. It was also said that Mr. Engle would become an important witness against the criminal in case he was apprehended. And it now became necessary to get Mr. Engle out of the way, or get away himself. And here Mr. Criminal formed a plan. There being a young man in the neighborhood who lacked considerable of being sound of mind, Grifford by name, who the criminal hired, for \$100, to decoy Mr. Engle into the woods under the pretext of hunting squirrels, and as soon as the opportunity was good, he shot him in

the back of the head. The two men were seen going towards the timber together, both armed with rifles, but no one suspected foul play. After a while Grifford returned alone, but when Mr. Engle did not put in his appearance on time, some of the interested parties began questioning Grifford as to Engles whereabouts, and as he gave very unsatisfactory answers, it at once aroused suspicion. Soon searchers were in the wood and found Engle shot, the ball entering the back part of the head. Grifford was soon after arrested and at a preliminary trial confessed substantially to the above stated facts and was committed to jail to await a trial in the district court. This circumstance added to the already high temperature of the people of Jackson county and the talk of lynching became general. Before anything definite was decided on, there was still another horror in store for the people.

There lived a man on the corner of the present Emeline, named Nesbet Alden, who had moved in from Ohio several years before. He was in good circumstances and was supposed to have considerable money and owned about 300 acres of land. One day he was in his woods pasture doing some work, and hearing the crack of a rifle and at the same time feeling a slight smart under the hair of his head, he quickly turned in the direction from which the report of the rifle came. To his horror he saw a man running his best with rifle in hand. He now took off his hat to examine his scalp, but found no blood, he then examined his hat and found two bullet holes where the ball had passed in and out. By this time he was thoroughly alarmed and immediately began a hasty retreat homeward and reported to his neighbors what had happened. This news spread like wild fire, and at Iron Hill the citizens had already taken steps to form themselves into a vigilance committee. This organization

was quickly completed, and consisted of nearly the whole community. In the meantime the aforesaid criminal of York State had disappeared and thus created no small stir among the recently formed committee. But the criminal had gone and nobody knew when or where. I don't know now, whether he was ever heard from afterward.

The committee adopted a constitution and by-laws, they provided that the assassin, the thief and the counterfeiter would be dealt with alike.

One Jacob Landis was elected their president and leader. This placed the right man in the right place for business. I had but little acquaintance about Iron Hills and therefore cannot here give the names except the two Landis boys, with these two I had some acquaintance. In the mean time a similar committee was forming at Emeline where the excitement was now at a boiling point.

I will here say that the committees at either of the points, were composed by a large majority of the best class of the citizens. All members were required by the constitution to subscribe an oath, before being admitted to membership, that they had not at any time previous, been in any way connected with counterfeiting gangs, thieving, or any other unlawful pursuits. This oath was so stiff that it was impossible for a bogus to get in without perjury. At Emeline on the appointed day for organization there assembled at least 75 of the citizens with some miners in the crowd, but no miners could be admitted. The constitution was then read and adopted with a rush by a rising vote and was now ready for signatures. The first man to subscribe was the Rev. Eldad Cooly, followed by Rev. A. McDonald, Nesbet Alden, Loyd Alden, Clark Cooly, Jehiel Craven, Decatur Craven, O. Sinky, Shap Craven, James Cooly, Harvey McDonald etc., till over 50 names were obtained.

It was now necessary that permanent

officers be chosen, which resulted as follows: Rev. Eldad Cooey, president, J. Craven, secretary and Rev. A. McDonald, treasurer. This completed the organization and the committee was now ready for business, and every member of said committee was placed under obligation to respond to the call of the chairman forthwith, whenever his services were required to pursue and run down any miscreant who violated the laws to the detriment of the public weal, and the offender when so arrested was made subject to a fair and impartial trial. His guilt or innocence was determined by a vote of the committee. But it must here be admitted that this committee was itself an unlawful combine. But was brought into existence to do what the administrators of the law had hitherto failed to do.

There were now two committees in existence, but entirely independent of each other.

Now let the reader follow me to Iron Hills to enquire of the senior committee as to their plans for the future. But we find them not here. We are told they are gone, they left this morning in a body with Jacob Landis in the lead. We next hear of their arrival in the town of Andrew and hastily surrounding the jail they demanded of the keeper a certain prisoner, Grifford by name. Being informed by the jailer that the prisoner was in his custody and that he must hold him until the district court convened. The leader of the committee informed the jailer that the court had been in session, and the prisoner had already convicted himself of murder in the first degree and our committee is here to execute the penalty. The jailer still protested, whereupon the leader sent a deputation to bring out the prisoner. This order was quickly obeyed and Grifford soon found himself surrounded by the committee, whose ranks had been increased during their march to 50 or more. Mr. Landis now gave the prisoner an oppor-

tunity to make a statement, and here Grifford made a full confession, substantially in line with the first statement at his preliminary hearing. After this the executioners placed the noose over his head and led him to a nearby tree having a large projecting limb about 15 feet from the ground, over which the rope was thrown. The leader now placed his men in line along the rope, which was of sufficient length to give all who felt so disposed a free chance to pull. And then came the order from the leader, all ready, now pull, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Grifford was seen in the air. And here the curtain must drop.

But the committee had still another performance on the program. After a short council the committee resumed their line of march, this time they were heading in the direction of DeWitt, their number increasing as they marched. After their arrival at the then county seat of Clinton county, the committee surrounded the jail as at Andrew, and demanded of the jailer the prisoner Barger. Against this demand the jailer vigorously protested. The protest was soon overcome. The sledge and the crowbar were brought to the front and the deputies soon gained an entrance and the prisoner was brought forth and placed on a wagon, surrounded by a strong guard. The leader now commanded the committee to fall into line and face about in the direction of Andrew, where business required their presence.

The committee now set off at a good pace, being reinforced as they journeyed until they arrived at their destination. Here they lost no time but quickly put the noose over the prisoner's head and proceeded as they did in the Grifford case. I was not an eye witness to the above stated facts, but got my information from Ambrose Robins, who accompanied the expedition and who was an eye-witness from beginning to end. I got the

statements from Mr. Robinson's own lips shortly after the occurrence and have every reason to believe them correct.

I have no disposition to make comments either good or bad, but leave the reader to judge for himself. But one thing I will do, I will endeavor to show the people of Iowa and elsewhere, that this committee was not composed of the rongs and toughs of the community in which it was formed, but of the very best material at command. To say that there were no toughs in the community would be denying the truth. Too many for the public weal. And it was to get rid of them that these committees were formed. But this is not the interpretation that was placed on the so called mob. One might go in almost any direction outside of Jackson county and some inside and hear the committee denounced as cut throats and thieves, and the farther, the more odious was the brand, and in fact the brand is not entirely obliterated yet.

It is not very many years that the writer stayed over night in a hotel in Dubuque where a goodly number of guests, among them a man from Des Moines and another from the neighborhood of Andrew, both of them strangers to me, and I did not learn their names, but they entered into conversation and talked in a sort of a routine way for a while. The Andrew man finally said something that brought Jackson county to view and here the Des Moines man quickly replied, yes, yes, I have heard of that place, that is one of the dark places of earth. There is where the Bellevue war was inaugurated and is the place, where years after, a set of cut-throats hung two men on one tree. Yes, Jackson county must be a tough place. But here the Andrew man spoke and said, I live about midway between Bellevue and the place where the vigilance committee, or cut-throats as you call them, had their headquarters, I have

a better opinion of them than you seem to have. It was that committee that rid our county of the toughs that you think composed the committee. They have done us a great deal of good, and they were a dread and terror to evil doers as long as the organization was in existence. In fact it so cleaned out the counterfeiters, horse thieves and would be murderers, that the committee broke up for want of business.

I might follow this narrative down to more recent date, but will conclude by saying that the committee at Emeline were never called out for want of occasion. In this part of the country the marked suspect, all suddenly disappeared and nobody knew from whence they came or where they went and have never been heard from since so far as the writer knows.

Let me here relate one more incident. It was a few days after the Emeline committee had organized, and the hanging of Rogers and Grifford still fresh on the minds of the people far and near (for the news spread like wild-fire) and it was at a store in the town of Monmouth, that a goodly number of customers were collected, some on business and some loafing. Among them was a man from the vicinity of Millrock, who was a suspect, in fact he was known to deal in counterfeit money, and was also believed to harbor and assist horse thieves.

And while the Barger and Grifford cases were under discussion, some approving and some denouncing, the aforesaid suspect, whose name I have forgotten, piped in and said: Yes, I heard of the cut throats at Iron Hills, and I also heard that a similar gang had been organized at Emeline, and that it is dangerous for a stranger to go that way. Here Rev. Eldad Cooley, who was also in the store up to now unobserved by the suspect, came to the front and squared himself as he was wont when he preached, and said to the man, "You have now said enough, we are not all

cut throats. Of the last committee you spoke, I have the honor of being its chairman, and I can assure you that for all well behaved and well disposed people there is no danger whatever, they may go and come as they please. Yes, I have heard of you before, and for you it would be dangerous, very dangerous. Our constitution provides for and makes every member a detective. And it would be well for everybody to acquaint themselves with some of the other provisions. The sole purpose of our committee is to rid the community of evil-doers, and we will not be contented until every murderer, counterfeiter and horse thief has been disposed of."

This little speech brought down the house, and the proprietor immediately ordered three cheers for Uncle Eldad, as he was familiarly called. The cheers were given with a vengeance, and the suspect was already leaving in the direction of Millrock, and soon afterward disappeared without telling anybody where he was going. Some say that he with others were, after a long while located in California

LEVI WAGONER

I. Cooley of Maquoketa, a pioneer of Jackson county, who came to Iowa in 1841, brought to the Ellisonian Institute recently a flax hackle that is more than 100 years old, and a tar bucket that is father brought to Iowa. It was Mr. Cooley that discovered the counterfeiters' cave on Pine Run in Brandon township, in 1856 or '57. Mr. Cooley recalls the tradition of the strange disappearance of a man who lived at the four corners, now known as Elmchne, in 1849. A man by the name of Taylor lived at the corners and a man whose name he cannot now recall, came there and took up a claim, which is known as the Irving Gilmore place, and boarded with the Taylor family while making preparations to build a cabin on his claim. He got out logs for his cabin and invit-

ed the neighbors to come on a certain day to help him raise his house. The neighbors came at the appointed time, but the man did not show up and was never seen in the locality again. The neighbors believed that he was murdered by the people with whom he boarded, for the money he was supposed to have.

Anson H. Wilson, the last of the old pioneers who came to Maquoketa Valley as a man in the thirties, sent me the following names of old friends and neighbors of his who were born in 1816.

—J. W. Ellis.

William Candill who died the 28th of March was born in 1816, also the following: A. H. Wilson, Eleaser Mann, Lewis Wood, Daniel Stephens, Lyman Bates, R. Perham, S. D. Lyman, S. L. Eddy, Wm. Vusburg, Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. N. Hatfield, and Mrs. H. Mallard. Of the thirteen named, but three are left, viz., A. H. Wilson, Lewis wood, and Daniel Stephens.

Life of Col. Joseph J. Woods.

MR. EDITOR: By the favor of Mr. Oscar E. Woods of O.wego, Kansas, I have obtained the loan of a manuscript sketch of the life of Col. Joseph Jackson Woods, who went from Maquoketa in 1861, as Colonel of the 12th. Iowa Infantry. It contains many incidents of the military career of that distinguished officer in his service in the regular army after graduation from West Point that have never been published, and, in behalf of the Jackson County Historical Society, I would therefore ask you to give it place in your columns.

HARVEY REID.

Col. Joseph Jackson Woods was born January 11, 1823, on a farm in Brown county, Ohio. His ancestors came from Ireland but were not of the Irish race. Some of them were in Londonderry during the famous siege of that place in 1689. His grandfather, Jas. Woods, came to America in 1773 and settled in Pennsylvania, where the father of the

subject of this sketch, Samuel Woods, was born in the same year, 1773. Jas. Woods was engaged during a part of the Revolution in furnishing supplies to the army.

The mother of Joseph J. Woods was born in Ireland in 1785, and came to America at the age of 6 or 7 years; her maiden name was Ritchey. Joseph was the youngest son that arrived at mature age of a numerous family; his father being at the time of his birth fifty years old and having been in his prime, a man of more than average ability among the farming class to which he belonged, but while Joseph was yet young his father became a physical, financial and mental wreck, so that at the age of 10 years, Joseph was thrown upon the world to succeed by his own resources.

He went with an older brother, John, just then married, to Rush county, Ind., where they settled in a dense forest. He remained in Indiana two years and then returned to Ohio and lived with relatives until he was fourteen years old when he was apprenticed to Joseph Parish (late private secretary to President Grant, to sign land patents) in Felicity, Clermont county, Ohio, to learn the saddler's trade.

In his early boyhood, while at school, which was but a small part of the time, he learned rapidly being in advance of other children of his age. He never attended the public school after his thirteenth year.

He served five years apprenticeship with Mr. Parish, working for his board and clothing, and became very proficient in the trade. Working in the winter season until 9 o'clock p. m. five nights of the week he had but little time for mental culture, but, fortunately, his cousin, Dr. Allen Woods, about this time married a Miss Whipple of Vermont, a lady of fine culture, who, becoming interested in young Woods proposed to become his private tutor. Under this arrangement, by improving every spare mo-

ment, he completed a course of arithmetic, English grammar, geography and obtained a fair knowledge of history from books kindly loaned from the library of Dr. J. M. Woods. At the expiration of his apprenticeship the Rev. Mr. Irvine, Presbyterian minister and graduate of Ohio State University informed young Woods that as he was about to review his Latin and Greek studies, he would willingly take a pupil and give instructions in those branches free of charge, as a more thorough method of making his review. Under this arrangement young Woods pursued his studies seven months, working mornings and evenings in the saddler's shop to pay his board.

The first Methodist college established in America was located at Augusta, Ky., seven miles from Felicity, Ohio. It was under the joint patronage of the Ohio and Kentucky conference of the M. E. church, each conference being entitled to keep at the college a certain number of students free of tuition, these to be selected by the presiding elders of the various districts from worthy young men of limited means.

The Rev. W. N. Roper, Presiding Elder of the Dist., gave young Woods the appointment and he entered the Freshman Class in that institution the same year. Although free tuition was provided he found it difficult to provide for board, clothing and books, therefore, by advice of Dr. Woods he applied for an appointment to U. S. Military Academy at West Point to take the place of U. S. Grant who would graduate the following June. His principal recommendations were from Hon. Alouza Knowles, the leading Democratic politician at Felicity, O., and Jesse R. Grant, Whig, then of Bethel, O. There were several competitors for the appointment and Dr. Dean, Member of Congress, declined to make a selection but sent the papers to the War Department where the appointment was given to Woods and he entered the Academy in June, 1843.

Seventy-five were appointed to this class; thirty-eight graduated in it in 1847, Woods standing No. 3 in his class. During the last year at West Point he was Assistant Professor as well as student. July 1, 1847 he received his appointment as 2nd Lieut., in 1st., Regt. U. S. Artillery. (A)

The war with Mexico was at its height and he was ordered to New York Harbor to drill and organize recruits for the war, where he remained until Oct. 10th., when out of these recruits Co's. L and M, 1st Art. were organized and Lieut. Woods was ordered to proceed with said companies to Vera Cruz, Mexico, and there join his company, C., to which he had been assigned, in Northern Mexico.

The command sailed from New York, Oct. 10, on the ship "Empire". The weather was boisterous and after four days of invisible sun the ship ran upon a coral reef—entirely covered by water—breaking a large hole in the vessel, when she settled down and broke in two. They were by Captain's reckoning, fifty miles from shore; but, upon its partially clearing off, they perceived a small uninhabited island called Fowl Key about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile distant and daylight brought to view Abaco, the largest of the Bahama group, at a distance of about five miles. Wreckers came to the assistance of the ship and about 10 o'clock a. m., they landed the soldiers on Fowl Key where they remained one week. Vessels were then procured to take a part of the command to Charleston, S. C. The balance with Lieut. Woods was taken to Nassau, New Providence, since famous as the rendezvous for Rebel cruisers. Remaining here 8 days he then, in company with Lieut. Morris, sailed for Charleston where they remained at Ft. Moultrie until Dec. 25, 1847, when they again sailed for Vera Cruz in ship "Republic" sent out from New York for that purpose. (B)

On Jan. 1, 1848, as they were entering

the port of Vera Cruz, a terrible "Norther" struck the vessel carrying them out to sea. They finally landed Jan. 5th and found that a majority of the regiment to which the command was assigned was on garrison duty in the city, but Co. C., to which Lieut. Woods had been assigned was in northern Mexico. Woods was therefore transferred to Co. M., and assigned to duty with the regiment at Vera Cruz. In May he had yellow fever and was very sick. About August 1, 1848, peace having been declared, Vera Cruz was evacuated and our troops immediately embarked for New York, companies L and M taking passage upon the screw propeller Massachusetts.

In Oct. 1848, Woods was promoted to 1st. Lieut., and Nov. 10, 1848, embarked on board the Massachusetts with companies L and M for Oregon to quell disturbances recently arisen there, in which Dr. Whitman and a number of missionaries had been murdered. (C)

The expedition was under the command of Brevet Major Hatheway, and Lieut. Woods was its quarter-master and commissary. These were the first U. S. troops ever in Oregon. On the passage about Jan. 1st., the ship put in to port at Rio Janeiro, Brazil and remained several days giving the officers an opportunity of inspecting the city. Imperial gardens, where all tropical fruits were growing, the founderies and other places of interest, Lieut. Woods was taken through the convent of the Monks of St. Bernardine and was present at the Imperial Chapel when the Emperor and Empress partook of Midnight Mass the going out of year 1848.

Sailing from Rio Janeiro they passed near the Falkland Islands and entered the Strait of Magellan, with Patagonia on the right and Terra Del Fuego on the left, and were one week in the straits sailing only by daylight and such distances as would insure good harbors by night. There were two convict settle-

ments on the strait and some Indians. The officers enjoyed frequent rambles on shore. At Valparaiso, Chili, they were shown specimens of gold recently taken from newly discovered gold mines in California.

The next point made was the Sandwich Islands, where they arrived in 52 days and remained 8 days. They were constantly feted by the king as theirs was the first steamer ever seen by him. The officers gave the king and queen an excursion on board the steamer accompanied by the royal retinue. The expedition reached the mouth of the Columbia river May 9, 1849—six months out of New York and having sailed 22,000 miles—they proceeded up the river ninety miles to Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Co., situated on the north bank of the Columbia river—what is now Washington Terr. Here Co. L., to which Woods now belonged, landed and Co. M., was ordered to Puget Sound.

In the spring of 1850, Lieut. Woods with Co. L., was removed to Astoria near the mouth of the river and from this point Lieut. Woods with two white men and two Indians attempted to find a practicable wagon road from Astoria to the plains across the coast range of mountains. They found the task more difficult than was anticipated and the party came near starving to death, living for some time on such provisions as they could find in the woods upon the mountains.

At another time Lieut Woods went in a row-boat with the collector of the post of Astoria and a detail of men in the evening to seize a ship for violating the revenue laws. They ran alongside the ship as she lay at anchor near the mouth of the river. The collector tried to climb the ladder hanging over the side but failed, when Lieut. Woods and one man mounted the ladders and reached the deck when the ropes were cut by the ships crew, the ladder fell into the col-

lectors boat and he pulled for shore leaving the Lieut. on board but calling back to him that he would come for him in the morning.

The ship hoisted anchor and immediately put to sea. The collector procured a pilot boat armed with a cannon and gave chase, but after a few hours pursuit and firing a few shots, the pilot boat gave up the chase. After a tedious run the ship put into a recently discovered bay in the northern part of California, called Humboldt Bay, where several vessels were loading with timber for San Francisco. On one of these the Lieutenant secured passage to San Francisco and from there he secured passage to Astoria where he arrived after an involuntary absence of six weeks.

In April 1851, Lieut. Woods was ordered with a detachment of men to the Dalles of the Columbia, east of the Cascade Range, where in the heart of the Indian country he commanded a small post for eighteen months, the only military post at the time and he the only commissioned officer between the Cascade mountains and Ft. Barranjo.

In September 1852, he returned to Ft. VanConver, which had now become a large post and headquarters for the 4th U. S. Infantry, and at which place was then stationed several men since famous in history, among them U. S. Grant.

In February 1853, Lieut. Woods received orders to report to the superintendent of the recruiting service at New York City. He sailed Feb. 10th, and reached his destination via San Francisco and Panama.

In June 1853, he received leave of absence and visited Iowa and bought land in Clinton and Jackson counties. Oct. 15, 1853 he resigned his commission and removed to his lands in Iowa and in September 1856, married Miss Kezia Haight in Jones county, Iowa. He engaged in farming in Jackson county, Iowa, until the Rebellion broke out.

when he tendered his services to the Governor of Iowa and was commissioned Colonel of the 12th Iowa Inf. Vol., Oct. 28, 1861, and ordered to take immediate charge of the regiment then organizing at Camp Union, Dubuque, Iowa.

The regiment was mustered into the U. S. service by Capt. Washington 12th U. S. Inf., Nov. 25, 1861, and on the 28th of the same month broke camp at Dubuque and proceeded by rail to St. Louis, Mo., where they arrived on the 30th and went immediately into camp of instruction at Benton Barracks. In January 1862, the regiment was armed with Enfield rifles and fully equipped for the field.

January 27, 1862, Col. Woods received orders to report his regiment to Gen. Grant at Cairo, Ill., where they arrived Jan. 29, and were immediately embarked on board steamer for Smithland, Ky., at mouth of Cumberland river, where the regiment established their first camp in the field Jan. 31, 1862. On the morning of Feb. 5, orders were received to embark on board steamer and join expedition fitting out for Tennessee River.

Arriving at Paducah the regiment was assigned to Cook's Brigade and to C. F. Smith's Division and on the morning of Feb. 6, landed four miles below Ft. Henry, and took up a line of march to gain a position in the rear of the fort, but while floundering through the muddy swamps and almost impassible streams, the gunboats made the attack, drove the enemy from the works and captured the fort, most of the garrison escaping before the infantry reached their position in the rear.

Feb. 12, the command marched to Ft. Donelson and were formed in line of battle, Feb. 13, on the extreme left, when they participated in the battles of the 13th, 14th and 15th and followed the 2nd Iowa Inf., in their charge upon the works.

Col. Woods in his official report says: "About 2 o'clock p. m. of the 15th, the

12th Iowa, 50th Ill., and Birge's sharp shooters were ordered to make a feint attack to draw the enemy's fire. The men went cheerfully to the work and kept up a warm fire on the enemy while Col. Lanman's Brigade on our left advanced on the enemy and got possession of his outer works and hoisted thereon the American flag, when we were ordered to his support and moved rapidly by the left flank, charged over the fallen timber, while a galling fire of grape from the enemy was pouring in upon us.

On reaching the breastworks some confusion was caused by the retreat of a portion of Col. Lanman's Brigade, who, having exhausted their ammunition, were compelled to fall back. By some exertion our men were rallied and opened a warm fire on the enemy which they returned from a battery on our right and musketry in our front. In this cross fire we fought the enemy two hours, advancing upon them to a deep ravine inside the works.

Col. Cook, who was commanding the brigade, in his report makes mention of Col. Woods as deserving commendation for his gallant and efficient service.

At nightfall the regiment was withdrawn to the outer works of the enemy, where they remained through the night. Early on the morning of the 16th we were formed in line to renew the battle, when a white flag appearing the surrender was announced and the regiment marched into the fort. With the exception of the 2nd Iowa Inf., no troops were entitled to more credit for the capture of this stronghold than the 12th Iowa Inf., and it being their first engagement their steadiness and coolness was largely due to these qualities so prominent and marked in their commanding officer. The regiment was given quarters in log barracks occupied by rebels before the surrender, and remained in this camp until March 12, 1862.

While at Ft. Donelson the regiment was visited by Samuel J. Kirkwood,

Governor of Iowa, and upon his return to Iowa he wrote to Col. Woods as follows:

Des Moines, Iowa, Mar. 22, 1862.

Dear Colonel Woods: Please appologize to your officers and men for not calling upon them again before I left Donelson. When at General Hurlbut's headquarters the steamboat Consetoga came down and the officer in command politely offered a passage in his boat, which he said would leave in forty minutes, so we had only time to get our troops on board. Please explain this and express my regret that I could not have spent some time with you.

The Iowa troops made themselves and our state a glorious name. The 2nd Iowa had the best chance for the honors of Donelson but the 7th, 12th and 14th did nobly. Dr. Hughs, Surgeon General of Iowa, has a brother in the Brigade with your regiment. He says that he has just received a letter from his brother, who writes that the 12th Iowa is a splendid regiment and fought gallantly at Donelson. Please write me when convenient. Let me advise you to care for your health I was much pleased to see on my visit to your camp that you were having it cleaned up nicely. Yours was the only regiment that was doing this. With many wishes for your health and success, I am yours truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD

Resolutions as follows were adopted by the legislature of Iowa.

JOINT RESOLUTION.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Iowa. First, That in the name of the whole people of the state, we thank the Iowa troops for their undaunted bravery and gallant conduct in the recent fight at Ft. Donelson in which the Post of Honor they nobly sustained their own brilliant fame and won fresh and unfading laurels for the state. Second, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Colonel of each of the Iowa regiments engaged

in the battle of Ft. Donelson.

RUSH CLARK,

Speaker House of Representatives.

JOHN R. NEEDHAM,

President of the Senate

Approved Feb 19, 1862.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

State of Iowa, ss.

I, Elijah Sells, Secretary of State, hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy from the original enrolled resolution on file in my office. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the great seal of the State of Iowa. Done at Des Moines this 20th day of February, 1862.

ELIJAH SELLS.

To COL. J. J. WOODS.

March 12, 1862, the command was re-organized and the 2nd, 7th, 12th and 14th Iowa Inf., designated as the 1st Brigade, commanded by Col. Tuttle of the 2nd Iowa, and assigned to 2nd Division, commanded by Gen. C. F. Smith.

Leaving Ft. Donelson the Division marched to Metal Landing on Tennessee River and embarked on steamer for Pittsburgh Landing, where they established camp March 21, 1862, on the extreme right of Union line, near the river below the landing.

Early on the morning of April 6, Col. Woods formed his regiment on the parade ground and soon after, under the direction of Brigade commander, moved to a position assigned to him in line of battle, occupying the left center of Tuttle's Brigade, forming the extreme left of W. H. L. Wallace's Division, 14th Iowa, next the left of 12th Iowa, formed the extreme left of its Division and rested on the main road from the landing to Corinth.

The 12th Iowa was formed just behind the brow of a slight ridge, an open field in front of its right, a thick undergrowth in front of its left; in this position the troops were reviewed by General Grant, about 10 o'clock a. m., and were directed by him to hold the position at all haz-

ards, and in this exposed position, across the Corinth road, the left Brigade of W. L. Wallace's Division, and right of Prentiss' Division did sustain itself, not once being moved from its position, although repeatedly charged by the enemy, until about 5:30 o'clock p. m. The persistent, desperate fighting done by these troops at this key of the position, delayed the whole Rebel army and saved the Federal army from being driven into the Tennessee River. All the prominent Confederate officers mention the fighting at this place. Gen. Ruggles commanding a Division of Bragg's army says, "I ordered my staff officers to bring forward all the field guns that could be collected from the left, which resulted in the concentration of ten batteries and one section as follows: (enumerates them), concentrating their fire enflading Prentiss' Division on right flank, at this moment the 2nd Brigade and the Crescent regiment pressed forward and cut off a considerable number of the enemy consisting of Prentiss' Division, who were surrendered to the Crescent regiment."

Gen. L. Polk, commanding army corps says: "About 5 o'clock p. m. my line attacked the enemy's troops—the last that were left on the field.—The attack was made in front and flank. The resistance was sharp and proved to be the commands Generals Prentiss and W. H. L. Wallace. The latter was killed by the troops of General Bragg, who was pressing him at same time on his right."

Col. Head, 17th La. Vols., says, "Between one and two o'clock on Sunday we had carried all the enemy's camps except Prentiss'. At this point the enemy made a determined stand and for two hours success at that point seemed doubtful. I was ordered by Gen. Ruggles to immediately bring up all the artillery and concentrate it upon this point. Assisted by this artillery fire the infantry succeeded in carrying the po-

sition and capturing General Prentiss and about 2,000 men."

General Gibbons, commanding Brigade, admits that his Brigade was repulsed four different times and because he felt sensitive over the matter of official reports, asked a court of inquiry. Several other officers admit their repulse and the complete demoralization of their forces at this point and so great was the slaughter of the enemy that they gave to that point of the line immediately in front of the 12th, 14th and 8th Iowa the title or name of "Hornet's Nest."

At about 5:30 o'clock p. m., Gen. Wallace having been mortally wounded, Gen. Tuttle succeeded to the command of th- Div. McClellan's (?) division on our right and Hurlbuts on the left having fallen back to a new position near the river, Tuttle gave orders for his division to fall back and the order was communicated to all the regiments except the 12th and 14th Iowa and they were safely conducted to the rear, but the aid sent to these regiments was killed before reaching them, Gen. Tuttle claims, and they were left fighting the enemy in front until the enemy rushing around their flank—left exposed by withdrawal of balance of division—formed in the rear. Having just repulsed a desperate charge in front, the regiment was startled by the order given by Col. Woods with no more excitement than when on parade, "Twelfth Iowa: about face; commence firing" when they beheld a full and perfect line of grey formed in their rear. Delivering a few volleys into the face of this new enemy which broke their ranks, a charge was ordered.

Col. Woods at the head of the regiment succeeded in cutting his way through the first line of the enemy and arrived in camp of 8th Iowa, near Gen. Hurlburt's headquarters where they encountered another line of the enemy drawn up in order across the line of re-

treat. Here, hemmed in by a perfect wall of fire, Col. Woods was twice wounded in quick succession and dismounted.

Command of regiment then devolved upon Capt. Edgerton, who, finding it impossible to cut his way out, surrendered the remnant of the regiment prisoners of war. At the same time there was surrendered the 14th Iowa of Wallace's Division, and the 8th Iowa and 58th Illinois of Prentiss' division; in all about 2 000. Gen. Prentiss, present at the time and taken prisoner with the rest, speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of Col. Woods and his regiment in the field and says that to the persistent fighting of these four regiments, holding their grounds against such fearful odds is due the failure of Beauregard to drive our forces into the Tennessee River.

Gen. Tuttle in his official report says: "On the morning of the 6th I proceeded with my brigade, consisting of the 2nd, 7th, 12th and 14th Iowa Inf., under direction of W. H. L. Wallace and formed line on extreme left of his division. We had been in line but a few moments when the enemy made his appearance and attacked my left wing, 12th and 14th Iowa, who gallantly stood their ground and compelled the assailants to retire in confusion. They again formed under cover of a battery and renewed the attack upon my whole line but were repulsed as before. A third and fourth time they dashed upon us but were each time baffled and completely routed. We held our position about six hours, when it became evident that the forces on each side of us had given away, so as to give the enemy an opportunity of turning both of our flanks. At this critical moment Gen. Wallace gave orders for my brigade to retire which was done in good order. The 2nd and 7th retired through a severe fire from both flanks, while the 12th and 14th, who were delayed by their endeavor to save a bat-

tery, were completely surrounded and were compelled to surrender. Col. Woods of the 12th Iowa particularly distinguished himself, was twice wounded and when the enemy was driven back on Monday he was captured."

Col. Woods lay upon the field wounded and was assaulted by some Texas troops with evident design of taking his life. But just at that moment he was recognized by Gen. Hardee, with whom he had been acquainted at West Point, who gave him a special guard and a permit to Woods' orderly to remain with him. Soon after the surrender our gunboats commenced throwing shells into that vicinity driving all the rebel troops from the field. None of the wounded were removed or cared for but lay upon the field exposed to our shells and a severe rain storm all night. When our forces advanced Monday morning, Col. Woods was recaptured, wounds dressed and a few days after he was sent north where he was detailed on recruiting service and remained on duty within the state of Iowa until about Jan. 1, 1863. The men of his regiment who were captured at Shilo, having been exchanged, he was ordered to Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, to reorganize his regiment and soon after he was sent to Rolla, Mo., where he remained a short time and then returned to St. Louis.

April 9, 1863, he embarked his regiment on board steamer under orders to join forces operating near Vicksburgh, Mississippi.

He reported to Gen. Grant at Duckport, La., April 14, and was at once assigned to command of 3d brigade composed of the 8th, 12th and 35th Iowa Inf., 3d division, 15th army corps. Heavy details were made from the brigade daily for guard and also for work upon the canal.

May 1st, Col. Mathias of the 5th Iowa was assigned to command and Col. Woods returned to command his regiment and May 2, 1863, left Duckport,

La., with his regiment and marched via Richmond, La., to Grand Gulf, thence to Jackson, Miss., where the 12th Iowa was engaged on the 14th in the battle of Jackson, Miss., on extreme right of the line. Cos. B and C on the skirmish line were among the first troops inside the Rebel works and took possession of a Rebel camp with all its equipage complete and dinner ready to be eaten.

The regiment remained in Jackson one and one-half days, employed first day in destroying railroad running north and the forenoon of the 16th in destroying Rebel camps and other property. At 12 o'clock orders were received to reinforce the other corps of the army near Champion Hill as speedily as possible.

Leaving Jackson the regiment marched with scarcely a halt to near Champion Hill where they arrived about two o'clock on the morning of the 17th and after a rest of two or three hours marched north to a position on extreme right of Grant's line and at night crossed Black river at Bridgeport. On the 18th the 15th corps with 1st division in advance took the road to Walnut Hills, pressing this corps between the Rebels in Vicksburgh and those at Yazoo river until the head of the column reached the Mississippi above Vicksburgh and the left rested on Jackson road. On the 19th the 3d brigade was sent to Yazoo river and took possession of the forts then and opened communication with our fleet and after dismantling the fort, the brigade returned to position in line in resting Vicksburgh and participated as reserve in the assaults made upon the works on the 19th and 22nd of May.

About June 1, Col. Woods was again assigned to command of brigade, which had gained an advance position in the line of approaches, and furnished daily heavy details for guard and for work in the trenches. Nearly every night the whole brigade was called into line by some alarm on the picket post.

June 22, the brigade was relieved

from its place in front line and with the remainder of the 15th corps sent to Black river to guard rear from an attack by Johnson, very heavy guard and patrol duty was kept up then until July 4th. Vicksburgh surrendered and Sherman moved immediately upon Johnson forcing a crossing of Black river the same day and pushing Johnson back until he reached Jackson, Miss., which had been again strongly fortified. Sherman invested the place July 10, and commenced a regular siege.

On July 15, Gen. Tuttle reported sick and Col. Woods was assigned to command of division and next day moved his division to the right and relieved Gen. Osterhaus' division from its place on the advance line.

On the 17th the Rebels evacuated Jackson and burned the bridge over Pearl river, planting torpedoes in the approaches to the bridge and ferry. On the 19th the 3d brigade, 3d division, 15th corps with some other troops, including cavalry and artillery, pursued the enemy to Brandon, Miss., driving the enemy through the town and capturing considerable Rebel property stored in the railroad depot and warehouses which were all destroyed and the next day the troops returned to Jackson, and a few days thereafter evacuated Jackson and fell back behind Black river and went into camp July 25, 1863. Col. Woods commanded the division until sometime in October, when General Asboth was assigned to the command and Colonel Woods returned to the command of the brigade.

Nov. 7, the division embarked for Memphis, Tenn., and the 3d brigade was assigned to duty guarding the railroad from LaGrange to Corinth, each regiment at a different post. Frequent skirmishes were had with the enemy and one severe engagement lasting nearly all day, brought on by the enemy in force attempting to destroy the railroad.

The 12th Iowa, stationed at Chewalla, re-enlisted Dec. 25, 1863. Jan. 29, 1864,

brigade was ordered to Vicksburgh and were on duty at Black river one month while Sherman's expedition was out to Meridian, Mississippi.

Upon the return of said expedition the now veterans of the brigade were sent on an expedition up the Red river, the veterans ordered home on furlough. Reaching Davenport March 22, they were furloughed 30 days at expiration of which time they returned to Davenport and embarked at once for Memphis where they arrived May 2nd and were assigned as 3d brigade, Col. Woods commanding, 1st division, Gen. J. A. Mower commanding, 16th army corps, Gen. A. J. Smith commanding. During the summer this command made two expeditions into the interior and July 13, 14 and 15, fought the battle of Tupelo, Mississippi, the 3d brigade doing most of the fighting and with their commander received great credit for their efficient service.

Sept. 1, the division embarked on steamer from Memphis and proceeded to Duall's Bluffs, Ark., and marched thence north in pursuit of Price, who had crossed the Arkansas river and started on a trip through Missouri.

The command marched to Cape Girardeau, Mo., 336 miles in 17 days, from Cape Girardeau to St. Louis in a steamboat where they arrived Oct. 8, 1864. Gen. Mower was transferred to Gen. Sherman's command at Atlanta, and Col. Woods assigned to command of division and proceeded on steamer to Jefferson City, Mo., arriving Oct. 17, and marched in pursuit of Price to Kansas City, thence south to Harrisonville, Mo., keeping within sound of his guns but not succeeding in bringing him to battle. His command having been completely broken up the infantry was ordered back to St. Louis, Oct. 30, marching via Sedalia and Jefferson City.

At Sedalia, Mo., the troops were met by Gen. McArthur, who had been assigned to command of division, and Col. Woods returned to command of brigade

and through storms of snow and rain and fording streams filled with floating ice marched his command back to St. Louis where they arrived Nov. 15, his brigade having marched within the last 30 days 543 miles—within last 60 days 579 miles, and since June 16, 1409 miles.

At St. Louis, having served more than his full term of enlistment, Col. Woods mustered out of service. He had filled with credit many important positions while in the service, acceptably and with honor to himself and to the service.

Col. Woods had a slender stooping form, brown hair, light complexion and mild blue eyes. He was in appearance and in fact the most unassuming of military men. He spoke slowly and kindly and was accustomed to give his commands with great coolness and deliberation, never under the hottest fire varying in the least the modulation or deliberation of his orders. His "Fall in 12th Iowa" on the 6th of April 1862, or at time of a night alarm during the siege of Vicksburgh was heard by his men above every other sound and always in the same tone as when on parade or review.

He had none of the style or austere manners of the regular army officers and while very familiar and easy of approach by his subordinates, was a good disciplinarian and the men soon learned that he possessed great worth as a commanding officer and while personally of the bravest and willing to lead his regiment to the severest contest, yet devoid of all rashness that would sacrifice his men without good reason.

His service richly merited recognition at Washington that he never received, but with him modesty blocked the wheels of promotion, and I doubt not it would be impossible to find any of his superior officers who will say that Col. Woods ever sought promotion at their hands in any way but by a faithful and earnest discharge of his duties in what ever command he was placed. His muster out was deeply regretted by

all his old comrades, and especially by the men whom he had so often led and who had learned to appreciate the quiet but brave and generous Col. Woods.

Upon his return home he removed from the farm to Maquoketa, where in company with W. F. McCarron, he purchased the "Maquoketa Excelsior," of which he became the editor.

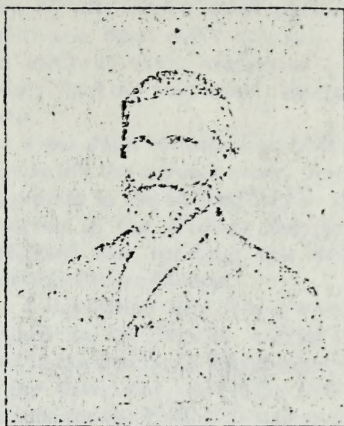
In the fall of 1867 he sold his interest in said paper and moved upon his farm in Clinton county, Iowa, but the next year returned to Maquoketa, and McCarron having failed to make payments on the paper and being involved in other losses where Woods was his security and had to pay the loss, Woods again took control of the paper and published it until May 1869, when he removed to Kansas.

In 1871 he was on a board of visitors at West Point, appointed by Gen. Grant, and the same fall was one of three commissioners appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to appraise the Cherokee mutual lands in Indian Territory, west of the 96th meridian, and was also appointed the same fall Receiver of Humboldt land district, but declined the appointment.

The same fall he was elected to the Kansas legislature, which convened in January 1872. In March he was appointed one of the regents of the State University. He was a member of the Kansas legislature in 1875, and chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

NOTES BY HARVEY REID.

A very appreciative tribute to the character of Col. Woods from one who served in his regiment comes in a recent letter from John S. Ray, of Napanee, Nebraska. Mr. Ray says: Col. Woods was a grand man, and had he entered into the scramble for promotion, as was the rule, he might have been a Major-General. In fact he was better fitted to command a division or corps, than a



COLONEL J. J. WOODS.

regiment. His forte was not as a dress parade officer. He had no more style than Gen. Grant, and was not much of a mixer with either officers or men, although he was respected by both. He was no respecter of rank, as between men. A private with a grievance was given as much consideration as an officer. He was as gentle as a woman, but his bravery was never questioned.

(A) As a matter of enduring interest I give a list of West Point cadets who attended that institution during the years when Col. Woods was there, and who attained rank and reputation during the Civil war. This will include all the classes from the one graduating in 1844, Col. Woods first year in the Academy, to the one graduation in 1890, which entered in 1847, the year in which he graduated. This does not mean that he became personally acquainted with all these officers, but that he would have seen them, and become more or less familiar with their personalities and characteristics. I will arrange them according to their order of merit in their respective classes, but will separate those which served in the Union army from those who cast their lots with the Confederates.

To begin with Col. Woods own class, the

CLASS OF 1847.

Joseph J. Woods, who entered from Ohio, July 1, 1843, at the age of 20 years, 5 months, graduated No. 3, being one of the five most distinguished cadets, whose names are marked with a star (*) conformably to a regulation for the government of the Military Academy, which requires that that many be reported at each annual examination to be attached to the next Army Register. Cadet Woods also served during the last year on the Academic Staff as Acting Professor of Ethics. His marks on final examinations in his respective studies were as follows: Engineering, 2; Ethics, 8; Artillery, 5; Infantry Tactics, 5; Mineralogy and Geology, 8. During previous years he attained rank in the other studies of the course as follows: Philosophy, 3; Chemistry, 9; Drawing, 23; Mathematics, 4; French, 8; English, Grammar, etc., 9. In his third year he stood sixth in his class; second year fifth (an honor man again); and in his first year sixth.

There is also kept at the Academy a conduct Roll in which the whole body of cadets (without regard to class) is graded according to "demerits" charged against them. If more than 200 demerits are charged in one year the cadet is reported to the War Department for discharge. Cadet Woods' record on this Roll stood thus: First year, No. 16 with 6 demerits; second year, No. 44 with 24; third year, No. 27 with 8; and fourth year, No. 2 with no demerits. No. 1 in 1845, was the afterwards celebrated Thomas J. Jackson.

The cadet who graduated at the head of the class of 1847, had also stood at the head every year of his service except 1844, when he was second. This was John Cleves Symmes of Ohio, son of the John Cleves Symmes, who is noted as the author of the "Symmes Nole"

theory of the earth's construction. I cannot learn that cadet Symmes survived until the Civil war period. He certainly had no important command therein

No. 2 was John Hamilton of Indiana. He never left the regular army, having been captain in the 3d Artillery in 1861; and served in the artillery during the entire Civil war, reaching the rank of Major and Brevet Colonel.

No. 4 was Julian McAlistier, who also remained in the regular service and served in the Ordnance Department during the Civil war, becoming Chief of Ordnance for the Pacific Department.

The others who had records in the Union army that can be traced were: Gen. John S. Mason, Col. of the 4th Ohio Inf., who served in the army of Potomac, and returned to the regular army after the war, rising to the rank of Colonel. He was a nephew of Charles Mason (also a graduate of West Point), Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Iowa Territory.

Gen. Orlando B. Wilcox of Michigan commander of a division in the Ninth Army Corps.

Gen. James B. Fry of Illinois, Provost Marshal General for the War Department. He had charge of the drafts ordered the last year of the war.

General Ambrose E. Burnside, once Commander of the Army of the Potomac, afterwards Commander of the Department of the Ohio

Gen. John Gibbon, who organized the Iron Brigade of the Potomac, rose to the command of the 25th Army Corps, and became Brigadier General in the regular army after the war.

Gen. Romayne B. Ayres, an artillery officer in the Army of the Potomac, and a division commander.

Gen. Charles F. Griffin, also a division commander in the army of the Potomac

Gen. Egbert L. Viel, a distinguished

officer in the Engineers, and had important commands in the eastern armies.

Col. Lewis Cass Hunt, brother of Gen. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, became Colonel of the 92d New York, and after the war was promoted to Colonel of the 14th U. S. Infantry.

In the Confederate service we find Ambrose P. Hill, who became Lieutenant General and commander of a corps in Lee's army, and Henry Heth, a division commander at Gettysburgh and in other important campaigns. Heth was the foot of the class, and stood No. 198 on the Conduct Roll with 165 demerits. It is of interest, too, to note that A. E. Burnside was charged with 190 demerits or within ten of the mark of dismissal.

We will now take up the other classes with whose members cadet Woods might have associated.

CLASS OF 1841

Union army—General Alfred Pleasonton, Army of the Potomac cavalry, Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, Gen. Alexander Hays, Army Potomac brigade commander, killed at the Wilderness.

Confederate army—Gen. Simon B. Buckner. There were only 25 members of this class left at graduation out of 51 who entered in 1841. None of the five honor men gained any military distinction.

CLASS OF 1845

Union army—Generals Wm. F. (Buldy) Smith and Thos. J. Wood, Army of the Cumberland, were both honor men. Gen. Chas. P. Stone of Ball's Bluff fame, Gen. Fitz John Porter, Gen. John P. Hatch of New York, Gen. Delos B. Sackett, Gen. Gordon Granger, Gen. David A. Russell, killed at Winchester.

Confederate army—Generals Wm. H. C. Whiting and Louis Hebert, honor men, and Generals E. Kirby Smith, Barnard E. Bee, killed at first Bull Run, and Wm. L. Crittenden.

This class graduated 41 members.

CLASS OF 1846

Union army—Generals Geo. B. McClellan and John G. Foster, honor men, Generals Jesse L. Reno, killed at South Mountain, Darius N. Couch, Truman Seymour, Charles C. Gilbert, Samuel D. Sturgis, Geo. Stoneman, Innis N. Palmer, Alfred Gibbs, Geo. H. Gordon (2d Mass.), Delancy F. Jones and J. N. G. Whistler, cousin of the celebrated painter who died recently in London.

Confederate army—Generals Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, John Adams, Dabney H. Maury, David R. Jones, Cadmus M. Wilcox, Samuel B. Maxey and Geo. E. Pickett.

CLASS OF 1848

The head of the class, Prof. Wm. P. Trowbridge, did not stay long in the army, but held a high position in the Coast Survey and as professor of Engineering at Columbia and Michigan. Gen. James C. Duane, also an honor man, was an Engineer officer and rose to Chief of Engineers after the war. Gen. Nathaniel Michler was a leading Topographical Engineer and map maker. Others in the Union army were Generals John Buford, N. H. McLean (Adjutant General's Department) and Hugh B. Ewing.

Confederate army—Generals Wm. E. Jones, N. Geo. Evans and Geo. H. Steuart.

CLASS OF 1849

Union army—Generals Quincer A. Gilmore and John G. Parke, honor men, Absalom Baird, Chauncey McKeever, Rufus Saxton (Q. M.), S. B. Holabird and R. M. Johnson.

Confederate army—Generals Stephen V. Benet, honor man, John C. Moore, John Withers and Duff G. Green.

CLASS OF 1850

Union army—Generals Gouverneur K. Warren and Cuvier Grover, honor men, Adam J. Slemmer, Eugene A. Carr, W. P. Carlin, Amos Beckwith (Commissary).

Confederate army- Generals Chas. S. Winder (Commander Libby Prison), Wm. L. Cabell, Henry C. Bankhead, J. J. A. S. Mouton.

When Cadet Woods entered the Academy in 1843 Major Richard Delafield was superintendent. In 1845 he was succeeded by Capt. Henry Brewerton.

Among the instructors of the four years period whose names will be recognized by subsequent military distinction were Horatio G. Wright, John Newton, Wm. S. Rosecrans, Israel Vodges, A. P. Howe, A. P. Stewart (Confederate) R. S. Grainger, Irwin McDowell, Gustavus W. Smith (Confederate), Isaac N. Quinby, G. W. Raines (Confederate), E. D. Keyes, James A. Hardie, J. J. Reynolds.

It is remarkable how few of his West Point associates Col. Woods came in contact with in his Civil war service.

None of his own class, they all served in the east, both Union and Confederate. He succeeded Grant as cadet from the same congressional district and met him in Oregon. He served temporarily under S. D. Sturgis, who was a fellow cadet and served under Rosecrans, who was an instructor, and he met in battle Buckner, and possibly D. H. Maury and John C. Moore, but I can find no more.

These West Point data are gleaned from the Official Register of the Academy from 1840 to 1850, kindly procured for me by Hon. A. F. Dawson, from Gen. A. L. Mills, present superintendent.

(B) Lieut. Lewis Owen Morris was a member of the famous New York family whose seat was at Morrisiana, now a part of New York City. His father, Lewis N. Morris, was a grandson of Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A younger half-brother of the signer was Gouverneur Morris, who also became a member of the Continental Congress, U. S. minister to France and United States Senator. Lewis N. Morris was also an army officer, having graduated at West

Point in 1826. When the Mexican war broke out he was a captain of artillery and was assigned to General Zachary Taylor's command. He was killed while leading his men in the assault on Monterrey. His son, Lewis O. Morris, was commissioned Second Lieutenant of artillery March 8, 1847, and was sent to Vera Cruz as Cadet. Woods relates. He served in the army until the war of the rebellion. In 1861 he had obtained the rank of Captain in the 3d Artillery and was stationed in Texas. He absolutely refused to surrender his command when ordered to do so by Gen. Twiggs, but was finally allowed to return to the north. He became Colonel of the 113th New York, which was made a regiment of Heavy Artillery in the defense of Washington. At the opening of Grant's campaign in 1864, it joined the army of the Potomac, serving as Infantry. Col. Morris was given command of a brigade, and at the battle of Cold Harbor he fell, leading his men, as his father had done eighteen years before.

(C) Dr. Marcus Whitman went to Oregon in 1834 with a mission party under the auspices of the Presbyterian church. The country was then under control of the British Hudson Bay Co., who would not allow the American missionaries to locate near their settlements, but induced them to cross the Cascade mountains, where they established a mission and school on the Walla Walla river (in what is now Washington) near its junction with the Columbia.

In 1843 Dr. Whitman made his celebrated ride to the states, through the Rocky Mountains to Santa Fe, then across the plains to St. Louis, and thence to Washington, where it is said that his representations to President Taylor and Daniel Webster had much influence in shaping the treaty of 1846 by which Great Britain abandoned her claims to Oregon south of the 49th parallel. In the meantime Dr. Whitman had re-

turned to the Walla Walla with a party overland

The Hudson Bay Co., had succeeded in instilling into the Indians a distrust of Americans which, when it became known to them that England had given up their country, found savage expression in the massacre on November 29, 1847, of Marcus Whitman and thirteen missionary associates

(D) Col. Woods' farm was the north half of northeast quarter and the south half of northwest quarter, section two in South Fork township, about a mile and a half northwest of Hurstville and about the same distance southeast of Esqate school house. It is generally known as the "Asa Davis Place," Mr. Davis having been the purchaser from Col. Woods. The house that Col. Woods first lived in was situated on the Esqate road in the northeasterly part of the farm. He built a new house in the creek bottom near the west end of the farm, which became the Davis home, and the old house has entirely disappeared.

Notices Memorial Day.

In my reminiscences of pioneer life in Iowa, I endeavored to relate circumstances in the order they came, but on this occasion I will skip a large space for the reason that Memorial Day requires notice. A day that is becoming more hallowed as time separates us from the occasion that brought the day into existence. A day that brings us together on one common level around the graves of our loved ones. A day that stands for the union. A day that stands for the reunion of families for rich and poor together. This day we meet to honor the heroes of 1861 to 1865. A day not of feasting and dancing, but a day of solemn assembly. A day to commemorate the great sacrifice our beloved ones made for our glorious union of states. A day to symbolize the immortality of the bravery and heroism of 1776, of 1812, of 1846 and of 1861, and

again of 1898. We have here a chain of brilliant achievements won by our forefathers that reaches back to and beyond our national existence.

While the brave boys in blue, who laid down their lives on the altar of our beloved country are deserving of first honor, we must not forget that a great army in the rear were also doing a great work, pointing toward the same end. It was just as necessary to provide supplies for the army at the front as it was to wield the sword. It will be remembered that in 1862, 3 and 4, wheat sold for \$2 per bushel, corn \$1, oats 75c, cotton \$2 per pound, pork at \$30 per barrel and other things in proportion.

And that this army in the rear was composed principally of Ladies. Yes, ladies of the first class. Ladies who attended church on Sundays dressed in their silks. Ladies, who on Mondays, donned their denims and peeled their gloves, and entered the service in the fields (But it must be remembered that silk in those days sold at near the same price of denims.) Ladies who supplied the army with food. Ladies who took the place of the 1,000,000 drawn from the farms and factories. I do not relate this to shock the ladies of the present day. For I have all confidence in them to believe that they would do the same thing under similar circumstances. To enumerate all the cases that came under my own observation would require far more time than I have at my disposal.

I will here just mention a single case which will give the reader an idea how great was the strain, and how great the demand for labor among the farmers, but happily the supply was equal to the demand, by taking the ladies in.

I was in Dubuque on the 4th of July 1862, and stayed over night. In the morning there came a telegram that Vicksburgh had fallen or surrendered. This news spread like wildfire, and in

less than an hour, the boom of cannon and anvils could be heard in every direction, and this continued for more than four hours. It was a day of great rejoicing for it was believed that the "backbone of the rebellion was now broken." But in those days we had no telephones neither in the cities nor in the country. News was carried by messenger and the rural districts were always late in finding out the happenings.

It was now the beginning of wheat harvest and wheat was at that time the staple crop. After gathering all the available news I started homeward; a trip of thirty miles. All along the way the farmers were busy in their fields cutting and binding their wheat. But the binding at that time was all done by hand and required from 4 to 5 hands to keep up with a self rake reaper which cut the grain similar to our present binders, minus the binder. I also found by actual count along the road that over two-thirds of the field hands were women. And almost invariably the driver of the machine was an old lady. After I had driven 18 miles I came to a large farm that was rather of the model sort, large fields of corn wheat and oats all in fine condition. In this field were seven hands, all of them ladies, except one old man who carried water. The field lay hard by the road.

The old lady that drove the machine hailed me as she turned a corner fully 25 rods from the road, (Hey Mr. hold.) She now quickly threw her machine out of gear and drove to the road on a keen trot to where I was waiting. And immediately inquired of me what all this shooting and drumming meant for I hear it from every direction. I said the news came this morning that Vicksburgh is taken. At this news she exclaimed (Oh my God, my God.) By this time the lady binders had also arrived at the road from their several stations. And after the old lady was

some what composed, for she was shedding tears freely, she asked me whether there were many killed. I said no, it was a surrender. After hearing this she began shouting praises to God. I now began to be interested and ventured to ask her the cause of her sudden emotion. She replied, Oh my dear sir, All my boys are there, three of them, and may God preserve them. At this time the proprietor also arrived with a pail of water and joined in asking questions, as did also the junior members of the family. I now asked the husband and father how he managed to raise so large and fine a crop with labor so scarce, he replied, I am not able to do much, my wife and the girls did it all. LEVI WAGONER

Orren Sinky's Horse Stolen.

It was in the summer of 1855 that Orren Sinky, of Emeline owned a very fine team of matched horses, (for Orren delighted in fine horses). That one morning he brot in his horses from the pasture, while it was yet dark, and tied them to an adjacent fence while he went to the house to get his breakfast. But upon his return he found one horse missing, and after examining the hook where he had it tied he found the little end of the halterstrap still in the hook, but was cut square off. He now easily knew what had become of his horse. And as soon as it became sufficiently light to trace the thief he set out with two other companions into the big woods, which had its begening only 4 rods from where the horse had been tied. And here the trees were tall and the underbrush dense, but they succeeded in following the trail until Pine creek was reached. Here the horse was led into the stream and downward evidently for the purpose of causing the pursuers to lose track,

After continuing the search thruout the day without success, it was now b-

believed that the horse was concealed during the day somewhere in the big woods and that he would be taken across the river the following night. Our party now returned to eat supper and determine on plans for the night. Our party had now been swelled to seven each one armed with a rifle or other deadly weapon, and our plan was to go to Smiths ford about 4 miles distant, this being the only point on the river that was fordable for several miles up or down. Here we crossed the stream and at the outcome of the ford was a narrow track cut thru the banks, on either side of the cut was thick underbrush, our party now took stations on both sides of this cut, every man with weapon in hand, except James Sinkey, I. Cocley and A. Robbins these three being the most able bodied were selected to grapple with the thief, while the other four would hold up the villain and secure the horse. It was the order that every man be settled down quiet in his lair till the splashing on the opposite side would indicate the thief on his way. It was now 10.30 p. m. when came splash splash splash, and every man quietly raised to his feet ready for the onslaught, but to our great chagrin the expected horse thief turned out to be a belated cow which we allowed to pass our picket line without molestation. But we continued in our position most of the night without hearing or seeing any thing of the thief or horse. But it was afterwards discovered that half a mile from the river was a large cave in the rocks of Pine creek where there was plenty of room to hide several horses, and that this cave had actually been used for this purpose, there were abundant marks left to indicate this fact. This cave was only a short distance from the occupied by a gang of counterfeiters which I described in a former communication. It was also discovered that an organized gang existed, beginning at a town of Bellevue thence west as far as Cedar Rapids, and that the stronghold

of said gang was situated in the big woods 3 miles south of the present Emeline. And these recent discoveries together with the narrow escape of Mr N. Alden from the assassians bullet which I described before, and also the tragedy at East Iron Hill, gave rise to the notorious Vigilance Committee that formed at Iron Hills and soon after at Emeline also. Suffice it here to say that these two committees did their work thoroly and well. "And that the land had rest for many years". LEVI WAGONER,

Removal of Col. Cox's Remains.

At the last meeting of the Pioneer and Old Settlers, Society held in Maquoketa July, 1, 1904, the President W. C. Gregory; the Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. Ellis, and H. Reid, were appointed as a committee to take such steps as they deemed necessary to suitably mark the grave of Col. Thomas Cox, a veteran of two wars and a prominent early pioneer of Jackson county. Born in Kentucky in 1787, and died November 9th 1844. He was buried on the farm owned by him and called Richland, on the bluffs north of the Maquoketa River about two miles south of the present site of Bridgeport. The Cox family removed to California in 1849 and in time the Colonel's lonely grave was plowed over and all trace of it disappeared except the sturdy shellbark hickory tree, under whose branches his remains had been laid at his request, which has stood as a solitary sentinel for more than 60 years. On the 18th of September, 1904, the committee drove to the spot and had a photograph made of the tree which then stood in a field of rye. The committee first contemplated placing a huge glacier boulder over the grave but the present owner objected to having any kind of monument erected in his field, and the project was abandoned.

The committee then asked the trustees of the Mt. Hope Cemetery to donate a

suitable lot in the Cemetery for the remains, and the request was granted, a lot 20 feet square and in good location was donated. The committee put in a concrete base for the monument they proposed to erect, and contracted with Kirk Landis to bring in a 14,000 pound glacial boulder donated by W. F. Jones for the monument. On the 16th day of June, 1905, J. W. Ellis and W. C. Gregory of the committee accompanied by Frank McNear and three of his men, drove out to the place long known as the Hamilton Patterson farm for the purpose of securing such relics as 60 summers and winters had left of the once famous old pioneer. The hickory tree which was said to be from 6 to 8 inches in diameter in 1844 had grown to be 12 to 14 inches in diameter but the branches showed unmistakable signs of rapid decay. No mound of earth or stone remained to indicate the location of the grave, but assuming that the tree was intended to mark the head of the grave and that the body was buried with the face to the east there was little time lost. McNear indicated a point about 4 feet in a north-east direction from the body of the tree and started a trench from north to south and in three minutes had located the grave, and at 12 o'clock noon, the diggers found the black walnut boards that had been placed over the black walnut coffin that contained all that was mortal of Col. Cox. The coffin was so much decayed that it fell to pieces but it was carefully removed and the bones found intact and every one secured and placed in a casket, all the fragments of the coffin were carefully preserved and placed in the casket with the bones after which the earth was shoveled back into the grave and leveled over. The casket containing the remains was taken to the office of J. W. Ellis, there to remain until Sunday, June 18th, when it was laid in the grave prepared for it in the Mt. Hope cemetery. On the 19th of June the boulder was brot in and placed on the lot.

Almost A Lincning

Written by D. A. Fletcher for the Jackson County Historical Society.

In the fall of 1858, on returning home from District Court at Bellevue, I found the citizens of Maquoketa considerably excited over the arrest of one, Charlie Harvey, for larceny. At that time William Burleson was carrying a little store at Buckhorn, and shortly before that, some one had stolen from his money drawer a quantity of small change. Harvey had been in the store without any apparent business the day before the money was missed, and being a rather worthless fellow, much given to playing poker on a small scale, he was naturally suspected of being the thief. After the theft Harvey came to Maquoketa, and while in town made several small purchases, paying in each case with five and ten cent pieces for the goods he bought. Hearing of this, Burleson had Harvey arrested, charged with grand larceny, and I was employed by Harvey to defend him on a hearing before Justice S. D. Lyman.

To begin with, public sentiment was strongly against Harvey.

He was a green, sappy looking youth, from the region south of Monmouth, and about eighteen years old. The Burlesons were influential citizens, full of talk, and they were in town with blood in their eyes. Jerry Jenkins and R. S. Hadley, the best lawyers we had at that time, were for the prosecution, and brother Harvey's chances for escape appeared very slim. But what lawyers call the *CORPUS DELICTI* was not proven. No one saw Harvey steal the money; no one could swear that the money he paid out was ever in Burleson's drawer. For the defense, I was able abundantly to prove that Harvey was in the practice of playing poker; that he confined his bets to five and ten cents; that he usually carried in his pockets for gambling purposes handfuls of dimes and half dimes. There was really no evidence to

justify holding Harvey for the larceny and the justice discharged him.

After his discharge, about ten o'clock at night, I took him to my office for the important business of settlement for my services, and while thus engaged I heard unusual noise on the street.

We both went down to find out what was going on. The street was full of excited people. The Burlesons were everywhere stirring things up. There was abundant talk of lynching Harvey. There was a rush around the old Goode-now hotel, where it was said Harvey was in hiding. Next it was said he had rushed through the hotel from the rear, and got into a room up stairs, which was a fact.

William Vosburg was city marshal, and a close friend of Burleson, and he was at the head of a crowd that proposed to go up stairs and bring the man down for the purpose of speedy justice. Charlie Dunbar was a justice of the peace and full of the dignity of that high office. He got on the stairway where Vosburg and read him the riot act. "You are a pretty fellow ain't you, Bill Vosburg, Marshal of the city of Maquoketa to preserve the peace and good order of this city—and hear you are leading a mob. Ar'nt you ashamed of yourself. Justice of the Peace, I forbid you from coming up there stairs. Instead of being here, go out on the street and quell this disturbance."

Vosburg was cowed. He had never seen the dignity of the law fully exemplified before. He and his crowd retreated. In the meantime Harvey was putting on his shoes in the room up stairs. He called some conference a conference. It was agreed that Harvey was to be brought down to the street; and given a hundred feet the start, and allowed to run for his life. Vosburg and Dunbar kept the crowd back until Harvey was placed and ready. "Go!" said Dunbar, and Harvey fled up

Main street like a deer with the yelling crowd in full pursuit. They didn't catch him although they chased him as far south as the academy.

The sequel of this little story remains to be told. A few weeks afterwards, Harvey was again in Burleson's store when no one but him and Burleson was in. Burleson says to Harvey, "Now Charlie, you had your trial and was fairly cleared. No one can harm you again on that matter you know. Tell me the truth, did you take that money or not? I am curious to know about it." "Yes," said Charlie "I did." Burleson lost no time in coming to town and getting another warrant. Harvey was arrested; salt peter or anything else couldn't save him. He was bound over, tried in the District Court, and sent to Ft. Madison, both for his and his country's good.

D. A. FLETCHER.

Meeting of Old Settlers.

We would like to speak fully and in detail of the success and entertainment of the Old Settlers' Picnic and entertainment yesterday, but to do so would delay us too much. We have neither time nor space.

The program was very generally carried out as arranged and some of the most noted men of the state, that helped to make early history and to transact early territorial business, were present and participated in the exercises, among them were; Wm. Salter of Burlington, pastor in Maquoketa in 1813, Col. Samuel W. Durham of Marion, member of the first Constitutional convention of 1844—being the only living survivor of Iowa Territorial officials; Hon. Charles Aldrich of Des Moines, Pioneer lawmaker and Curator Historical department of Iowa. Hon. Theodore Carstensen, member of present house. Hon. John Wilson, of Walker, Linn county, member Iowa House from Lamotte in 1866; Major S. W. Rathburn, Editor Marion Register; Jas. Young, Onslow, pioneer in the 40's.

The unveiling of the monument was the work of Mrs. Josie Dorchester, daughter of W. A. Warren, pioneer lawyer of Bellevue.

The following persons registered as pioneers or old settlers July 4, 1905.

Name	Born	To Ia.
Celia Hobart Kidder, N. Y.	49	52
A H Brown, New York	29	55
Mary Forbes Ellis, Wis	53	53
William Trout, Penn	41	54
Will Cnudill, Iowa	55	55
A J Phillips, Ohio	32	37
A J Riggs, N Y	32	37
Mrs Jack Conery, Ohio	42	45
E F Weeman, Michigan	36	45
E Taubman, Isle of Man	32	53
Geo W Farnsworth, Ohio	31	54
Robert Ward, England	41	52
I McPeak, Ill	37	46
A Carter, England	46	58
R A Davenport, Ill	62	70
E E Collipriest, Jackson Co	62	62
J N Nims, Jackson Co	46	46
Charity Nims, " "	63	63
C H Davis, Vermont	22	41
Eliza Davenport, N Y	44	68
J. Priaulx, this county	53	53
Mrs F Glaser, Clinton Co	42	42
J A Fairbrother, Jackson Co	47	47
Mrs L Taft, Ohio	24	45
Anna Lovelee, N Y	43	67
L S Lovelee, N Y	38	67
A Struble, Ohio	44	52
Mrs A Hutchins, Ohio,	46	52
Julia Oneill, Jackson Co	62	62
H Reid, N Y	42	63
Mrs L A Reid, Mich	47	51
J Glaser, Germany	38	56
C Blanchard, N Y	31	66
E Johnson, Iowa	73	73
G H Conery, Maquoketa	61	61
W McPeak, Jackson Co	70	70
J O Seeley, Penn	33	56
G A Hess, Germany	49	68
Mrs D Farr, Canada	21	54
H S Farr, Canada	53	51
Mrs. E. J. Gesner, Iowa	60	60
Mrs E D Taylor, N Y	18	53
Mary A Prindle, Michigan	40	55
J S Thompson, Penn	30	51
Mrs J S Thompson, Penn	37	51
Mr James Young, Va	43	58
Mrs James Young, Va	43	58

Wm Fox, N Y	07	71
Chas M Collins, Iowa	67	7
Emma A Morey, N Y	28	46
John Cook, England	41	41
Mrs John Cook, Penn	44	47
A Bertlesen, Germany	32	56
G K Miller, Penn	32	57
M J Murray, Penn	29	57
Miss Mary Shaw, Iowa	48	57
W B Swigart, Iowa	57	57
Wm Current, Iowa	45	46
W C Gregory, Wis	44	61
Wm Salter, N Y	21	41
Chas Aldrich, N Y	28	70
J W Ellis, Ind	48	42

The list of old settlers who have died during the past year:

Mrs. Dr. J. A. Carson, Born in Iⁿgham, Ohio, in 1846, came to Iowa in 1868, died in 1904.

Mrs. Mary H. Van Gorder, born in Penn, came to Iowa in 1853, and died in 1804.

Mrs. F. J. DeGrush, born in Kent, in 1841, came to Jackson county in 1868, died Oct., 1904.

Mrs. A. G. Fischer, born in Penn 1830, came to Iowa in 1854, died in 1831.

Carolne E. Bowman was born in Virginia, Nov. 9, 1834, came to Iowa 1855 died Jan. 15 1905.

W. B. Sutherland, born in N. Y. 1830, 1834, came to Iowa in 1857, died Jan. 22, 1905.

John L. Sloan, born in Ohio in 1830, came to Maquoketa in 1856, died Jan. 24, 1905.

Mrs. Henry Lockwood, born in Warren county, N. Y., May 6, 1828, came to Iowa in 1854, died Jan. 31, 1905.

Wm. D. Kitts, born in Ripley county, Ind., March 14, 1839, died March 4, 1905, was an old settler of Jackson county and a veteran of Civil war.

Geo. H. Kimball, born in Mass., 1830, died March 3, 1905, old settler.

Ira A. House, born near Bridgeton, March 30, 1868, died March 5, 1905.

Milton Winterstein, born Dec. 1, 1830, died March 22, 1905, an old settler and veteran Civil war.

Mrs. Mary A. Miller, born in Penn., April 29, 1827, came to Iowa in 1872, died March 16, 1905.

Wm. Cundell, Sr., born in England July 7, 1816, came to Iowa 1850, died March 28, 1905, a pioneer and enthusiastic member of the society

Joseph Zook, born Oct. 8, 1823, in Ohio, and came to Iowa in 1851, died on March 22, 1905.

D. A. Wynkoop, born in Chemung county, N. Y., in 1840, came to Iowa in 1855, died April 3, 1905.

Mary M. Coffee, born in Penn., Dec. 5, 1842, died April 17, 1905, an old settler of Jackson county.

D. C. Clary, born in Georgia, Vermont, Jan. 31, 1821, came to Iowa 1847, died May 7, 1905.

Amanda J. Shinkle, born in Ohio, Jan. 16, 1836, came to Iowa in 1838, died April 26, 1905.

Mrs. Sophia Cornell, born in Ohio April 14, 1822, came to Maquoketa in 1854, died April 37, 1905.

William Shinkle, born in this Co., August 1, 1870, died May 12, 1905.

Josie Goodenow, born near Maquoketa June 24, 1864, died in California May 20, 1905. Daughter of a pioneer.

Sarah E. Harp, born in Ohio Feb. 29, 1826, died in Maquoketa May 22, 1905, an old settler.

Sendol Sears, born in Maquoketa Nov. 1855 died in New York City May 23, 1905.

John Hoot, born in Penn., Sept. 27, 1829, came to Iowa in 1852, died May 27, 1905. Pioneer.

Eunice Decker, born in N. Y. August 4, 1812, died in Delmar June 17, 1905, an early pioneer of Maquoketa valley.

Mrs. Julia Brown Dunham born in N. Y. Nov. 14, 1841 came to Maquoketa in 1848, died in Des Moines June 16, 1905, pioneer and a noble woman.

Letters from Men Who Were Invited to be Present at the Unveiling of the Colonel Cox Monument, July 4th, '05,
But Could not be Present.

Because Col. Thomas Cox had been a pioneer lawmaker, a member from Jackson county to both houses of the Iowa Territorial legislature, a speaker of the House and President of the Council, and a maker of early Iowa history formal invitations to be present at the unveiling of his monument were sent to the Governor, to the Lieutenant Governor as president of the Senate, to all present members of the House of Representatives of Iowa, to all surviving ex-speakers of the House, to all members of the Iowa Pioneer Lawmakers Association (those who served more than twenty-five years ago), to all surviving ex-members of the Iowa legislature from Jackson county, to all officers of the Historical Department of Iowa, to the officers of the Iowa State Historical Society, to the surviving children and grand-children of Col. Cox, and to the surviving Jackson county Territorial Pioneers, they being colleagues of Col. Cox.

Responses in person or by letter were received from a majority of these invitations. Among those received by letter were the following:

From the Governor of Iowa:

Executive office, Des Moines Iowa.

June 24th, 1905.

Mr. Harvey Reid,
Maquoketa, Iowa

My dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge your invitation to attend the exercises connected with the unveiling of a monument to the Hon. Thomas Cox, one of the pioneers of the west. It would give me great pleasure to be present upon so and to express my appreciation for those noble

men and women who laid the foundation of this country so broad and deep that the structure we are building in later times is secure.

Unfortunately, however, I promised long ago to deliver an address at Malvern on July 4th and therefore cannot be with you.

With high regards, I am,

Yours very truly,

ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

From the Lieutenant Governor:

June 21, 1905.

Your invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument to the Hon. Thos. Cox, Pioneer citizen Legislator of this state July 4th, 1905 is received. I sincerely regret my inability to be present on this occasion. I desire to offer my congratulations to you and the good people of Jackson county on perpetuating the memory of the pioneers, who, by their personal bravery, patriotism, and wisdom, laid the foundation of our state so broad and deep that our constitution and laws have won the commendation of our wisest statesmen and have been copied in many of our sister states.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN HERRIOTT.

From the Secretary of Agriculture, member of the Iowa House, 1868, and Speaker in 1872:

Department of Agriculture,

Office of the Secretary,

Washington, D. C.,

June 23, 1905.

I would very greatly enjoy meeting with the good people of Maquoketa, and especially the pioneers of Iowa on the Fourth of July next, but exacting official duties will prevent me from leaving the department at that time, much to my regret. I thank you cordially for the invitation to attend and witness the unveiling of the Cox monument.

Very truly yours,

JAMES WILSON, Sec.

From Hon. John A. Kasson, M. C., 1863-1867, and 1873-1877; member Iowa House 1868:

The Westport Inn,

Westport-on Lake Champlain, N. Y.,
July 1, 1905.

Your letter inviting me to the celebration of the 4th of July, when a monument is to be erected in honor of Thos. Cox was forwarded to me here from Des Moines and received yesterday. I greatly regret my inability to be with you on that occasion, being still to weak from surgical operation to venture on so long a journey. There is no duty I would undertake more cheerfully than that of honoring the men who so nobly laid the foundation of our state. Our debt to them is great and enduring. In the midst of hardships and embarrassment of which the active generation of these prosperous times has little knowledge, they marked out the lines upon which Iowa has steadily advanced to her present prosperity and distinction among the states of the Union. These lines they laid down have given us a state unsurpassed in public morality, in intelligence, in general education, and in freedom from the taint of "graft." Iowa is adapted by nature for agriculture, and has become the garden spot of the Union. She is not adapted to manufactures, and will never be degraded let us hope, by the centers of vice and immorality that characterize great cities. I pray that our state may be contented with her agricultural life for which the pioneers paved the way; and satisfied to develop her prosperity on the lines which secure prosperity to the masses of the people, without the ambition for great fortunes and speculative ventures. The time will come when such a state can save the Union from demoralization and failure by the force of her example and the quality of her leadership.

I beg to express my sympathy with your effort to preserve the memory of pioneer and patriot, Thomas Cox.

Very cordially yours,

JOHN A. KASSON.

From Ex-Governor Larrabee, State Senator 1868-1882:

Clermont, Ia., June 23 1905.

Accept thanks for the invitation to attend the unveiling of monument to Hon. Thos. Cox. We all owe much to the early settlers of this state, and I am glad indeed that your people show their appreciation of it by this monument in memory of one of them.

Yours truly,

WM. LARRABEE.

From Hon. A. R. Cotton, speaker of

Iowa House 1870: M. C., 1871-1875.

San Francisco, Cal., June 27, '05.

Remembering me with an invitation to attend the exercises of the unveiling the monument to Hon. Thos. Cox, pioneer legislator in Illinois and Iowa, is highly appreciated

It would be a great pleasure to be present on that occasion to join in paying tribute to the memory of the distinguished pioneer in whose honor the monument has been erected, and to meet my long time friends who are to participate in this memorable event.

I retain a deep interest in Iowa and in anything connected with its early settlement, being something of a pioneer, having arrived at Davenport, Iowa, with my father's family, May 5, 1844, and am also a pioneer in California, crossed the plains with an ox team from DeWitt Iowa, to California in 1849, and on the journey became acquainted with many citizens of Maquoketa and vicinity.

Wishing all a happy reunion on the Fourth.

Truly yours,

AYLETT R. COTTON.

From Hon. S. S. Farwell, State Senator, 1866-68; M. C. 1881-83; Major 31st Iowa.

Monticello, Iowa, June 22, 1905.

I thank you most sincerely for your invitation to attend the public exercises attending the unveiling of a monument to the Hon. Thomas Cox, July 4th next.

It would afford me great pleasure to accept your invitation, but I fear the state of my health will prevent my being with you. I have made arrangements to go to a hospital to undergo an operation next Saturday, and can hardly expect to be in condition to be with you in so short a time. I formerly had a great many warm friends in Maquoketa and it would be a delight to meet those who are living again. The last to pass away, I believe, is Mrs. Julia Dunham.

Thanking you again I remain.

Sincerely yours,

S. S. FARWELL.

From Hon. John Russell, speaker Iowa House 1868; Auditor of State 1871-85; oldest surviving ex-speaker.

Onslow, Iowa, July 1st, 1905.

Some time ago I received with pleasure your kind invitation to join the Jackson County Historical Society and the Maquoketa Valley Pioneer and Old Settlers Society in doing honor to the Hon. Thomas Cox. I am still in hopes of being able to attend the unveiling ceremony, but am in fear that the infirmities of age may prevent my doing so. I take this means of expressing to you my appreciation of your courtesy and also to express the fullness of my sympathy in the proposed gathering.

It is a common thing to erect monuments to the memory of heroes who have served their country on the field of battle and in the halls of our national capitol, but it is fit and proper that future generations should learn that the heroic pioneers, who by their energy and ability, enduring, rugged, and all sufficient, have hewn out of the rough and have determined the destiny of our beloved Iowa, should learn that their worth and greatness have been appreciated by their own people in their own community.

The Hon. Thos. Cox was a worthy representative of the men to whom we owe our present peace, prosperity and

happiness. May the monument, erected in his honor, inspire many another citizen to give as he gave of his strength, his energy and his brain in the service of his country, his state and his community.

Should the flesh prove weak, and the weight of increasing years prevent my being with you be assured the spirit joins you on that date, with hearty sympathy and wishing you every success.

Yours very truly,

JOHN RUSSELL,

From Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, M. C., 1867-69; last surviving Corps Commander of the Civil war:

No. 1, Broadway, New York.

July 1, 1905.

I am in receipt of your invitation to the unveiling of the monument to Hon. Thomas Cox on July 4th, and regret to say that it will be impossible for me to be present. Thanking you for the invitation, I am, Yours truly,

G. M. DODGE

From Hon John Wilson, member of the Iowa House from Jackson county in 1866. Mr. Wilson found himself able to be present, but we quote from his letter his beautiful tribute to Col. Cox's unique monument.

Walker, Linn Co., Iowa

June 28, 1905

I think it very appropriate that you vary the patriotic proceedings generally indulged in on the ever memorable 4th of July with the interesting and imposing ceremony of displaying to your citizens of Jackson county a memorial stone erected to one of the county's earliest servants. It would seem that the monument is composed of one large granite boulder—a monolith carried by Nature's icy river thousands of years ago from distant mountain ranges and laid down on a spot near to where it could be raised as a characteristic monument to one of Jackson county's pioneer noblemen. It seems unnecessary for the artistic hand

of the sculptor to put many finishing touches to the stone. The rubbing, grinding, dressing, sawing, planing, having been many years ago slowly and patiently executed in Mother Nature's great geological workshop. It was left where you found it so artistically prepared for your purpose by the icy hand of one of the earliest glaciers that slowly slid over the surface of our now far famed state.

"We think you are paying worthy tribute to Hon Thomas Cox in thus raising this monument to his memory. It may not have the imposing appearance and fine finish of some monuments that are raised to add beauty to the public parks of some of our large cities, but it has the merit of serving the same purpose—that of honoring the memory of him to whom it is dedicated, and reminding future generations of the esteem in which he was held by the people who knew and recognized his worth as a man. We know not what the inscription is that you have chiseled upon this stone, but even if there should not be one, its conspicuous appearance where it is raised, will draw attention to its presence, and like the twelve stones brought up from the bed to the banks of the river Jordan by representatives of the twelve tribes of Israel, the question will be asked by succeeding generations, 'What meaneth this Stone?' Then the story of Thomas Cox will be repeated and reiterated from year to year until the far off limit of recorded time.

"As long time friends of Jackson county, we take pride in thus doing honor to the memory of the Honorable Thomas Cox, a man, who as your committee says, was a pioneer of pioneers, and who in the territorial days of Jackson county did so much to give it high prestige in the legislative councils of our embryo state, and otherwise help to give it a start in the right direction. All honor to his memory.

Your friend,

JOHN WILSON "

The Ellis Museum.

While at Maquoketa attending the ceremony of unveiling the monument of Col. Thos. Cox, my old-time friend, John Wright, took me to see the Elisonian Institute.

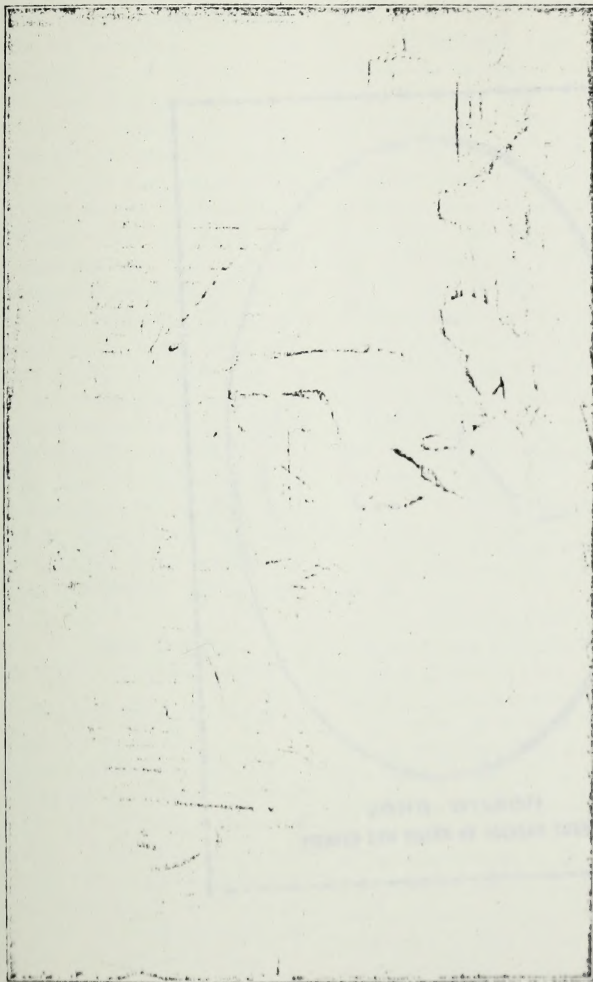
Going into the office I was introduced to Mr. J. W. Ellis. When I took his hand, I had no idea that I shook the hand of, to my mind, one of Jackson county's most industrious men. I wonder if the general public know what I mean when I say so? I am certain you will say so too if you step with him back of his office desk and examine the immense variety of exceedingly interesting articles, which by long, persistent and industrious application, he has gathered together. It no doubt came by patient labor and the expenditure of hundreds of dollars—it may be thousands of dollars. Hundreds of rare and valuable articles are exposed to view on the walls, on shelves, on tables, on the floor, many of them to near your feet for long and safe keeping. Others again stored away in boxes and drawers out of view and yet intended to be seen.

Many articles of historical interest to Jackson county that should never be allowed to go elsewhere. Others again of state and world-wide importance that should be of interest to every man or woman, boy or girl, not only in Maquoketa, but in the county. The wonder is that one man with comparatively moderate means could possibly accumulate so many objects of difficult access and all of them of rare value. To enumerate all of these things Mr. Ellis has brought together is hopeless. They are there by the thousands and almost every article has a history of which Mr. Ellis is the especial historian. It is much to be hoped that the knowledge he has of each thing will not die with him. He is, in his line, what Mr. Chas. Aldrich has been to the Historical association of the state of Iowa, or

Mr. Thomas S. Parvin to the Masonic library and museum, an industrious collector of rare value and importance and often of difficult attainment.

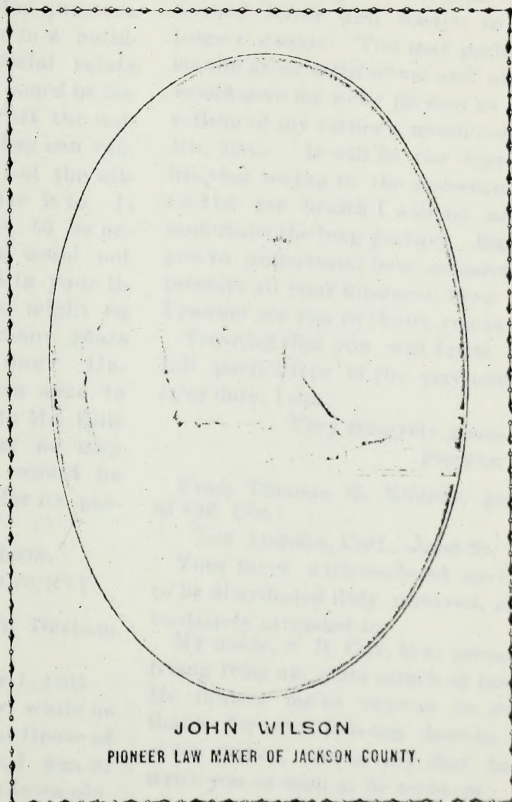
Mr. Ellis has brought together a number of articles belonging to the few murder cases that have occurred in Jackson county. Articles belonging to Cronk and the Cronk murder are in his possession, and other articles belonging to Jackson county of more pleasant memory are shown. Guns from many countries, guns used in Indian warfare, guns used at Waterloo and through Napoleon's campaigns Old flint lock guns, our civil war guns, even guns used in ancient times in China are exposed. Samples of some of his guns, not worth one dollar for use, Mr. Ellis has been offered \$50 for, but his peculiar love for such articles prevent their sale at any price though thus temptingly approached.

He has a fine collection of mortar shells some loaded ready for their destructive use. Swords of different makes and shapes, Bolos from the Philippine Island, spears manufactured for John Brown of Ossawatim fame and many articles of warfare are there, all of instructive value. Many samples of mineral, specimens from Iowa mines and other states and countries. Shells and other sea relics in great variety. Many household articles of the early days, Indian relics and one of the finest displays of arrow heads in existence, some of them the finest that have ever been found are there. A large variety of stuffed birds and animals, a son of Mr. Ellis being a taxidermist. Quite a large show of Confederate script issued by the millions of dollars by the Confederacy to help sever the bonds that bound our country together in the early sixties. Many old coins from many old countries. Some fine samples of teeth and bones of extinct antediluvian animals, and rare geological specimens in great variety. I cease to



SECTION IN ELLISONIAN INSTITUTE
MAQUOKETA, IOWA.





JOHN WILSON
PIONEER LAW MAKER OF JACKSON COUNTY.



enumerate You must see for yourself to have any conception of the numberless articles he has gathered for your inspection. Do call and see them. They contain lessons of much educational usefulness and will well repay you for time spent there.

Why should the people of Maquoketa and of the county too for that matter, suffer such an immense, rare and valuable museum to be stuffed and hidden away in such crowded quarters. They are worthy of a place in a building erected for their especial safety and exposure. Let the board of Supervisors of the county visit the museum and find out what they can recommend in this matter. Let the citizens of Maquoketa look after it to. It is all together too valuable to be neglected. In the mean time could not floor room be given to it in your library building. Good space might be profitably spared there for many years yet. Why not attend to it now? Unless something can be done soon to give better encouragement to Mr. Ellis in his splendid effort I fear he may find some other city who would be glad to bargain with him for its possession.

Yours,

JOHN WILSON,

FRIEND OF JACKSON COUNTY.

From Col Samuel Wallace Durham of Marion (who was present).

Marion, Iowa, July 1, 1905.

I met Col Cox at Iowa City while he was Speaker of the Territorial House of Representatives Like him, I was of Kentucky stock, and an early Iowa pioneer and was acquainted with a good many of the Jackson county people in the early forties, and surveyed two territorial roads there. I was United States deputy surveyor, having in the capacity of a contractor from the Surveyor General, surveyed contracts in 15 different counties in the territory and state, including the district where the city of Des Moines is now situated. Sur-

veyed also a large district bordering on Lake Pepin and Chippewa river I served as a member of the First Iowa Territorial Constitution Convention in 1844, and am the only one of that body now left.

SAMUEL W. DURHAM

From Col Cox's only surviving daughter:

Hollywood, Calif., June 27, 1905.

I am the recipient of your most esteemed letter and hasten to acknowledge the same You may perhaps realize the great satisfaction and pleasure it would give me to be present at the unveiling of my father's monument, July 4th, 1905. It will be the regret of my life that owing to the uncertain condition of my health I will be unable to undertake the long journey. But I wish you to understand how sincerely I appreciate all your kindness, even though I cannot see you to thank you in person.

Trusting that you will favor us with full particulars of the ceremony at a later date, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

PHOEBE COX.

From Thomas E. Nichols, grandson of Col. Cox:

Los Angeles, Calif., June 28, 1905.

Your favor with enclosed invitations to be distributed duly received, and immediately attended to.

My uncle, S B Cox, is at present suffering from an acute attack of lambrago. He desires me to express to you his thanks for what is being done in honor of his father, and to say that he will write you as soon as he recovers.

It is unfortunate that the short notice we have had prevents any of the grandchildren, living here, from accepting your invitation. My two brothers are living in Mexico, and my two sisters in San Francisco.

For myself, I wish to thank you for your interests and efforts, and would ask that you please convey to all those assisting in the ceremonies my deep appreciation of the honor shown the mem-

my grandfather, Col. Thos. Cox, that I regret exceedingly my inability to accept the invitation to be with you. Honor shown the memory of a worthy citizen not only redounds to the credit of those showing that honor, but also serves as an example for the young of succeeding generations to so live and act as to merit the approbation of their fellow citizens.

Cordially yours,

T. E. NICHOLS.

From Jonathan R. Scott, grandson of Col. Cox:

Los Angeles, Calif., June 28, 1905.

Mr. Nichols has handed me your letter to him of the 20th inst., together with the printed invitation to me to attend the exercises on the unveiling of a monument to my grandfather, Col. Thomas Cox, on the 4th of July, next.

I would gladly be present on the occasion if circumstances permitted it, but I am afraid that it will be impossible for me to indulge my earnest and sincere desire in regard to this matter.

I, and the other members of my family, who live in California, are under great obligations to you for your active efforts in bringing about the removal of his remains to a permanent resting place, as well as the erection of the monument to commemorate his life; and I thank you very much for what you have done.

It had long been a wish of mine to secure title to the farm on which my grandfather was buried, and of which I had heard my mother speak from my early boyhood, and I had intended going back to the place with a view of making inquiries and seeing whether something could be done to preserve the grave, but the opportunity never arrived. You, however, have done about the best thing that could be done; for, had the farm, or some land on which the grave was located, been bought and held by the family there might have been considerable inconvenience occasioned by reason of

the sale of the property for taxes in case the parties interested did not look after that matter, and with regard to keeping the grave in proper condition. All of this trouble is avoided by making the interment in a public cemetery, and it seems to me that this is the best thing under the circumstances.

My sisters, Mrs. Harriet Taney, Mrs. Emily Smith and Mrs. Rowena McEwen, will also be unable to attend, although I know that they would like very much to be there.

Again thanking you for your kindly interest and efforts, I am,

Very truly yours,

J. R. SCOTT.

From a grand daughter of Col. Cox:

Los Angeles, Calif., June 29, 1905.

Your invitation to the unveiling of a monument to my grandfather, Colonel Thomas Cox, is at hand.

In expressing my sincerest regrets at not being able to be present, I wish to say that I feel myself under obligations to the Jackson County Historical Society, and the Maquoketa Valley Pioneers' and Old Settlers' Society, for the honors to be paid to my grandfather's memory. I am the widow of Col. I. R. Dunkelberger, U. S. army (retired) and the eldest daughter of the late Joseph Stillman Mallard and Cordelia Cox Mallard. I was born in Andrew, Jackson county, Iowa, and am proud to be a native of a state where men are of such stability that they remember the virtues of a man after he has been dead 61 years.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY M. DUNKELBERGER.

From Hon. Rodney A. Smith, member of General Assembly 1868, Vice President Iowa Pioneer Lawmakers association. Mr. Smith was one of the party who rescued the survivors of the Spirit Lake massacre in 1857.

Okoboji, Ia., June 28, 1905

Dear Sir: Your invitation to meet with the Jackson County Historical So-

city and Pioneers' and Old Settlers' association on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to Hon. Thos. Cox. I received and I much regret that I can not comply with it. Among other things it brings vividly to my mind a bright October morning in the Fall of 1856 when on foot and alone, friendless and almost penniless, I started from Dubuque to Cedar Rapids in search of, I hardly knew what. I imagine that in those early days many another traveled the same road in the same mindless, listless way.

You are to be congratulated on the fact that you live in a community where the people feel enough interest in their pioneer history to organize and maintain a society, having for its object, the preservation of this history and its transmission to future generations. All honor to the early pioneers of Iowa, the dangers they braved, the hardships they endured, the privations they suffered and the obstacles surmounted form a chapter in the history of our noble state, both unique and interesting, and one which may well tempt the busy throng of today to drop for the time being their ordinary vocations, be they what they may, and to call up the pleasant memories of the past, to live over again in imagination the many varying vicissitudes of the pioneer days.

But pioneering as exemplified in the early history of Iowa is a thing of the past. The covered wagon known as the "prairie schooner," drawn by three or four yoke of slow plodding oxen and followed by a drove of loose cattle more or less numerous according to the means of the owner, and bearing the family and household goods of some hardy adventurer to some favored grove, lake or stream that he has seen, or of which he has heard, there to build a home and await developments, is now only a memory.

The long tedious drives by day and the jolly campfire by night around

which gathered the sturdy boy and buxom girls of the early pioneer, are but a pleasant recollection. The order of things has passed away and the inauguration of the new, the American pioneer is passing down an old. For near three hundred years he has occupied a prominent place in the formation of American history. But his days are numbered. As we look away to the west, we are forcibly reminded that there is no longer an American frontier and when the frontier shall have away the pioneer will only live in story.

Wishing you a most interesting session, a most prosperous career for the Historical Society, I remain,

Yours truly,

RODNEY A. SMITH

Member I. H. G. A. I.

Vice Pres. Pioneer Lawmakers Association, for 11th Cong. Dist.

(Mr. Smith has been so generous as to present to the Historical Society a copy of his excellent "History of Dickinson County, Iowa," which contains a full account of the Spirit Lake Indian massacre, and of the unparalleled sufferings of the rescuing party from Dodge and Webster City. The volume has been placed among the loanable books in the Boardman Library and will well repay perusal.)

From Mrs. A. D. Robertson:

Washita, Ia., June 27, 1906

My Dear Sir: Your invitation to attend the exercises of the unveiling of the monument of Hon. Thos. Cox, is received. Permit me to thank you for this invitation, and I may assure you I greatly appreciate the honor conferred by your kindly remembrance, but when at this time, I must decline and forego the pleasure it would give me to present and participate in the exercises of this memorable occasion.

I shall be with you in spirit, for can do no better than to remember the deeds of great men, and I wish

you all the success in connection with the celebration, that you most ardently hoped for. I have the honor to be

Very truly yours,

MRS. ALEX D. ROBERTSON.

Daughter of John S. Briggs, granddaughter Gov. Ansel Briggs.

From Hon. John Hilsinger, State Senator from Jackson county 1864 to 1866. Judge Hilsinger's legislative service antedates any other surviving ex-member from Jackson county.

Sabula, Iowa, July 3, 1905.

Dear Sirs: I received your kind invitation to be present at a meeting of the Pioneers' and Settlers' association, and the unveiling of the monument to Col. Thos. Cox, one of the ancient law-makers from Jackson county, on July 4th, 1905, at Maquoketa, Iowa, in due time, and permit me to extend you and the other members of the invitation committee and the association, my grateful thanks for the same, and I regret very much that circumstances were such that it was impossible for me to be present, but not being sure whether I could or not, I delayed answering until now.

It is a great honor to any man to have so faithfully and ably discharged his duties as a legislator, conferred upon him by the people of Jackson county, as to merit their commendation, as proposed to be expressed on July 4th, 1905, by the erection and unveiling of a monument erected to the name and honor of Col. Thomas Cox, after so many years.

I became a resident of Jackson county in July, 1858, and was elected by the good people of Jackson county to the Iowa Senate at the general election in 1863, and I served in the Iowa Senate as Senator from Jackson county in the two sessions of 1864 and 1866, and I knew I tried to discharge the duties of that honorable position, conscientiously and to the best of my ability, if not to the entire satisfaction of the people.

I feel very grateful to the people of Jackson county for the many positions

of honor and trust they have conferred upon me, unsolicited on my part, since I have been a resident of the county, for I never was a politician in the sense of seeking office.

My chief desire so far as being a citizen of the county is to conduct myself, for the few remaining years I may be permitted to live, that when the end shall come, I will merit the confidence and good will of all the good people of the county: for I do not expect and have no desire to change my residence. Jackson county and its people are good enough for me and as good as I desire for the remainder of my life.

And again thanking you and those who are associated with you in the Pioneer association for your kind invitation, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

J HILSINGER

From Prof. L. F. Parker, professor of History in Iowa college, author of writings on Iowa history.

Grinnell, Ia., June 26th, 1905.

My Dear Sir: Thanks for the honor conferred on me by your invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument to the Hon. Thos. Cox, pioneer legislator of Illinois and Iowa. It was a happy thought that blended this exercise with the celebration of our national independence.

May the wise men who founded our states be honored evermore as partners in the foundation of our nation. Iowa is more influential in the nation than Thos. Cox ever thought it would be. The nation is influencing international policies more beneficently than George Washington ever thought would be either wise or possible. Cox and Washington built state and nation more gloriously than they knew. Heirs of their brilliant, patriotic service, we shall never forget how much we owe them.

I regret that I am unable to join you actively in the local honors which you pay to Thomas Cox and to the founders of our republic on July 4th.

Yours cordially,

L. F. PARKER.



From Hon. Martin J. Wade, ex-M. C.
Second District.

Iowa City, Ia., June 21, 1905

My Dear Sir: I would be delighted to be present at the exercises, unveiling the monument to Hon. Thomas Cox on July 4th, if it were possible, but I am engaged for a lecture at the Chautauqua at Tama on that day, so that it will not be possible for me to attend.

With highest personal regards, I am,
Very truly yours,

M. J. WADE.

From Mrs. John S. Briggs, daughter-in-law of Gov. Ansel Briggs.

Omaha, Neb., June 27, 1905

My Dear Sir: I acknowledge with gratitude the kind invitation to attend the unveiling exercises of a monument to Hon. Thomas Cox.

I have deferred answering this invitation until this date, hoping to secure transportation through a personal friend of my family, but who is out of the city at present.

I have always desired to visit Waquoleta and Jackson county from the fact that it was the home of my husband's family in early days and is fraught with dear memories, of which I have heard so much through him and his father. I may assure you it would have afforded me the keenest pleasure to be present at the unveiling of a monument to so distinguished and deserving a man as the Hon. Thos. C. x, but which under these conditions I must now forego. As I read of the prominent part he took in the early history of Iowa, I am led to reflect that his was an upright and well ordered life, one that constitutes in its efficacy a most eloquent persuasion to higher and better life, and as one among you, I would be permitted to pay homage, and revere his memory. I am,

Very truly yours,

Mrs. JOHN S. BRIGGS,
2809 Bristol St., Station A.

From Miss Eliza Moss, daughter of Hon. James K. Moss, who succeeded Col. Cox as member of the Territorial House in 1841.

Dear Sir and Friend: It is with feel-

ings of regret that, owing to a condition of ill health, it will be impossible for me to meet with you and witness the unveiling of the monument to the Hon. Thomas Cox of pioneer fame and history. As the sole representative of my dear father, James K. Moss, and as one of the now all too few visible links directly uniting the past of the real pioneer to the every day world of the present, I feel that it would be good to meet with those, who like myself, are so closely connected with both the past and the present of Iowa and Jackson county, and with them give honor where honor is due. Though I can not be with you in person, I can sympathetically join in the honor you show to the memory of the man who stands foremost in early history of our county—Jackson.

I thank the committee, of which you are chairman, generally and yourself particularly for the remembrance manifested so kindly. Very truly,

ELIZA MOSS.

Sabula, Ia., June 27 1895.

From Hon. Samuel McNutt,
Senator 1864 to 1870, member of I
1878 and 1890.

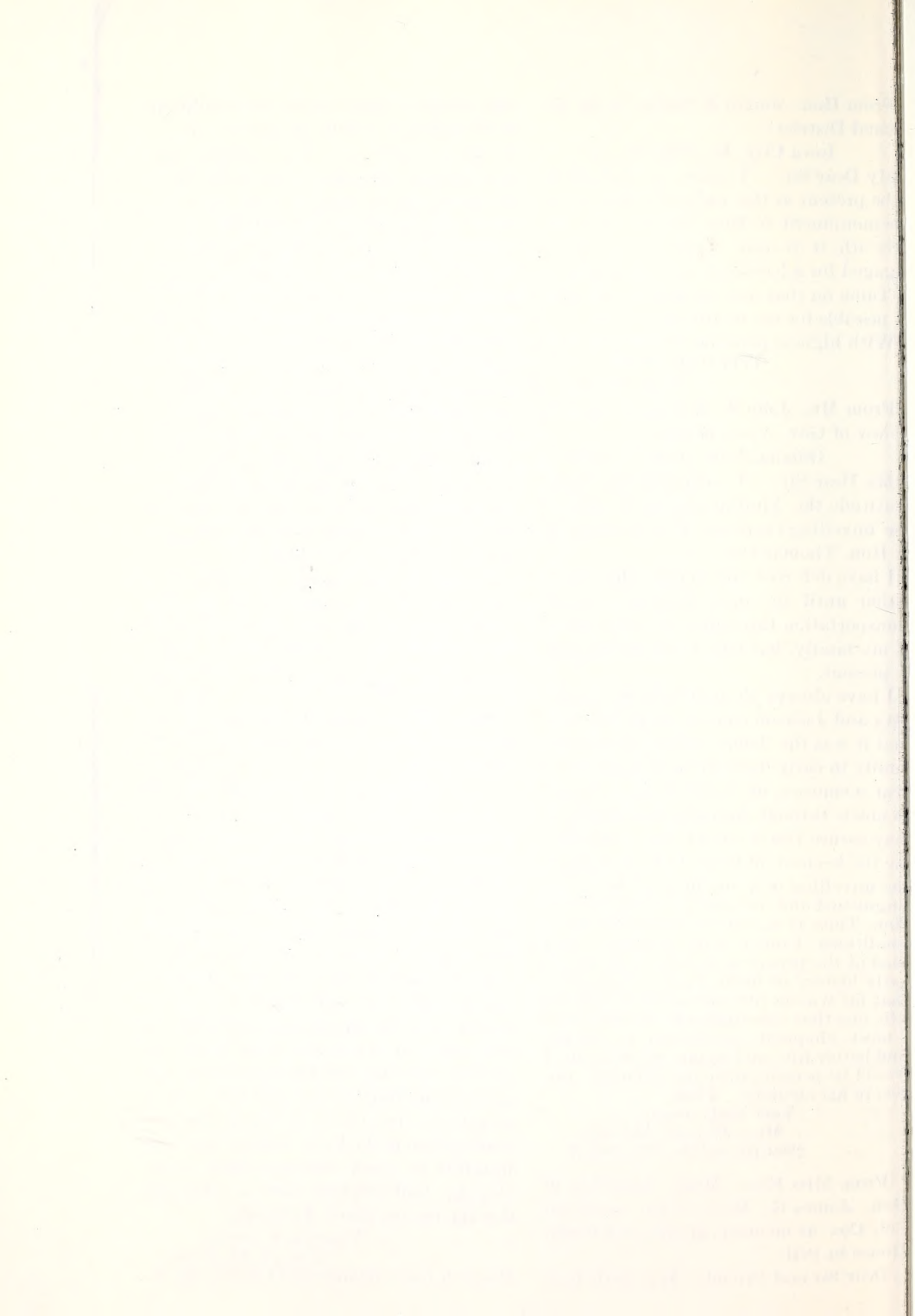
Muscataine, Ia., June 24, 1895

Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to be present at the public exercises attending the unveiling of a monument to the memory of Hon. Thomas Cox, pioneer legislator, (Illinois 1818, Iowa 1838) on the coming 4th of July, is received, for which please accept my thanks.

Being myself one of the "Pioneer Lawmakers" of our beloved Iowa, it would give me great pleasure, now in the 80th year of my age, to be with you on that occasion, but circumstances will prevent me from being with you. I am delighted, however, to know that the good people of Jackson county are still mindful of their distinguished dead. Hoping that you will have a pleasant day for the exercises, I remain,

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL MC NUTT,
House 9-17-23 Senate 10-11-1-213-G. A.



From Hon. W. J. Moir, member General Assembly 1862 and 1864, now 81 years old

Eldora, Iowa, June 22, 1865.

Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to be present during the public exercises attending the unveiling of a monument in honor of Hon. Thos. Cox, is received, accept my thanks. Monuments are erected in honor of men for heroic deeds, sometimes for acts faithfully performed and sometimes for words beautifully written.

In Washington stands a monument 555 feet skyward in honor of him who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countryman. In one of the principal streets in Baltimore stands a monument erected in 1865 to the memory of Thomas Wilson, for charitable acts performed. And in Oak Hill cemetery was erected a monument by W. W. Corcoran, the great philanthropist, in honor of John Howard Payne, who made his name honored by peoples throughout the civilized world, when he penned those 14 lines, "O sweet Home, there is no place like home." Well did he deserve that useful epitaph carved on his monument:

Here when thy gentle spirit fled,
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels
said,

Welcome to Heaven's Home sweet
Home."

It is sweet to be remembered. I hope you may have a very enjoyable time on our nation's natal day.

Yours respectfully,

W. J. Moir.

From Hon. Chester C. Cole, judge of Supreme Court 1861 to 1876

Des Moines, Ia., June 23, 1865.

Dear Sir: I have your invitation to be present at the public exercises attending the unveiling of the monument of Hon. Thos. Cox on July 4th, 1865. I thank you for your invitation and re-

gret that circumstances are such as to preclude my acceptance. I should delight to be present and thereby manifest my cordial approval of those who have contributed to the monument and to the magnifying influence of its unveiling. I had not the advantage of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Cox, but I have some knowledge of his private character and public services and think they fully justify the fullest measure of honor which can be given. I sometimes think that the people of Iowa do not fully appreciate the value of the services rendered to those of future generations, by their sagacity, fidelity and integrity. Iowa stands today more exalted than some of her sister states, because of the faithfulness and integrity of its pioneers. The Iowa pioneers as law makers were really more wise in their conduct than they themselves appreciated. In their integrity, uprightness and conduct, they exercised a potent influence, and even in the discharge of their daily duties they manifested an interest and exercised an influence more potent than they knew. The many eulogies upon Iowa as a state, and its people as citizens, are indeed eulogies upon the wisdom and integrity of Iowa pioneers. They deserve honor and you do well in the erection of the monument to Thomas Cox, to whom and to whose services Iowa is largely indebted.

Very truly yours,

C. C. Cole

From Hon. P. W. Crawford present Senator from Dubuque

My Dear Sir: Please accept my hearty thanks for your esteemed invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument to Hon. Thomas Cox at Maquoketa, July 4th. I should be greatly pleased to accept, but a prior engagement for that date will prevent. The occasion would be of special interest to me as I have a very lively personal recollection of Col. Cox, and remember, when a boy, I have seen and heard him

At several times, once at least in my father's office in Dubuque, when he gave a very graphic description of the affair at Bellevue, April 1, 1840, when Brown and seven others were killed, and of which he was a witness and took a prominent part.

The last time I ever saw him was at my uncle's (Theophilus Crawford, first state senator from Dubuque district) in New Weir township, Dubuque county, in the summer of 1842, when he was canvassing as a candidate of the Council. He staid over night at my uncle's who was then the only voter in that (New Weir) township, now densely settled. I was greatly interested in his reminiscences of his life in Illinois, and his experiences while a member of the legislature of that state.

I well remember that he also related the circumstance connected with the execution of Jackson, the first man ever hung for murder in Jackson county. He said that Jackson, having made an agreement or understanding with Sheriff Bill Warren, that the execution should be so conducted that his neck should not be broken, was firmly persuaded that he would survive the operation and be resuscitated. He consulted Col. Cox the night before the execution as to whether it would be advisable for him to remain in the county, or had better go to Texas. Unfortunately the hanging, arranged by tying a rope to the limb of a tree and driving the wagon in which Jackson was seated from under him, was fatal, and he necessarily remained in the county. Perhaps the tree is yet standing in Andrew.

I recall that Col. Cox, at the time mentioned, did not feel very sure of his election, as he was not a nominee of his party, but was running independent. Jackson county was then a part of the Dubuque district, which extended, I think, indefinitely to the British possession on the north, and the Pacific ocean on the west, but there were few

or no voters in it north of the Turkey, or west of the Wapsipinicon. The regular democratic nominees for the Council in 1842 were Francis Gehon and Hardin Nowlin, both of Dubuque county. Stephen Hempstead, second Governor of the state, was also an independent candidate. At the election, the voters of Jackson county all voted "single shot" for Cox, and he was elected and there was a tie between Hempstead and Nowlin, and Gehon was behind. At a subsequent special election, Gehon, by the help of Jackson county was elected and both Hempstead and Nowlin were left. It was said at the time that the final outcome of the election was the result of an agreement between Gehon and Col. Cox.

Though that was 63 years ago, the circumstances are still fresh in my memory and I am confident are exactly correct as I have related them.

Col. Cox was a man of strong character and a prominent specimen of the western pioneer. I trust that the unveiling of the monument to his memory will be successful and a memorable occasion. Most truly yours,

P. W. CRAWFORD

Col. Crawford in a later letter gives other very interesting reminiscences of early times in Iowa.

Dubuque, Iowa, July 1, 1905.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 28th relating to Col. Cox and inclosing clippings from the Sentinel containing some interesting sketches of him, was duly received for which I thank you.

I return the clippings herewith according to your request. In reply to your inquiry as to my knowledge of the first four territorial legislatures, I must say that I was only a boy then, and know very little personally in regard to them. I was out of the state at college from 1844 to 1849, and knew little during that period of what was doing in Iowa except in Dubuque county.

As a boy I knew Col. Andrew Bank

son, Hardin Nowlin and Loring Wheeler, members of the first territorial assembly, well. Bankson lived on what is still called the "Bankson Prairie" near the present p. o. of Tivoli, township 89, one west. I think he also came from Southern Illinois. He was a near neighbor (as then considered) of my Uncle Theophilus Crawford, three miles distant, and I often heard him speak of his early life and of being in the Blackhawk war. He was one of the prominent settlers of Dubuque county. The last time I ever saw him was 63 years ago, Sept. 12, 1842, when he came to my uncle's house to vote at the special election, on that date, for a member of the Council, caused by the tie between Hempstead and Nowlin at the regular August election, when Cox was elected.

I was intimately acquainted in their lifetimes, with Gov. Hempstead, Hardin Nowlin, Thomas McCrany, Thomas Rogers, James Churchman, M. M. Bainbridge, (others whose names I do not remember) of the earliest territorial future from Dubuque and with B. Bradley and John Foley and John P. from Jackson, Fredrick Cross from Clayton and George Walworth from Jones.

I also knew well in their day James Watkins and Wm. A. Warren, both sheriffs of your county, F. Scarborough, Judge D. F. Spurr, John E. Goodenow, N. Butterworth, Judge Palmer, S. Burleson, and many others of Jackson county's early settlers.

I was present when Sheriff Warren bought the rope with which to hang Jackson, at Peter Wapler's store in Dubuque. I think my father, James Crawford, was the prosecuting attorney who convicted Jackson for murder committed out on Farmers Creek, in the Millsap neighborhood. In the present day he would never be convicted, or only given a short term of imprisonment, for his act was not more than a case of manslaughter and hardly that.

But I am growing irrelevant, as we old timers are prone to do when we get started on our reminiscences. During more than forty years of his life, I was intimately acquainted with Gov. Hempstead, a member of the territorial council at, I think, the 2d session, and have accounts of his experiences while serving as a member in those early days. One circumstance, I recall, which he used to relate with much gusto. The president of the council was Gen. J. B. Brown of Sac county, an old Indian fighter, in the Creek wars, under Gen. Jackson, a big, dignified old man, who sat up in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Burlington and presided with great dignity, but at times, when business in the council was dull, was apt to go to sleep. He was accustomed to talk a good deal of his experience while with Jackson in his Indian campaigns. One day during a session of the Council, while a rather protracted debate was going on, the old General fell off into a peaceful nap. Some member from Henry county, I think, was making a lengthy speech, who had a very shrill voice, and at times would elevate it to a very high key, and then lower it so as to be hardly audible. At one period of his speech he became quite excited, and raised his voice almost to a yell, at the same time bringing his fist down on his desk with great violence. This broke in on the old president's slumbers, and he suddenly, only half awake, sprang to his feet, and shouted, "Injuns by God!"

According to Hempstead's account the whole house was instantaneously convulsed with laughter and applause, and at once adjourned.

Please excuse the uncalled for length of this letter, and believe me to remain,

Most truly yours,

P. W. CRAWFORD.



Jesse Wilson, Pioneer.

The secretary of the Old Settlers' society in making up the memorial report for the last meeting, by oversight left out the name of Jesse Wilson, one of the oldest pioneers of the county, who passed away on Monday, Nov. 28, 1904. Mr. Wilson came to the Maquoketa Valley in the spring of 1839 with his brother, Anson, William and Mark Currett, and Ira Stimson. Mr. Wilson came here in his early manhood and spent a long, useful and busy life in this locality.

Early History of Canton, Iowa.

In my reminiscences of my early experiences in Iowa which began in 1850, at which time I visited Iowa for the first time. After a stay of 4 months I returned to my native home in the east. After a relapse of 4 years I turned my face westward. This time not as at first by way of Ohio and Mississippi rivers But straight overland by R. R. landing in Rock Island, Aug. 20, 1854. It was in 1850 that I found the country sparsely settled and I often travelled 10 or 15 miles between settlements and it was the progress made in the 4 years of my absence that I will endeavor to note. The first settlers believed that the soil and climate were peculiarly adapted to the culture of wheat which at that time easily became the staple crop, which often yielded as high as 40 bushels per acre. When I crossed the Mississippi from Ill. to Iowa I found a great contrast, Illinois being a land of corn or we might say a sea of corn, often extending apparently as far as the eye could see. But as already stated, Iowa was given principally to wheat. It was after the wheat crop was in stack that I travelled from Davenport to Canton in 1850, passing through Scott, Clinton and Jackson counties, which were at that time the most thickly settled. I found the finest crop of wheat in stack I ever had the pleasure of seeing before or since. I sometimes took the trouble to

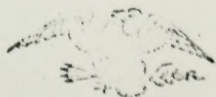
count the stacks in yards that were near the road in one of the largest I found 33 and such could be seen in every direction as far as the eye could reach. It was between 1850 and '55 that Iowa had its greatest boom, and emigrants by the hundreds were flocking in. Land that 5 years before could have been bought at government price now readily sold for 10 and fifteen dollars per acre and prosperity could be seen on every side. The village of Springfield of 1850 had changed its name to the present Maquoketa, which now exhibited all the elements of a thriving town. In fact, this was true of all the towns through which I passed on my way from Davenport to Canton. This last town being my objective point I must give more than a passing notice, which I first visited in 1850, then but a small village had now become the center of trade that drew its supplies from a territory of more than 20 miles in circuit. J. J. Tomlinson was the proprietor who founded the town and owned nearly all the town lots and also about 800 acres of the adjoining land. A saw mill with a capacity of 24,000 feet every 24 hours was never allowed to stand idle day or night. In connection with these mills there were also turning lathes of various kind manufacturing wood into all kinds of products the market demanded, which gave constant employment to over fifty hands.

The grist mills were equally active, with a capacity of 60 barrels of flour a day which also employed four millers, 2 for day and 2 for night. These mills also gave employment to a large number of teams in carrying the products to market which was principally in Dubuque, 30 miles distant. The woolen mills here were also doing an extensive business and afforded an excellent market for all the wool grown in the adjacent counties and were operated by John Reynor & Sons. There are still many people living who will re-

member the Reynor family. But not least of Canton was the dry goods business. There were six stores, most of which kept a general stock. Among these, that of E. M. Franks, with an \$18,000 stock takes first place. That of Jas. Smith & Bro., \$10,000. Tomlinson & Smith, \$6,000. Dawson, Brenaman and Lowe with lesser stocks aggregating in all \$39,000. And so complete was the assortment that anything in the line of farming implements and other necessities, could here be found. It also created a good market for anything the farmers had to sell. Wheat, which was at that time the staple product, was extensively handled by E. M. Franks, who at this time was operating the flouring mills and frequently had 30,000 bushels on hand at one time. Mr. Franks also dealt in live stock and often had in his feed yards from 200 to 400 cattle and as many hogs on feed. The cattle, however, were not of the kind that feeders now use, 2 and 3 years old, but they were principally superannuated oxen and dry cows. Young steers were altogether too valuable for work and were used for breaking teams for breaking the native soil. It required from 10 to 12 oxen to make an effective team. Mr. Franks also operated a packing house of sufficient capacity to use all the porkers that the farmers marketed at this point. The packing was all done in the winter and the stock was marketed after it was dressed. The manufacture of oak shingles throughout the adjacent timber, which extended eastward for a distance of more than 20 miles, was not the least of industries that contributed to the trade of Canton. It was not uncommon to find 500,000 shingles piled up about the stores. They were taken in exchange for goods by all the merchants at an average price of \$3.25 per 1000, and resold to the prairie farmers covering a territory of at least 300 sq. miles. Coopering was also an important business that largely contributed to the trade of Canton.

Over a territory of 12 miles in length beginning at Canton and eastward there were by actual count 160 men working at the cooper trade making pork and flour barrels, for in those days flour was altogether shipped in barrels. The village of Ozark, situated three miles north of Canton, whose proprietor, J. E. Hildreth, was doing a thriving business with his flouring mills, with a capacity of 60 barrels every 24 hours and which also run day and night, and his saw mills, together with his general store, with \$12,000 in stock, gave this little village a business second only to that of Canton. But these were the days of Canton and Ozark's greatest prosperity and glory. The large body of fine timber now began to get thin, and the Midland branch railroad was now projected and the business speedily left Canton to points along the new railroad. E. M. Franks and J. J. Tomlinson, the leading spirits, sought new locations. Mr. Franks procured several hundred acres of fine prairie land, including the site of the present Onslow. J. J. Tomlinson organized a colony of lumberman, who he took with him to the far west, where he again engaged in the lumber business. Of the early settlers of Canton there are now so far as the knowledge of the writers goes, only four left, to-wit: J. B. Alberry, Henry Wilmon, Hiram Keister and Mrs. Cecelia Belden, now a resident of Maquoketa, as also is J. B. Alberry.

LEVI WAGONER.



The Jackson County Historical Society.

The Jackson County Historical Society was organized at a meeting called by J. W. Ellis, for that purpose at his office in Maquoketa, April 25th, 1903. There were present Osceola Goodenow, P. D. Griggs, Harvey Reid, J. M. Swigart, M. T. Fleming, D. A. Fletcher, C. C. Dudley, C. M. Dunbar and James W. Ellis.

D. A. Fletcher was made chairman, and J. W. Ellis secretary, and a committee consisting of J. W. Ellis, Harvey Reid, and O. Goodenow was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws.

The next meeting was held at D. A. Fletcher's office, on the 29th of April, at which the committee presented draft of constitution and by-laws which was adopted and the following officers were elected:

President, D. A. Fletcher;
Vice President, M. T. Fleming;
Secretary and Curator, J. W. Ellis;
Treasurer, Harvey Reid.

At the last annual election held December 12th, 1904, the following officers were elected:

President, George L. Mitchell;
Vice President, Harry Littell;
Treasurer, Harvey Reid;
Secretary and Curator, Jas. W. Ellis;
With D. A. Fletcher, W. C. Gregory, James Fairbrother and Will Cundill as members executive board.

On the 20th day of June, 1905, the society filed articles of incorporation under chapter 2, title 9, of the Code of Iowa.

The society is in a flourishing condition, has a good fat treasury and is constantly growing in membership and is rapidly acquiring a valuable collection of books, letters, papers and general historical matter.

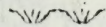
Supplements of the
Jackson County
Historical Society.

NUMBER TWO

ANNALS

—OF—

Jackson
County
Iowa



Reprinted from the Maquoketa Sentinel



Maquoketa, Iowa

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1906

ANNALS OF JACKSON COUNTY, IOWA.

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Reprinted from the Jackson Sentinel

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The articles herein were first set up and printed in the Jackson Sentinel newspaper, then the same type arranged in book pages and reprinted. This explains the peculiarities of make-up and subdivisions.

Part 2, 1905

Early Local History.

Interesting Meeting of Jackson County Historical Society.

PAPERS BY MRS. D. H. ANDERSON AND J. W. ELLIS.

The Jackson County Historical Society held a meeting at the library last Thursday, Jan. 25th, in the evening, to which the public were invited and which was well attended, the assembly room being crowded to its full capacity. The program prepared by the officers of the Society was well received and enthusiastically applauded.

President Mitchell addressed the audience in his usual happy vein, very ably setting forth the aims, objects and hopes of the society, and requested all who were in sympathy with the movement to enroll their names and become members of the society.

Mrs. Mary Goodenow-Anderson was next presented, who read a very interesting paper on pioneer times away back, when Maquoketa was a little frontier village. Harvey Reid in a paper showing deep research, told how Iowa City became the Territorial capital of Iowa, due to the tactics of Col. Thomas Cox, Jackson county's delegate, from which we infer that sharp political wire pulling was practiced as far back as 1838. J. W. Ellis read a sketch on the first settlement in the Forks of Maquoketa, describing the advent and locations of the Shinkle, Owens, Edwards, Pate, White and Copeland families, who came and made claims and moved into them. Dr. Charles Collins reviewed some of the bloody tragedies that were enacted in Bellevue in the early days as told by Captain Warren.

An interesting sketch of the first pioneers of Buckhorn as told by John Seeley was read by Harvey Reid in the absence of the writer.

D. A. Fletcher told of the desperate straits to which the early settlers of Maquoketa were subjected to at one time on account of a salt famine. Interesting short talks were indulged in by Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Crane and others, which created considerable amusement.

At the conclusion of the program, several new names were enrolled on the roster of the society. Curator Ellis who has devoted a large share of his time to the organization of the society, says that it is now on a safe footing with a snug sum in its treasury which will enable it to continue the publication of its annals quarterly. There are nearly 100 copies of the January Annals in the secretary's office which will be offered for sale at 25 cents each.

All contributions or communications intended for the society should be sent to the secretary, J. W. Ellis.

From Away Back.

(Written by Mrs. D. H. Anderson for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

One does not know just what to talk about at these open meetings of our society. Thoughts naturally turn back to the long ago time. Memory's well brims up and overflows with the fullness of the thought of those days. The actors who made our pioneer history are silhouetted 'gainst a luminous background. Our own life seems to have had all the dimensions—length, breadth and thickness—but the future! It seems a thread-made up of strands, some silken and shining, some somber, the blending a neutral—a gray. It should not be so. The point where life's converging vista focuses should be as a star, not shining with the brilliancy of morning or noonday light, but quite as clear and certain. Young life unhampered as was ours by restraint and ceremonious was buoyant, expensive. We were close to Nature's heart and were her children. The fashions and formalities of modern usages had not dulled our spontaniety nor caused us to enclose ourselves in shells from whence to peep thro' loopholes of vantage, or open and close as policy and propriety shall dictate.

Those first comers—our forebears—were great in fearlessness and hope. It took no small amount of grit and faith in self to turn one's back on a settled community which meant kindred friends, the protection of law, shelter and a sustenance, which, tho' sometimes meager, was sufficient for physical needs. To the woman, more especially, 'twas a case of "where ignorance is bliss"—to join hands and hearts for better or for worse, to face toward the great unknown and journey on for days and days, for weeks and weeks, then to halt with only the pregnant earth for a foothold, the great dome of the sky meeting the earth in its endless wedlock, there to lay a hearthstone, surround and cover it with rude walls and roof, and call it Home. Is it not an awesome thought? Yet it was home—and why?

A great man has written, "Wherever a true wife comes this home is ever around her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow worm in the night, cold grass may be the only fire at her feet, yet home is wherever she is shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless, a woman's true place and power." She brought to the cabin the eternal feminine, gave it the touch that cannot be described yet never is mistaken, filled it with an atmosphere of inviting comfort that mere money cannot supply, and was a perpetual fountain of refreshment and renewal to the man who was, in turn, her shelter and her strength.

We have outgrown the primitive physical conditions. Are we altogether bettered? Then a letter came once in many months, postage 25 cts. It marked an epoch, set the heart thumping, was read again and again, was very precious, bro't tears and heart longings and homesickness, a slipping away, for the time, of courage and contentment. Not so now. Supply and demand are neutralized, the zest is gone. The tallow candle was a long step from the rag in grease and the first kerosene lamp! Why! I tho't the light of Heaven had burst upon us, when the chimney was slipped over the ignited wick. Now they smell and are a nuisance. The first piece of upholstered furniture, 'twas a thing apart, almost too sacred for human eyes, was swathed in antimacassers, and as for desecrating its plump fineness with a human anatomy, 'twas a thing not to be tho't of unless the minister came.

Now our homes are cluttered with draperies, carpets, luxuriant divans, stuffed with mixtures varying from curled hair to chopped up refuse and microbes by millions, on which we sit or recline, stir up and breathe in, till we pay the price of unwise indulgence and have to go travelling for our health.

"Indulgence and punishment grow on the same stem. Punishment is the fruit which unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure that conceals it."

Then we had few doctors and few deaths. We might have sometimes had a gnawing in our vitals but 'twas not from dyspepsia.

I wonder if all towns have had such sound beginnings. We have enlarged in many directions, our citizens have a high order of intelligence, our homes are beautiful, the most modest showing care and taste. Many small communities are divided into cliques that cause jealousies and contentions. We are singularly free from this undignified belittling state of society, the which shows narrowness and conceit. There is an intensity about all we do, a doing everything to the limit, a trait inherited from the first men who planted the first grain in this virgin western soil. While much of the fruit of this early planting is sound and sustaining, there are alas! as ever thorns and thistles and noisome weeds too. We are a people of many virtues and sad to admit of vices. The good are very, very good, and the bad are—they're horrid. Like a disease, influence never stands still. We, who stand for the old, should be caretakers for our fathers' and mothers' sakes, for conscience sake, live wholesome, temperate lives. Not only seem but be. What we are proclaims us from the housetops. Tho' we speak no word and shut ourselves behind bolts and bars, theres' a wireless telegraphy, or better said, a mental telepathy between man and man, impressions given off and taken on, strengthening or weakening a brother. Ruskin says, "There is more venom mortal inevitable in the gliding entrance of a wordless thought than in the deadliest asp of Nile." Think oh! man, Oh woman, what individual volition and responsibility mean!

The life of Marshall Field is a grand exemplification of what a high minded, conscientious character, acted upon by the exhilarating possibilities of western push and privileges, can accomplish. Mr. Yerkes died rich-rich, yet unloved, unmourned, undeserving, ostracized. Marshall Field died. He too was a money king, yet infinitely more a king among men, unostenta-

tious, honest, pure, beloved. Out of our business conditions of free competition and unlimited possibilities has grown a drunken greed for wealth. Too much liberty breeds license. Too often craft and cunning take the place of work and patience and the basic principle of our democratic government is swathed in a sepulchral robe of cloth of gold. Let us hope and believe that it is not death, only suspended animation. "Truth is mighty." The world must be growing better else creation were a failure. Finite minds cannot believe this of the infinite. Emerson says, "the world globes itself in a drop of dew." No division of matter is so small but that all created matter is represented in it. Is it wise then to underrate ourselves who are made in His image, and who are children of earthly parents who made a virtue of industry and sacrament of brotherly service. There is an unvarying ratio between privilege and responsibility. The law and the way is simple, love is the law.

There are people and places and times and things

That sing in the heart like a humming bird's wings;

While we work with our hands, honor duties each day,

All unconscious we listen to what the wings say.

"Love is living."

Oh! the sweet reaching back to the dear restful hours!

Oh! the soft folded things memories pure as white flowers!

They are always about us, let life's busy wheels fly,

Bring us weal or bring woe we hug tight our dear joy.

Now a hand clasp live over, now an eye glance so kind.

That a tear is the answer and all undefined;

A host of emotions crowd up thro' the heart,

Each a ghost of some gladness that pulse throbbings start.

What can restless ambition contribute, or what

Is the solace of riches if friends must be bought;

Give me just the old kind-loving, just the old way,

Then come fair or foul weather the humming wings say

"Love is living."



Some of the Early Pioneers of Jackson County, and Where They First Settled.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Mr. President: I am indebted to Mr. E. D. Shinkle now a resident of Maquoketa, a pioneer and the son of a pioneer for a large part of the information in relation to a group of pioneers who, if not the very first settlers in the forks of the Maquoketa, were certainly among the first, for I have been unable thus far to get any record of a settlement earlier than the spring of 1836. According to Mr. Shinkle's account, Daniel Shinkle, David and Thomas Owens, Jesse Pate, Barney White, Jones Edwards and Ben Copeland, a son-in-law of Edwards, came from their homes on Fever River near Galena, Ill., in the fall of 1835, to the forks of the Maquoketa to hunt game and bees in the then unbroken forests of the country now embraced in Farmers Creek and South Fork townships. The country pleased them so much, being similar to the country from which they originally came, Ohio, that they decided to take up claims and build homes here, and accordingly marked off claims as was the custom at that period by blazing trees around their several claims, and in the early spring of 1836 came back and built cabins and commenced moving onto the claims as fast as the cabins could be got ready, all but Shinkle moving over in 1836. Shinkle left his family near Galena until 1838, dividing his time and labor between the claim and the lead mines.

Jesse Pate located on what became by survey the southwest quarter of section 36 in Farmers Creek township on lands that have been known for 70 years as the Dr. Usher farm, and which is now owned and occupied by Joseph Jackson.

Jones Edwards located on the southeast quarter and Daniel Shinkle on the northeast quarter of the same section. Barney White located on and built a cabin on what became section 1 South Fork township now owned by Asa Struble, and Ben Copeland located on what is now part of section 31 Perry township which is now occupied by the family of the late Isaac McPeak. David Owens, grandfather of E. D. Shinkle, located on southwest quarter of section 25 Farmers Creek township which was later known as the Martin Flynn farm and still later became part of the George Cooper farm. Mr. Shinkle says that he has heard his father say that at the time they made their claims in the forks, the nearest cabin was at the foot of the long hill south of Bellevue.

The first grain raised by these settlers had to be taken to Galena to be ground and that the first mill erected west of the Mississippi was built at

Cat Fish and they patronized that until the mill on Mill Creek near Maquoketa, known as the McCloy mill, was built. Daniel Shinkle rove out shakes or clap boards to side up and shingle the McCloy mill as there was no lumber to be had at that time, and David Owens was one of the first millers at that mill. There was no elevator in then and the wheat when ground was run into the meal chest and then carried up a ladder to the bolter by the miller in a half bushel.

These first settlers experienced pretty hard times in the first years of their settlement here. One year their seed corn was poor and their corn crop a failure on that account.

On the day that Daniel Shinkle left the new settlement to go and move his family to his claim, he and six other persons had only for their dinner two small wild pigeons and four or five small potatoes. Mr. Shinkle crossed the river at Smith's Ferry above Bellevue on a small row boat railed around the sides with fence rails, and it took an entire day to get the family and stock, etc. over the river. While crossing with the cattle, a heifer jumped over the railing and it seemed for a time would be drowned, but a rope was thrown over her head and she was towed across. When the family arrived at the claim they found a log cabin made of round logs built like a pen and covered with shakes split out of trees, without any floor and the nettles and other weeds were knee high in the cabin. Mr. Shinkle says the prospect was so discouraging that his mother broke down and cried. He also says that his grandfather, David Owens, helped to build the first mill built on Farmers Creek, which was built by Hazen and Morden, and was the first miller at that mill. This mill is best known as the Greener mill.

Mr. Shinkle attended a famous Fourth of July celebration in Andrew during the county seat contest between Andrew and Bellevue, wherein the citizens of Andrew gave a free picnic dinner to the public which doubtless proved a good factor in the contest and contributed no little to the victory scored by Andrew. He was also present and witnessed the execution of Joseph Jackson for the murder of Perkins. Jackson was hanged in Andrew in July, 1842. Shinkle saw him brought down from Butterworth's tavern and placed on a box or platform on a wagon which was driven under a tree. The rope was fastened to a limb and the other end adjusted about Jackson's neck and the wagon pulled out from under him leaving him suspended in the air, the twist in the rope swinging him round and round. Jackson had been told that if his neck was not broken that the doctors would resuscitate him after he had been hanged and as the penalty would have been paid he would be free to go where he chose. Consequently he laid the weight of his body on the rope as soon as it was tied and was allowed to strangle, the sheriff not taking any chances by limiting the time.

Mr. Shinkle says the first school he attended was taught by a Miss Nancy Range, in one end of a cabin occupied by the family of Dr. Charles Usher, Miss Range being a sister of Mrs. Sherwood whose family at that time lived on what is now known as the Ellis farm in South Fork township. A daughter of Sherwoods married a Doctor Martin who at one time was well known in Maquoketa.

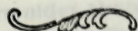
Mr. Shinkle remembers well the great excitement caused by a well that he was digging, caveing in on and killing Peter Jerman on land now owned and occupied by A. J. York in South Fork township. Few men have been permitted to note such a wonderful transformation in a country in which they spent their lives as Mr. Shinkle has. He has seen a dense unbroken forest entirely removed and in its stead beautiful towns, villages, rich farms and prosperous, happy homes.

The Shinkle and Owens families were pioneers of Illinois as well as of Iowa. Daniel Shinkle was born in Brown county, Ohio, in 1805, and when 16 years old came with his parents west to where the city of Springfield, Ill. now stands. David Owens at that time owned about 500 acres of land along the Sangamon River, and when Daniel Shinkle married Nancy Owens, her father gave her 80 acres of land on which they made a home and on which E. D. Shinkle was born and which the town of Decatur was afterwards built.

At the close of the Blackhawk War, the Owens and Shinkle families sold out their interests at Decatur and removed to the lead mines near Galena, where they remained until coming to Jackson county, Iowa, in 1835 and 1836. David Owens spent his last days with the Shinkle family and was buried in the old Parsonage burying ground on section 36 Farmers Creek township.

While I am convinced that there were no earlier settlers than the parties named above, I am aware that quite a large number of settlers came to this part of the county in 1836. Steve and Ben Esgate took up claims at that time where the Esgate schoolhouse now stands about two miles west of the Shinkle settlement, and quite a colony came to Fulton in 1836.

While I can remember very well and can still locate all the sites of the first cabins for miles around my home, I find it very difficult to learn but little of the people who built them, for the reason that the first settlers have long since passed away and their descendants have moved away. Anson H. Wilson, I believe, is the last of the old pioneers who came here in the thirties as a grown up man, but there are a few descendants of pioneers like Mr. Shinkle, Mr. Isaiah Cooley, and Rev. J. W. Said, who have a vivid recollection of real pioneer times. A large per cent of the settlers of 1836 came from the lead mines near Galena and not a few of them had participated in the Blackhawk War. Among the latter class with whom I was personally acquainted was Nathan and Jesse Said, Mr. Buchner, their brother-in-law, and old Mr. Fernish, all of whom settled in the forks of the Maquoketa.



Early Pioneers of Buckhorn and Vicinity.

(Written by Farmer Buckhorn for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Time obliterates, memory fades, and in another decade no man will live who from personal knowledge can point to the spot where the pioneers of Jackson county, Iowa, built their first cabins and hung their cranes. We find that as a matter of convenience our pioneers built as near timber, springs or streams as possible, and we can trace the sites of eight of those old, first houses along the banks of Pumpkin Run, or Burleson Creek, between the north line of section 20 South Fork township and the county line of Jackson and Clinton counties, a distance not exceeding three miles. They were nearly all built while Iowa was a territory.

The first commencing near the north line of section 20, was built by Henry Mallard who claimed and settled there in 1838. It was built of logs, one story and a loft—a short story at that, and not a very lofty loft. The door was on wooden hinges and a half window in the south side and also a half window in the north. At the west end was a fire place laid up with flat, small stones, with chimney of same material on out end of house. One reached the loft by mounting something that resembled "Jacob's Ladder," and when once up and tucked in under a blanket or a buffalo robe and sound asleep, you were just as near heaven as Jacob in his vision. This old house chinked with sticks and clay and shingled with shakes, was built on the point of a rise of land close to the north line of the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 20, South Fork township, and about twenty rods east of the creek bank. Henry Mallard lived in this log house over forty years when he built a new frame house just east of the old log house, and there he died after over half a century's residence on land he settled on before the country had been surveyed.

Before even this State had become Iowa territory, being yet Wisconsin territory until July the 3d of the same year, he claimed his land and settled on it. In his earlier days he has told us he was a sailor and was somewhat crippled in one foot by an anchor falling upon it. He was a middling large, portly man, very dignified and brusque, and lived upon the square. Never in all the days we knew him (nearly forty years), did we hear a word breathed against the honor of "Uncle Henry," as nearly everybody called him, even by those who were older than he. A few of the earliest settlers sometimes called him Captain, as in fact, he was entitled to be called, having held a captain's commission in Co. 3, as then designated, 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade and 3rd Division, Territorial Militia. John H. Rose of Bellevue was Colonel of the regiment. Capt. Mallard received his commission in

1839. It can be found on the Military records, and was signed by Robert Lucas, the first territorial governor of Iowa. That militia was organized because it was thought necessary to guard against possible Indian raids, and other border trouble.

We have no doubt he made a good officer, for the natural make-up of the man was such as would lead him to exact and expect discipline without being questioned. Then his faith in his ability to direct, and power to assume the responsibility of the move he thought best to make, and the decisive way he would dispose of opposition to his authority and opinions on matters over which he had control, and his natural military bearing, was of the kind of which good military officers are made. And it was unconsciously his, for he was not arrogant, overbearing or snobbish. He was a kindly man, though blunt and positive.

His wife was a woman of great intelligence and a sincere Christian worker. She also had opinions of her own, and though there never was any heartfelt discord between the couple, the positive nature of each sometimes led one to question the other's opinion. If his wife, whom everyone loved to call, Aunt Eliza, would have her opinion questioned by Uncle Henry, she was apt to say very earnestly, "Henry, I say Henry, I am right." Then Uncle Henry being weary of the discussion and a little disconcerted at the opposition to his opinion and having a way of expressing himself more forceful than religious when he would clinch a matter he considered beyond further discussion, he would assume an authoritative attitude and retort, "By God sir, Madam, you are mistaken."

During the winter of 1864 we lived with the old couple while yet they occupied their old log house, and thought it a great treat to sit of an evening by the old fireplace and listen to Uncle Henry tell of the pioneer days. 1864 seems now almost like pioneer days and there was much of the old that never will be new again. There were sometimes a red deer and millions of wild pigeons, and flocks of prairie chickens so numerous as to almost darken the sun, and quite a few wolves. There is scarcely a chicken or a timber wolf ever seen now, and never a pigeon. All are gone with the Indian and the buffalo. Even as late as when we were with them they scorned the new devices that were springing into use, such as the heating stove and fluid lamp. Aunt Eliza would light a tallow candle, or make what used to be called a "slut," with a saucer, a button, a rag and a little grease of some kind, get her work and kint at Uncle Henry's woolen socks. We would gather around the hearthstone, then Uncle Henry would fill his clay pipe with tobacco of his own raising and tell me of days twenty-five years before, and more, when he and others were enduring the hardships of building a home in the wilderness. Bands of Indians came and went, hunting, trapping and begging. Herds of deer dotted the prairies by day and nights were made hideous by the howling of packs of wolves, with the scream of the panther in the near by woods no uncommon occurrence, and tracks of bear were often visible along the soft banks of the creek and river. No grist mill nearer than Dubuque, forty miles through an unbroken forest. No postoffice or sawmill nearer than Bellevue, twenty-seven miles, as the crow flies. No

bridges, no roads in this country, and not a train of steam cars west of Philadelphia. Friends and relatives in the old far away home in reality farther away than they would be now in the heart of Africa. There were no mail cars, no postal cards, postage stamps or letter envelopes in existence. A letter from home came wrapped and sealed with wax, coming by rivers, lakes, stages and post riders. After many weeks it would reach Bellevue—or a little later the settlement of Springfield, (now Maquoketa) with twenty-five cents postage due on it which meant twenty-five times as much to those who came here before 1840, than it does to the poorest of men to-day who are able to work for present wages. Sometimes letters would have to lay for weeks in the office for the want of twenty-five cents to redeem them, while hearts were acheing and souls longing for news from distant friends.

There was not a corn planter, reaper, mower, or threshing machine. The pioneer knew only the hoe, grain cradle, scythe, flail to beat out the grain, and the wind or a fanning mill to separate it from the chaff. Telephones and telegraphs, electric light, gas jets or kerosene lamps were unknown. The nearest approach to an automobile was a long sled wooden shod, and buggies, were ox-carts. A world in embryo was struggling to be born. We know not how we would live under those surroundings, not only a pioneer in a country's settlement, but a pioneer of our present civilization, but we honor those who did; they were Nature's unalloyed production.

To-day the multiplicity of inventions that have drawn men nearer to each other in communication, the centralizing of individual workers into multitudes depending one upon another to complete the machinery now necessary to life's maintenance; the more uniform system of education, and the demands of commercialism, have knocked off the sharp corners of the natural man, smoothed his personality, and to some extent, obliterated his individuality, made him much a creature of policy and of business men in general, diplomats, with much of individual action submerged in a common dependence upon a system that crystalizes custom, and is the autocrat of man's orbit.

As a rule the pioneers of this country owned what education they had to uniform system, and they were so much the product of their own architecture; so much the creators of their own resources; so close to the soil and moulded by the half savage altruistic influence of nature; so self-dependent upon and so much a law unto themselves; so free from the adhesive qualities of a system; so little bound by the chains of commercialism; so strengthened by the hardships of existence that each man was a clearly defined unit. He was a stranger to policy, and a friend to principles that were rock bound shores of independence of thought and action, and gave him a personality so clearly defined and so different one from another, that he seemed more like an especial creation to found a separate and distinct race of people. But the "Village Blacksmith" has gone and so have the earliest of the pioneers.

Henry Mallard seemed to be one who loved the old things best, for a reaper or mower never was seen on his place unless brought there by someone who had land on rent and he never used a double corn worker in his life. He tended his corn with a five tooth cultivator drawn many seasons by a

cream colored horse, he called "Dobbin." The animal seemed to be a great crony of his, for he would talk to that old horse by the hour and follow him down a corn row with all the pomp an officer of the day might assume, and command him as he might a troop at drill. If Dobbin didn't "hay foot, straw foot," to suit the captain, and got a little out of the ranks, it would be "Hey Dobbin, haw, there sir, what you doing on that-corn? You know better than that, you old rascal."

Henry Mallard never adopted any religious creed that we ever knew of, except that of "good will toward all men and malice toward none." But Mrs. Mallard was a strict Baptist, not only on the seventh day, but seven days in the week. She attended the first Baptist meeting held in the Maquoketa valley region of Jackson and Clinton counties, Aug. 31st, 1842, at the house of Wm. Y. Earle, with Elder C. E. Brown (who was appointed missionary to the Forks of the Maquoketa) as minister. At that meeting, the first Baptist church organization in this country was perfected and Mrs. Mallard was one of the fifteen who enrolled themselves as members at that first meeting. The others were C. E. Brown and wife, Esquire Taylor and wife, Jason Pangborn and wife, Wm. Y. Earle and wife, Levi Decker and wife, C. M. Doolittle and wife, Mrs. Mitchell and Walter Woodworth.

On account of an accident early in married life, there was no issue to perpetuate this branch of the Mallard family. An adopted daughter, Matilda, found fond foster parents in Mr. and Mrs. Mallard. After Matilda married and moved to Oregon, there was, while they both lived, an extra plate on the table at every meal. We have seen Mrs. Mallard place it there many a time, and once asked her why she did it. Her answer was, "Oh, some one might come hungry and it would save me from getting up." What a lot she left unanswered.

JOSEPH MALLARD AND FAYETTE MALLARD.

Besides Henry Mallard, there came to Jackson county in the same year, 1838, two brothers of his, Joseph S., and Fayette Mallard. The Mallard's were from New York City, where Joseph and Fayette had been in the mercantile business. Failing in business there through some stress of the times, they concluded to come to the far west. Early in 1838, we find the three Mallard brothers here in Jackson county, and active in pioneer work.

Joseph Mallard got a claim in section 29 South Fork township and built a log house on it near the west line of the forty and twenty rods north of the south line of the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of said section. This house was built just south of where now runs the Maquoketa and Anamosa wagon road, nearly on the site of the present building known in the near past as the Arch Atherton house. We find Joseph Mallard was on the first grand jury of the district court of Jackson county, held at Bellevue beginning June 18th, 1838. This court was presided over by Chas. Dunn, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin territory. The other jurymen of that court were James Wood, Benjamin Hudson, Thomas Parks, Samuel Draper, James Burtis, John Stuckey, John D. Bell, Wm. Smith, J. S. Kirkpatrick, David Bates, Daniel Brown, James McCabe, W. H. Vandeventer, Chas. Harris, Webster McDowell, Wm. Phillips, Obediah

Sawtell, James Kimball, Shaderac Burleson, M. Seymore, R. G. Enoc and H. G. Hinkley. Joseph Mallard was also clerk of the second commissioners court, the board of which was elected in the fall of 1838. Joseph Mallard also was commissioned by Gov. Lucas, Captain of Company 6, 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade, 3rd Division Infantry of the Territorial Militia of 1839.

This country in those days was evidently quite a military region for Maquoketa prided itself on being more or less military, also George Mitchell, Jim Fairbrother and a few more raw recruits marched up Academy hill and Dave Anderson and one of Uncle John E. Goodenow's girls marched up to the Hymenial Altar—which is a darn sight steeper hill, for there the real battle begins to see whether the victory shall rest with pantaloons or petticoat. We don't know where in 1839, could be found men enough in marching distance of Buckhorn for two companies. Joseph and Henry Mallard being captains, one of Co. 3 and the other of Co. 6, same regiment; and we don't know why Buckhorn wanted so many captains. But we suppose as every other man in Kentucky was a colonel, that it was considered unpretentious for nearly every body around Buckhorn to be captain. During the Civil War—if a war can be civil—we used to be captain too. We gave mother no peace until she sewed some white rags on our blue demings jumper and overalls, when with a good broad sword made out of a lath, we led a band of bold spirits up and down wishing we could meet Jeff Davis and the whole southern Confederacy.

Through the research of Harvey Reid in the Col. Cox history, we learn that Joseph Mallard was married (we believe by the Rev. Salter) to Cordelia Cox, daughter of Col. Thomas Cox, at Richland, Iowa, May 1st, 1845, and that eight children were born to this union. Mary, who married Col. Isaac R. Dunkleberger, a retired military commander of Los Angeles, Cal. Augusta who married Benjamin C. Truman, Josephine who remained single Henry named after Captain Henry Mallard heretofore mentioned, Walter and Clarence Stillman Mallard besides two who died in infancy whose names we do not know.

Personally we know nothing of the personality of Joseph Mallard as he after eleven years residence in Jackson county emigrated in 1849 to southern California at or near Los Angeles with the Cox family and others. That was four years before I was born and I ought to be excused; having a poor memory anyway, for not remembering the personality of the man. It is said though, by those who did know him, that he like his brother Fayette, was a man of education, refinement and culture, and the fact of his being so quickly chosen to fill important public positions, bears out that version of the matter.

Since going to California, the Joseph Mallard family all became wealthy and prominent. We do not know in what year Joseph Mallard or either of his brothers died, but it was well along in old age.

Fayette Mallard, as we have before said, came here in 1838 from New York City. He claimed land in section 29 joining that of his brother Joseph, and built his first house of logs—as all the earliest settlers did. His house was built near the site of the present buildings of Walter Miller on the hill south of the east line of the Waterford cemetery, and in the north-

west quarter of the northeast quarter of section 29 South Fork township. It was there on that hill near Fayette Mallard's house, that history tells us the first American flag raised on Jackson county soil was unfurled to the breeze, July 4th, 1840, by Ans. Wilson, who bought the cloth and Thomas Wright, Jr. who painted on the stars and stripes. The cemetery, which to-day is so densely populated by our pioneers and their descendants, was a part of the Fayette Mallard claim. His sister was the first person buried therein, and his wife was, if not the second, the third or fourth person buried there. The cemetery is the northwest six acres of the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 29, and was purchased for a public cemetery at a meeting held for that purpose on or about 1851. At that time about two acres was purchased by each one putting in one dollar. Thirty dollars we think, was raised which Mr. Mallard thought was too much, as he did not want any more than the actual land value at that time.

Land isn't selling around there for \$15.00 to-day.

There was a little incident connected with that meeting which perhaps we had better relate. Some transient stranger from the east attended the meeting out of curiosity, and after the rest had put in their dollar he walked up and put in one also. It created quite a bit of surprise among the settlers, who no doubt found a dollar mighty hard to get in those days, to see a total stranger chipping in equal with the rest. Their surprise was plainly discernable to the stranger who said, "Gentlemen, you need not be surprised. We are all going to need a grave yard and I have no doubt some one has bought one for me somewhere."

About 1851, or '52, Mr. Mallard sold out his farming land in section 29, and bought a small parcel in the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 20, across the road from S. Burleson's (of whom we expect to speak in another article), and built thereon quite a pretentious frame building for those days, and opened a hostelry for the traveling public. A year or so later, 1853 we think, he built a two-story frame for a store building near the east end of the tavern stand that was known as the "Waterford House." It was some time between 1851 and 1853, that Mr. Mallard began to take his beer, by marrying the widow Beer. She had two girls by the name of Lucy and Grace, and by the grace of luck they were both peaches.

Fayette Mallard kept the Waterford postoffice for many years and was known far and near as Esquire Mallard, being justice of the peace and notary public, a long while. He was a gentleman of the old school, polite, dignified and courteous to all and well liked by his fellow citizens. His family, if we remember right, consisted of two boys and six girls. Wm. and John, Henrietta who married Kinsey Karland, Anna, wife of Wm. Burleson, Elizabeth, who was Perry Moulton's wife, and Janie, who married Al Needham, all of whom were by his first wife. By his second wife there were a pair of twin girls, nick-named "Bose" and "Dod."

In 1863 Fayette left Buckhorn, or rather Waterford, and with Perry Moulton, Wm. Moulton, Wm. Denniston, Walter Woodworth and others with their families, went overland to California. The Mallards, Woodworths, and Perry Moulton and family remained there. Wm. Moulton and Denniston, after several years, returned by the way of the Isthmus and New York City.

The Buckhorn Country's Territorial Pioneers and Where They Built Their First Houses. The Wilcox Families.

(Written by Farmer Buckhorn for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Some time about 1842, John Wilcox bought a claim consisting of 160 acres, the northwest quarter of section 29, and also a twelve acre tract of Shade Burleson in the southwest quarter of section 20, and built a log house thereon. This house, which was the first house built by Wilcox in Jackson county, Iowa, was erected thirty rods east of north of where the highway crosses the creek and eleven rods east of creek and just north of where now stands what is known as the old Robert Haines house, all in southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 20 South Fork township. Later Wilcox built a large frame house and barn on his land in section 29. A part of the lumber for these buildings was sawed at a water mill on the Maquoketa river, and a part hauled from Lyons by team. They were built some time about 1855 and are apparently as good as ever after fifty years and are owned by J. E. Shirk.

Wilcox came to Iowa in 1840 and first settled in South Grove just over the line in Clinton county. He came from Canada—he and his wife—by team, leaving there February 16th, and arriving here March 28th being thirty-five days on the road. He was a native of Montgomery county, New York, where he spent the first 18 years of his life, dating from April 26th, 1808, when he was born. Mrs. Wilcox also was a native of York State, having been born at Plattsburg. Her maiden name was Maria Caswell.

Mr. Wilcox was not a man to take any very active part in public affairs, though he had been town trustee, school director and for a while postmaster, and for many years deacon of the Baptist church here. He and his wife were life long and steadfast disciples of that faith. During revivals Mrs. Wilcox seemed to be a willing slave for from two to six preachers, as the Wilcox home was always headquarters for the cloth of the Baptist denomination. Aunt Maria would trot trot looking after every little detail for their comfort and some of them not half so old as she, (or half so religious either and looked as though they had pastured on clover during the summer and been corn fed in the fall), seemed very willing to let her. Hudson, one of the Wilcox boys, said he always liked to have the preachers come, for Ma always had so many good preserves then.

John Wilcox was below the average man in height, and slow but methodical, industrious and being nearly always at work accomplished much.

His honesty and his word never was questioned and his paper for any reasonable amount was giltedge. (He never was known to put out any unreasonable amount.) He was a temperance man of the strictest kind, never using either liquor or tobacco in any form and never was guilty of what Roosevelt would call "Race Suicide," having born to him eight children—five boys and three girls. Hudson, Warren, Columbus, Ferdinand and Leonard, his last boy died in infancy. The girls were Sarah, who married Wm. Moulton, Mary, wife of Geo. Frank, and Lenora, who married Horace Delano. The Wilcox geneological tree had many branches, all more or less fruitful, and was transplanted into this country before the American Revolution, and was rooted deep in patriotism. Politically John Wilcox was a republican and strong abolitionist, as was all of his brothers.

If blood tells, they couldn't have been otherwise than imbued with a love of human liberty for it is claimed that among their ancestors there was revolutionary stock, and we learn from the historical researches of Harvey Reid, (a painstaking local historian), that the father of John Wilcox, Ebenezer Wilcox was in the Canadian revolt under Wm. Lezon Mackensie, 1837 and 1838, against the British government. After Mackensie's defeat near Toronto, Dec. 7th, 1837, Ebenezer Wilcox was taken prisoner and kept in prison for ten months when he was pardoned, after which he came to the States with his family and headed for the Black Hawk purchase in Iowa, and in 1839 (a year previous to the coming of his son John of this sketch) settled on land in section 23 Monmouth township, Jackson county, and built a log house on a rise of land close to the south bank of Bear Creek at a point in the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of said section and township, and spent his remaining days there in as beautiful a natural location as Iowa can furnish. His house overlooked the clear rippling waters of Bear Creek that came down from the southwest and led away to the northeast with its banks timber fringed with scattering stately old oaks and elms and its bottom land a shady natural pasture that in early days was a satisfying retreat for the red deer and elk.

He, Ebenezer Wilcox was born in Glenn, Montgomery county, New York, March 13th, 1786, and died June 7th, 1855, where he settled in Iowa sixteen years before. He, like his son John, was of the Baptist faith and the father of quite a large family several of whom were nearly life long citizens of Jackson county, Iowa. Those of his children who lived to be old and died here were John, of which much has already been said, and William who was nearly a life long resident of Mill Rock, owning a farm near there and for many years proprietor of a general store there and postmaster and justice of the peace. Also Abner, who many years owned and lived on the farm joining his father's on the south, until he sold out to his son, Noble, and moved to Baldwin where he died and where now lives his widow whose maiden name was Lydia Chandler, daughter of Gen. Samuel Chandler, who was one of three—Col. James Morreau and Benjamin Waite being the others—who led an invasion of Canada by a force organized in America in 1838 and was made prisoner and sentenced to be hung, but had his sentence commuted to banishment on Van Diemon's land but escaped after four years by the help of a brother mason who was the master of a Yankee vessel, and

in 1843 came with his family to Jackson county, Iowa., There were nine children in Ebenezer Wilcox's family. It will be noticed the Wilcox's were all here in territorial days.

It is not our intent to write so fully of the Wilcox family to eulogize them members of one particular house as it is to illustrate the type of men who first peopled this country. Nearly all of them were men of force and iron wills or, they would not have been here hewing houses out of a wilderness that was only known to most men of the east as a spot on the map nearly a thousand miles toward the setting sun and beyond bridgeless streams dense forests almost bottomless sloughs and unbroken almost trackless prairies, still the home of wild beasts and no stranger to roving bands of Indians. It must be born in mind those who came here to settle before Iowa become a state came before the age of steam and steel and nearly all of the modern inventions that has made settlement comparatively a picnic, had scarcely begun. Once in a while a steamboat that traversed the Ohio and Mississippi rivers was the only link between the frontier and the older civilization of the east and the south. Lo, now, after sixty years of statehood here centers an agricultural empire that is Godfather to the east, nurse to the south and granary for the whole world.

When John Wilcox came here in 1840, he came poor as nearly all the early settlers came, and endured his share of the hardships incidental to pioneering in those days. Although the country had already begun to take on life and there was some grain and other produce to be had necessity did not compel him to live at first by the chase as was the case of those who came as early as 1836 and 1837. In the first several years of his settlement he hauled dressed hogs to Galena about sixty miles and has sold them as low as one dollar the cwt., and taken his pay in trade. He, for some time, went to Cascade to mill, twenty-five miles distant. For many years he, like all the early settlers, hauled grain to points on the Mississippi and hauled pine lumber and many necessities home. A round trip consumed three days, weather and all things favorable.

For over thirty years after Iowa first began to be settled there was no law in Jackson county to restrain stock, except hogs and sheep, from running at large and all tilled land had to be fenced. There was no wire fence then and during the first few years of settlement no board fences, the only kind of fence the earliest settlers knew of was fences made from rails split from logs and laid up worm fashion with a stone under each corner and staked and ridged. As it took a log ten feet long by about two feet through to furnish rails and stakes for one rod of fence one can gain a faint idea of the amount of timber and work it took to fence even forty acres of land. As the settlers first house and fences all had to be the hand wrought product of the forest, we can understand why our pioneers could not exist far from timber. And as all well water for stock and house use had to be lifted by rope and bucket we can see why near springs and streams were favorite places of settlement.

When we take into consideration all the inconveniences and the lack of nearly all the useful and labor saving inventions of later days, we begin to know what manner of men the pioneers of this country must have been.

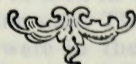
Though John Wilcox, like most of our early settlers, came here with scarcely a dollar and never was a speculator in any sense of the word, but what he had he wrought out by hard labor, had as early as 1855 his farm well fenced and nearly all under cultivation and a house and barn erected that would do credit as ordinary farm buildings to any age or stage of civilization. About the same time several others of our early settlers including Burleson, Pence, Finton and Haven's had substantial frame buildings erected, all of which yet stand fit monuments to the architects of other days who took the lumber rough from the saw and hand planed all necessary to be dressed, and made by hand all mouldings, rabbet and panel work. Some of the joist in the S. Burleson house was worked out with a whip saw.

When we compare the finish on some of those early houses built in the early fifties (like the old Eddy house in Maquoketa for instance) with many of later build severely plain—even unto meanness—it gives one a profound respect for those who wrought by hand so well in other days. As we have the record of three generations of Wilcoxs' before the John Wilcox of this narrative to show how much of the spirit of Roosevelt they possessed, and for the benefit of any who in the future cares to know, we will record it here.

John Wilcox, Sr. was born in Connecticut, April 15th, 1732, and married Anna Stephens who was born Jan. 6th, 1734. They begot Ebenezer Wilcox born June 5th, 1760; John Jr. born Jan. 12, 1762; James born Feb. 18, 1764; Wm. born Feb. 18, 1766; Anna born March 17, 1768; David, born Jan. 18, 1770; Levi born Dec. 17th, 1772; Amy born Feb. 28th, 1774; and Dinah born March 14th, 1776.

John Wilcox, Jr. born Jan. 12th, 1762, married Lois Anger born Feb. 17th, 1758, and their issue was Ebenezer, born March 13, 1786, Elizabeth born March 19, 1788; David born Dec. 23, 1790; Anna born Oct. 19, 1794; Prudence born Aug. 1, 1796; Lois born April 5, 1798; and Mary born Jan. 21, 1800.

Ebenezer, son of John Wilcox, Jr., was born March 13, 1786, and married Jael Hanchet, who was born Sept. 30, 1790. Their offbeers were John Wilcox III. born April 26, 1808; Anna E. born Aug. 24, 1809; David H. born Feb. 2, 1811; Maria born June 10, 1813; Nelson born July 8, 1815; Harmon S. born Dec. 16, 1817; Abner T. born July 16th, 1820; William born Oct. 7, 1823; and Ebenezer Jr. born Nov. 15, 1829. As there was a child born into these three Wilcox generations on an average of one in about two years, and there were eight in the family of John Wilcox III of the fourth generation, it will be readily seen that the Wilcox's were race propagators and the Wilcox geneological tree was quite a thicket.



A Brief History of the Life and Military Services of Captain Andrew William Drips.

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ellis, Curator)

In preparing a sketch of the life of Captain Drips, a pioneer of Iowa and a hero of two wars, we find material for much more space than we would be justified in claiming in our little booklet that our limited means permits us to publish. We are indebted to Mrs. M. A. Knight, wife of A. W. Drips, for an account of the antecedents and early history of the Captain and are particularly indebted to Harvey Reid and his wonderful military scrap book from which we have been permitted to copy from letters written by members of Captain Drips company, showing their estimate of their gallant captain. The letters referred to were written to be read at a public meeting in Maquoketa, March 7th, 1887, wherein the exercises were commemorative of the 25th anniversary of the battle of Pea Ridge, where Drips was killed. The principal feature of the exercises was the presentation of the swords of Captains Drips and Kelsey to the Grand Army Post in Maquoketa.

Andrew William Drips was born in Laughlinstown, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, March 4th, 1826. His father was William Drips, a Pennsylvanian of Irish descent. His mother was Martha Clark, a Pennsylvanian of Scotch descent. They resided in Westmoreland county until 1850, when they came west and settled in Garnavillo township, Clayton county, Iowa. The father died at National, in an adjoining township, on the 18th of March, 1881, in the 92nd year of his age. He was a pensioner of the war of 1812 in which he did a gallant and meritorious service. The mother, Martha, died April 12th, 1874, in the 82nd year of her age. She was intelligent and learned, a lady of culture and refinement, a great reader, readily grasping the most difficult problems, hence a partner with that force and character which served her advantageously in shaping the lives and character of those committed to her care. Both were active and earnest Christians, the mother devoutly so in the administration of all the duties of life.

The children of William and Martha Drips were five sons and six daughters, all of whom lived to manhood and womanhood, save one, James, who died in early youth. Robert C. died in Garnavillo, Iowa, in 1856, at the age of 34 years. The surviving sons, Thomas, Andrew, Joseph and John, (the latter an adopted son), were in the Union army. Corporal John F. was a member of Co. A 9th Iowa, and died in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., in the fall of 1862; Thomas was captain of Co. E, 27th Iowa, and died at Clayton, Iowa, from disease contracted in the service soon after the close of

the war; Joseph H. survives, residing at Malone, Iowa, though nearly blind from his severe service as a member of the 6th Iowa Cavalry.

Andrew, the subject of this sketch, was educated and trained under the guidance of his mother in the common schools in Westmoreland county, Pa. At the age of sixteen he became apprenticed to O. A. Traugh, publisher of the Hollidaysburg (Blair Co., Pa.) Standard, to learn the art of printing, and with whom he remained until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Mexico, when he joined Capt. Dana's company, but on the arrival at Pittsburg, on account of ill health was rejected. Nothing daunting, however, he joined Capt. John W. Greary's Company B, 2nd Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, from Cambria county, in which he was accepted and mustered into the service. He served with honor and distinction to the close of the war. Was wounded in the thigh, receiving a flesh wound, in the charge upon the castle in the battle of Chapultepec, Sept. 12th, 1847, and laid in the hospital about six months.

With the close of hostilities he returned to Hollidaysburg, Pa., having been mustered out of the service at Pittsburg in the fall of 1848, and again entered the printing office where his apprenticeship began. Here he remained until the winter of 1851, when he obtained a situation with the State Printer at Harrisburg. He had learned phonography during his apprenticeship, and during the session of the Pennsylvania legislature he reported the proceedings of the lower house for the daily press, taking it down in shorthand and copying during the evening. In this art he was an expert and the year of his stay in Harrisburg furnished him ample opportunity to improve upon his knowledge in the use of phonographic characters and signs.

He was easy in military tactics and long before the Mexican war organized and commanded the Hollidaysburg Cadets, a company of young men about his own age. We believe that E. W. H. Jacobs, now residing at McGregor, and brother of the captain's wife, was one of the cadets. From 1849 to 1852 Capt. Drips commanded the Hollidaysburg Guards, a company that enjoyed a high distinction in those days of general training.

March 21st, 1850, Mr. Drips was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Ann Jacobs, at Hollidaysburg, Penn. Her parents were Alexander Jacobs and Dorcus Van Devander. The father died Oct. 21st, 1852, the mother preceeding him to the grave March 12th, 1841. The father was of English descent, a pensioner of the war of 1812. The mother was of Holland descent, a lady of rare attainments, a mind rich in knowledge, a soul imbued with devotions to every Christian principle.

Andrew and Margaret came west in April, 1852, and settled in Garnaville township, where Mr. Drips was employed as a copyist in the county recorder's office, the county seat of Clayton county being then at Garnaville. Jan. 28th, 1853, N. S. Granger established the Clayton County Herald, and Mr. Drips was employed as its publisher, in which capacity he served until Aug. 18th, 1854, when he succeeded to the proprietorship of the paper, and continued to publish the Herald until 1856 when the county seat was removed to Guttenberg, and he packed his bit of printing and followed. Here he remained for two years in the publication of the Herald, when bet-

ter opportunities presented themselves, and he sold out to McBride & Co., and took up his residence at Maquoketa, in Jackson county, where he obtained an interest in the Maquoketa Excelsior. With this paper he remained until the date of his enlistment into the service of the United States, in answer to the call for 300,000. He was also postmaster at Maquoketa, and upon his entering the military service of the government, he was succeeded by his wife who conducted the office until October, 1864.

Naturally, one of his temperament—with an intense admiration for the principles on which the government was founded, and who, from early boyhood, had been schooled to the enjoyment of a perfect freedom and the advancement of the human race, entertaining the most pronounced opinions upon the slavery question, then agitating the country, and the primary cause of the rebellion's inaugurated by the seceding states south of the Mason and Dixon line—would be about the first to respond to his country's call. He was true to the instincts of true patriotism, and upon the call of the President immediately took steps for the organization of a company in which he was quite successful, but having failed to secure enlistments into the company to the full maximum number it was not until August 20th, 1861, that his company was accepted. In the choice of officers he was elected captain, and when on a later day he reported at the rendezvous at Dubuque, his company was assigned as A Company of the 9th Iowa Volunteers. The following is the roster:

OFFICERS.

Captain.....	A. W. Drips.
First Lieutenant.....	Florello M. Kelsey.
Second Lieutenant.....	Alpheus Alexander.

PRIVATES.

Phillip A. Miller	A. B. Kendig, Chaplain
Thomas J. Cornell	George Trout
Joseph Ingraham	George M. Bump
John S. McGaffer	Elmer Stephens musician
Dennis O. Kelly	Benj. F. Darling, Jr.
G. O. Tinker, musician	H. H. P. Millhausen
R. Smith Delano	John S. Billups
Frederick Cogswell	Jesse Updegraff
L. L. Martin	Franklin D. Taylor
Chas. H. Lyman	Daniel Tubbs
Otis Crawford	Oscar Krafft
Stephen R. Martin	George C. Pearce
Jacob Country	Sydney H. Fuller
Wm. Brock	Ira Fisher
Sam'l McComb	Henry F. Spear
W. H. Livingston	Ormus D. Bancroft
Fred J. DeGrush	Asher Riley
John W. McMeans	John W. Alexander
George W. Little	Hiram Coleman
Alex. Van Orsdel	Whitman Robinson
Willit R. Wait	William H. Hopkins

Samuel D. Townsend	H. A. Ramsey
Edwin Darling	Lucius Bennett
Francis N. Rhoades	Joseph A. Davis
Wm. H. H. Guist	John Markle
Edward A. Tolman	Menzo Sweet
Oliver Beckwith	W. H. O. Manow
J. W. Esty	S. F. Gordon, musician
Wm. S. Seward	Jonathan D. Hodge
F. Reyner, musician	Addison W. Barnes
Peter Miller, Jr.	Floyd W. Foster
Henry H. Shepard	James B. Eby
Silas Harcourt	Geo. A. Whiting
J. H. Guenther	Henry L. Klinger
Henry C. Sanborn	Samuel S. Scott
Thomas Gray	James S. Hamilton
James McNally	Henry Brown
Aaron Seeber	Josiah Brown
David B. Patterson	Levi L. Pearce
John Wicking	John F. Drips
Joshua Grindrod	Warren Spaulding
Leveret W. Usher	Andrew H. Brown
Henry A. Grote	Henry C. Cleveland
W. S. Van Orsdel	John H. Green
Samuel Beckwith	Edwin G. Cutler
Thomas Grout	Alfred M. Norton
Wm. M. Thompson	Francis P. Norton
James B. Holloway	Sylvester D. Brown
John B. Spelman	Ira Downey
John Adams	Charles C. Young

List of men rejected by the mustering officer Sept. 2nd, 1861, at Du-
buque:

Dennis C. Kelly	Francis Parnell
Daniel Tubbs	J. W. Estey
Sydney Fuller	F. N. Rhodes
Stephen Gordon	Aaron Leebur
Silas Harcourt	Henry C. Cleaveland

Additional enlistments in Company A were as follows:

N. C. White	Phineas Tompkins
Marcus Reyner	William Trout
Austin Alexander	Samuel Dickinson
Andrew McMeans	Robert Thompson

John H. Crane

William Trout pays the following tribute to his old commander, in a letter written in 1887 to be read at a meeting held in Maquoketa on the 25th anniversary of the battle of Pea Ridge.

It was at Pea Ridge our loved Captain Drips gave up his life. It was

a sad time and as I think it all over it makes me feel sad. But such was the fate of many a brave man. Of Captain Drips I would say farther, he was always with us, never shirking a duty, ever kind and tender, and above all just in dealing with all. I remember when we were camped at Pacific, Missouri, his treatment of disloyal Missourians. He had a piercing eye which could look a rebel through and through. I have heard him talk to them in such a way they would crouch at his feet and beg for mercy. He always gave them one chance for their lives, but when brought before him the second time would send them to—well, I do not know where, I did not go with them. I might speak of several such instances but forbear; the past is in the past, and many of the rebels South are under the sod, their souls in heaven I hope (with the exception of a dozen or so.)

Had Capt. Drips lived he would have been Colonel of the Regiment, as he had so endeared himself to the hearts of us all, that no honor was too great to be conferred upon him. Of Lieut. Kelsey I can speak in the highest terms of praise. He was always daring, brave and a good disciplinarian, not as cautious and as calculating as was Capt. Drips perhaps, but always ready, always to the front in time of danger. He was a man of refined, cleanly habits, and at first thought by some to be putting on style, being neat and careful in his appearance. He compelled those under him to observe the same rules, which caused no little inconvenience, but as we learned to know him we respected him more; he set a good example and was liked by all.

The following is taken from a letter written by George Trout of Wamego, Kansas, in 1887:

My recollections of Capt. Drips was that he was a strict disciplinarian, always in earnest, but kind to those who did their duty. Personally I never had any trouble with either of them. Capt. Kelsey I think was more of a military man. While he demanded strict discipline, he was quite jovial and on that account was perhaps more popular with the boys, but both were good men and had the respect not only of Co. A, but the officers and men of the whole regiment knew them, and regarded both of them as above the average commissioned officer.

The march from Rolla, Missouri, to Pea Ridge, was a tedious one. It was in the spring time when rain and mud were plentiful. There is no mud on earth so sticky as Missouri mud. The streams were so swollen that in some cases we had to make bridges of army wagons for the infantry, which was done by loading the wagons with rock and placing them near enough so that the soldiers could pass from one to the other. In many cases the horses had to swim and the artillery went clear out of sight. It was soon after one of these scenes that one of our company deserted, I think the only one during the war—Josiah Brown. I hardly blame the fellow for the boys were always picking on him, and I think that was more the cause of his deserting than the hardships of soldiering. He, at least, has my forgiveness. Quite a number of our fellows deserved to be bucked and gagged for their meanness to others. They would get some rig or joke up on some one and keep it up until the fellow would be tempted to do something desperate.

About the first of March, 1862, we came near the vicinity of Pea Ridge,

Arkansas, and on account of the many and good natural positions, I suppose the enemy chose this place for their battle ground. Their troops were all made up from this portion of the country, and they must have known all about the ground. They drew us on and considerable beyond the final battle ground, then by a quick and stealthy movement got in our rear, cutting us off from any retreat in that direction. In fact, they had us cornered for a fight and fight we had to. On the 7th of March everything was in readiness and we went for each other. As far as I know we were the attacking party in every instance and rather got the worst of it. Our brigade took a position a little east of the old Elkhorn tavern. I shall never forget what a feeling came over me when the firing began. I remember we had some trouble getting into position, when we finally got into line of battle we were right in front of a masked battery. The ground was covered with small gravel. The rebels depressed their guns, and the grape and cannister would strike the ground before reaching us, and sweep up gravel which as often struck our boys as the shot. It was there where Bancroft was killed. I think a grape shot killed him. Quite a number of our fellows got hurt while in that position. The groaning of the wounded frightened me more than the excitement of battle.

Our position being such that the rebels had to cross fire on us, and immediately in front of their battery, we were ordered to move a short distance to the left, which brought us immediately in front of their line of battle. The whole regiment began firing and the battle raged all along the line. We were almost within stone throw of each other, and we stood there loading firing as fast as we could. I think it was while in this position that Capt. Drips received his death wound. I remember seeing him sword in one hand and pistol in the other urging the men to stand firm and do their duty. After I had fired about 15 rounds I received a buckshot through the right hand, they fired ball and buck. The large ball struck my cartridge box on the end, flattening somewhat three minnie balls in the lower tier. I was just in the act of taking out a cartridge, and of course it paralyzed my hand so I could not load any more. I began to look around to see if I could get back with out getting struck. I started and had gone only a few steps when I met a fellow of our regiment with a ball in his foot. Of course it was a painful wound and he begged me to help him off. I took his musket and with my own about my neck, slung them on my shoulder by the straps, then asked him to put his arms about my neck and with my wounded hand supported him the best I could, and we started for the rear. I have often wondered how we escaped, the air seemed full of whistling bullets. When we got near the Elkhorn, the rebels were just appropriating for their own use a portion of our best batteries. I think it was Hayden's. They got three of the guns and turned them on us. We came very near being killed by some of our cannon in the hands of the enemy. We finally got out of range and back to timber, where the surgeons were taking care of the wounded. And what an awful time it was. Amputations were taking place, probing for balls, and temporary binding up of all kinds of wounds to stop the blood. Men came or were brought in ambulances shot in all parts of the body, frequently a portion of them would be dead when they arrived having

died on the way. Such a scene I never witnessed in my life. I nearly forgot that I was wounded myself. My hand began to swell and I really did not know how bad I was hurt. I made several attempts to have a surgeon examine it but they seemed so busy that it was some time before I got one to look at it. He took a probe, run it clear through the wound, and with an oath informed me that I was not injured much, but made more fuss than some of the fellows that had an arm or leg off. I took care of my wound after that without the counsel of an army surgeon.

It was beginning to get dusk and I wandered about to see where I could put in the night at best advantage. I noticed an old house near by and thought perhaps I could crawl in there. The first thing that attracted my attention was an officer lying on the porch and a surgeon stooping over him probing a wound received a little to the side of the sword buckle, and immediately below the belt. To my horror and surprise I discovered it was my captain. I stood transfixed a few moments and the agony and suffering were too much for me and I turned away. That was the last I ever saw of Capt. Drips. I do not even know what became of the body. I was present when the dead of our Company were buried. There was a long trench made near where I was wounded and where I suppose Capt. Drips fell, but I do not remember of seeing him among the number.

The next morning I took the captain's pony and rode to the front to see the fight. I got a good position in the main road and in line of the artillery. Sigel was getting in position to shell the rebels. The infantry took position immediately behind the artillery. The guns were elevated high enough so the infantry could move in front and across an open field. On an opposite side were posted the rebels. The terrific effect of our shot and shell partially demoralized them. Then came the time for the infantry men to move, away across the field our infantry went with a shout that could be heard above the thundering of some sixty cannon, belching forth at the same time. The rebels could not stand the storm and away they went which ended the battle of Pea Ridge.

I was informed that quite a number of our company were wounded and began at once to hunt them up. My chum and messmate, Charlie Young, was the first I discovered. He had been shot through both legs and was in the act of crawling away, when some brave rebel emptied a load of buck-shot into his pistol pocket, a part of the contents he carries to this day. He had been with the rebels all night lying with dead and wounded all night on the floor of the Elkhorn tavern. He was very glad to see me and I was very glad to see him. I tried to have him ride my horse but on account of his wounds he could not. I soon found others of the company and it did seem as if every one was hurt somewhere. It was indeed a sorry sight.

There are some of Company A in your midst who could give you a more interesting account of the whole affair. This communication is already too long and in a few words will say when and where I last saw Capt. Kelsey. Of course you all know Capt. Kelsey received a very bad wound in the same battle and went home. He came to us at Vicksburg and led our company in that terrible charge on the 22nd of May. I remember him with uplifted sword as he called us to follow him. It took but a few minutes to get to

the breastworks. Only a few of us got onto the works. They poured a most murderous volley into us just as we reached the slope of the works, killing one hundred and eleven of our regiment, then numbering not more than three hundred and fifty men in line, a great many more were wounded. That was the last I saw of Capt. Kelsey and I was told afterwards that he received a ball in the same old wound that had not healed up, and I remember he was limping at the time. He died blessing the rebels and did not seem to fear death.

The following is clipped from an article read by Sergeant F. J. De Grush at a public meeting held in Maquoketa, March 7th, 1887, at which the swords of Captains Drips and Kelsey were presented to the Grand Army Post of Maquoketa, which was named for Captain A. W. Drips:

Capt. A. W. Drips was the life of his regiment. His experience in the Mexican War, his patriotism, his desire to do his whole duty, and his bravery made him a leader in the councils of staff and line. I remember two instances which euolgize the wearer of that sword equal to hours of praise or pages of paper. At Lebanon, Mo. while in camp for the night and some danger existing of a sudden attack, Capt. Drips called on Col. Vandever and though up all night the night before and tired from the hard day's march his salutation was "Colonel, anything I can do?" Twenty miles west of Wilson's Creek, Mo., while chasing old Pap Prince was the first time Company A was ever drawn up in line of battle. Capt. Drips remarks to us that morning came from the bottom of his noble heart: "Boys, the General commanding has assigned to this company a post of honor. We are the advance of the whole army and much depends on us. If we waver and run there is great danger of its demoralizing the whole command. Be cautious, be cool, but shrink no duty and hold our position at any and all cost."

The last time I saw that sword was on the 22nd of May at Vicksburg during that terrible charge, where the 9th had 112 killed and wounded. Capt. Kelsey was acting as major and his position was with the colors, in the center of the regiment. He fell about the same time as color bearer, Otis Crawford, who it will be remembered by the boys, tore the flag from its staff and secreted it in his bosom, thinking the rebels would not find it on his dead body. Adjutant Granger told me where the Captain lay and taking a stretcher and three men we went over the field and found him. That belt was around the same leg that was wounded at Pea Ridge, the fatal ball having gone through the old wound at right angles, and the condition of the bone showed me that Capt. Kelsey's time was short. The cowardly Rebs. fired at us as we were coming down the hill with the stretcher and shot one of the boys who was assisting me. At the foot of the hill when out of danger, I bade the good man good-bye and turned my attention to others of the wounded. Next sunrise brought the news from the hospital that our gallant captain was mustered out.

The McMeans family will never forget Vicksburg. Andrew was shot and instantly killed and ten minutes after Wilbur was wounded, and we thought mortally. When the sad news came home funeral services were held at Andrew, and while the afflicted parents were returning from church a bolt of lightning killed the father. While preparing for this occasion I have been shown an extract of one of John F. Drips letters to the captain's wife, written at Polk plantation near Helena, Ark., in which he says: "We still read the company paper weekly. We have commenced in it a history of Company A, including a biography of Captain Drips. It is the calculation, if enough of us live to carry it out, to have the history published in fine book form, and out of the remains of the sale remove the remains of the Captain and boys at Pea Ridge, to Iowa and erect a monument. Whether we will live to carry it out or not is more than we can tell. I will enclose some verses Sergeant DeGrush wrote for the Greyhound, a couple of weeks since. Noble hearted John! Death has called home most of the contributors of that Greyhound, and you among the rest lie in the Hospital graveyard at Memphis, Tenn. If the audience will pardon me I will read the verses sent to Mrs. Drips, as some of the boys present tonight may like to hear them.

On Rocky cliffs, in rebel land,
Where naught but forests grow,
There came a fierce and warlike band
With cautious tread and slow.

With savage eye and darkened brow
Proclaiming well their hate;
They aimed the deadly cannons prow,
Nor thought to find its mate.

But see! There comes a chosen few
In Union's proud array,
Whose trust in God full well they knew,
Would help them win the day.

The carnage opens and the hail
Falls thick and fast around;
And o'er their heads the bomb shells sail,
Or bursting shake the ground.

Among the foremost in the fight
Was he who led our clan;
Who called us on to show our might,
Nor flinch a single man.

The first he to raise his voice
Against the Southern mob;
Who seemed to show it as their choice
To murder and to rob.

But ah! A deadly musket ball
Must pierce his manly breast,
And with a kind farewell to all
He sought the soldier's rest.

Tell wife I bless her as I die,
Was last our Captain said;
And soon his noble form did lie
Inanimate and dead.

And now when martial notes do start
Our blood to finger tips,
We don't forget 'twas sad to part
With the hero Captain Drisps.

When the summer of 1862, Jackson county was thrown into a great ferment of patriotic feeling, young men thronged to the recruiting stations in the southeast corner of the county and the other in the west, became A and I of the Twenty-fourth. Then the Clinton county 30th drew into its ranks almost an entire company (all) and several detached squads from Jackson county. But another company in Maquoketa, one in Andrew and one in Bellevue were also soon ready and were all assigned to the 1st or F, I and K of that regiment. Three companies from one county in a regiment, seemed in justice to demand that one, at least, of its field officers should be from that county. Gov. Kirkwood promptly recognized that demand and was not long in choosing a man whose quality and attainments conspicuously pointed him out as fit for high command. He commissioned Hon. Jeremiah W. Jenkins, a prominent lawyer of Maquoketa, recently state senator from Jackson county, Lieutenant of the 1st Iowa Infantry, under date of Sept. 16, 1862.



Colonel Jenkins was born in Warren County, New York, in 1823, was graduated in a state normal school and then studied law and was admitted to the bar in his native state. About 1850 or 1851, he followed to Iowa two uncles, Alex and John, who had become farmers near Maquoketa. Soon after the admission of Iowa as a state about 1847-48, a project was approved by the new legislature to establish three state normal schools, one at Mt. Pleasant, one at Oakeshield, and one at Andrew, Jackson county. It was required that each locality provide the necessary building without expense to the state. A small one story concrete building was erected at Andrew (it was afterwards used as a blacksmith shop but has been demolished) and the school ran for several years, but the promised state aid proved insufficient support and it was abandoned.

To the charge of this school young Jerry Jenkins was called soon after his arrival in the county. I have not been able to ascertain exact dates, but he was teaching there in 1853, and that was not his first year. As early as 1853, however, we find him established in law practice in Maquoketa, and he soon won the reputation of being the leading practitioner there. He had also become an active politician, connecting with the Whig party. In 1852 he received, at the hands of the state convention of his party, the nomination for secretary of state and the voting that year was so close be-

twice the parties that for some days he was reported as elected. The successful democratic candidate was George W. McGary, afterwards member of Congress, (1869 to 1877) from Keokuk and Secretary of War under President Hayes. He received 15,922 votes and Jenkins 15,912.

The first organization of the republican party in Jackson county was when a convention met February 16th, 1856, at the old Third ward school house in Maquoketa. Col. J. W. Jenkins was elected president and J. W. Jenkins was elected for state senator and J. W. Jenkins was elected for major.

Col. J. W. Jenkins, a Soldier and Pioneer.

(Written by Harvey Reid for the Jackson County Veteran Association.)

When the great calls for help to the armies came in the summer of 1865, Jackson county as a part of the loyal North, was thrown into a great ferment of patriotic ardor and excitement and her young men thronged to the recruiting stations in droves. The first companies that filled, one in the southeast corner of the county and the other in the west, became A and I of the Twenty-fourth. Then the Clinton county 26th drew into its ranks almost an entire company (B) and several detached squads from Jackson county. But another company in Maquoketa, one in Andrew and one in Bellevue were also soon ready and were all assigned to the 31st as F, I and K of that regiment. Three companies from one county in a regiment seemed in justice to demand that one, at least, of its field officers should be from that county. Gov. Kirkwood promptly recognized that demand and was not long in choosing a man whose quality and attainments conspicuously pointed him out as fit for high command. He commissioned Hon. Jeremiah W. Jenkins, a prominent lawyer of Maquoketa, recently state senator from Jackson county, Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st Iowa Infantry, under date of Sept. 16, 1862.

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The first organization of the republican party in Jackson county was when a convention met February 16th, 1856, at the old Third ward school house in Maquoketa to nominate delegates to a state convention, and J. W. Jenkins was one of those who officiated. Later in the year he was nominated for state senator and at the state election in August he was successful by a majority of seven votes. although the democrats carried the county at the presidential election in November by 169 majority. The republicans had some aid from the American or "Know Nothing" party.

When Gov. Kirkwood therefore cast about to find a man in Jackson county to honor with a field commission he found to his hand a man whom he knew to have just closed a successful term as state legislator; who was conspicuous for his ardent patriotism and loyalty to the war measures of the administration; and, who, although not a trained soldier, had imbibed much knowledge of military art and routine from the fact that his older brother, Leonidas Jenkins, had been an officer in a New York regiment during the Mexican war and was son-in-law to the distinguished regular, Major General Edwin V. Summer. That the governor's confidence was not misplaced cannot better be told than by quoting from the recent tribute to the Colonel's memory by Capt. Milo P. Smith of Cedar Rapids, an officer in his regiment:

"Col. Jenkins commanded the regiment the most of the time as Col. Smith was on detached service a good deal. Upon the latter's resignation, he was in the early fall of 1864, promoted to the colonelcy. In the assault on the works of Vicksburg on the 22nd of May, 1863, Col. Jenkins was badly wounded in the leg, and when he was able to travel compelled to go home for a while on leave of absence. He returned to take command in the fall of 1863, and marched from Memphis to Chattanooga on the 22nd of November and on the 24th he led his men gallantly through the battle of Lookout Mountain, and on the next day headed the charges on Mission Ridge. When the Atlanta campaign opened the next spring, Jenkins assumed his place with the column, which was projected by General Sherman through Snake Creek Gap, on Resacca under the command of Gen. McPherson. In the first engagement at Resacca the colonel was badly wounded again while accompanying the regiment in a charge on the enemy's works. He was this time struck on the shoulder by a piece of shell. From this wound he never fully recovered. I saw him a few years ago in Kansas City and noticed the droop of the shoulder and he told me it pained him at times yet. Again he was compelled to go to the rear, but courageous as ever he returned to the front as soon as he was able, which was about the time of the fall of Atlanta. He commanded the regiment thence on to the close of the war, and had the pleasure of leading it, not only in the famous march to the sea, but in the grand parade or review at Washington. He made a splendid officer and was a good soldier. He was brave and steady under fire. He had red hair and always wore eye glasses. He had an 'artillery look' as the boys used to say,

when in battle that meant fight. No remaining member of the old 31st will learn of the death of Col. Jenkins without recalling his good qualities as a man, his splendid courage as a soldier, and his gallant leadership of the regiment."

Almost immediately after his muster out, Col. Jenkins removed to Kansas City, where he engaged with success in the practice of his profession. served for a time as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and where he died June 24th, 1903, from the effects of injuries received in an assault by a street robber a few months previous. We claim the Colonel as affiliated with Jackson county veteran organizations, not only from his service with our own companies in the field but also because in 1886 he appeared as one of the speakers at the reunion of the Eastern Iowa Association at Maquoketa; in 1890, he accepted the invitation of A. W. Drips Post at Maquoketa to deliver the address on Memorial day; and again in 1900 he performed like service at the dedication of the soldiers' monument in that city.

VALUABLE RELICS.

J. W. Ellis received from Littleton, Mass., a box containing 26 relics for his historical collection taken from as many historical places. The donor, Mrs. Ella Hildreth, is a cousin of Mrs. Ellis and with her mother and sister visited the Ellis family in the summer of 1904. The grandfather of both Mrs. Hildreth and Mrs. Ellis, Samuel Waldo was first cousin to Waldo Emerson. The following interesting letter explains the various relics contributed.

Littleton, Mass.

Mr. Ellis,

Dear Cousin: I am sending to you the pieces of Historic wood that I wrote you about, I feel that they are hardly worth sending, although nearly all of them came from buildings or places of historic interest. I suppose you have added many new relics to your collection since we were there. I have wished that I had taken notes and a description of some of the things in your collection. I think with notes one can recall what one has seen so much more readily. I saw so many things of interest while out in the west it has been confusing to try and tell what I saw there, but hope to come again and see you all as well as the relics.

We received the book you sent which we all greatly enjoyed reading. You spoke about publishing another book on the same subject if you do hope you will kindly remember to send us one. The early settlers must have passed through many hardships in settling the West, but do not think the country was so hard to bring under cultivation as New England. Go through our New England towns and see the miles of stone walls which the early settlers laid, first digging the stones from the ground, and then laying them into walls to dispose of them, besides this part of the country was nearly all covered with forests, which had to be removed before the land could be cultivated. When I think of the hardships and discouragements that the men and women had in those early days to meet and conquer, I do not wonder that the race became strong in character and frugal in their mode of living. But that old New England type is fast passing away. In the

past 20 or 30 years, we have had such an influx of foreigners and intermarrying as they have, it is hard, especially in the manufacturing cities and larger towns to find a person of genuine Puritan blood. Probably if the west had been discovered and settled first our dear rock bound old New England would have remained barren or nearly so, to this time. Of course for some time to come, at least, this part of the country will remain the manufacturing center but we must look to the west for our food supply.

Sincerely yours,

ETTA L. HILDRETH.

No 1. Piece of wood from Faneul Hall, Boston, Mass; built 1742; burned 1761; rebuilt same year and made fire proof in 1898. It was built by Peter Faneul and presented to the town of Boston for a town hall and called the "Cradle of Liberty," as the first movements which led to the war of the Revolution were inaugurated here.

No. 2. Piece of wood from Jesse Putman house, Danvus, Mass., built 1730. He was a Col. in war of 1812 and a cousin of Isreal Putman.

No. 3. Piece of wood from Isreal Putman house Danvus, Mass., built 1748. The original part built 1648. He fought in the French and Indian war. Took part in the attack on Ticondereoga under Abercrombie. Also took part in the capture of Havanna. In 1762 he fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and in 1777 was appointed to the defense of the Hudson River Highlands. In 1778 he made his famous escape from Tryon's dragoons by riding down a steep pair of stairs, where the British dared not follow.

No. 4. From piece of the new Maine U. S. warship built to take the place of the Maine sunk in Havana harbor.

No.5. From flagstaff Acton monument built to commemorate the memory of the soldiers' of the Revolution, Acton, Mass.

No. 3. From Wright Tavern, Concord, Mass, built 1747. Major Pitcairn stayed at this inn on the morning of the battle of Concord. He stirred his brandy with his bloody fingers saying, "He would thus stir the damned Yankee's blood before night."

No. 7. From church at Temple, New Hampshire, where in 1775 Minister Webster preached. He was informed at the door of his church by a messenger, that he (the messenger) and his company were marching on to Ticonderoga. A Loyalist replied that, "He heard a voice not to respond." Minister Webster said "That voice was from hell, but I hear a voice from Heaven, saying, Boys take those guns and follow me to the front." The next morning Minister Webster with thirty-one men at his command was on his way to Ticonderoga. He died in a short time after this and was buried at Temple, N. H.

No. 8. From home of Asa Pollard first man killed at Bunker Hill. He was killed the night before the battle while at work in the trenches. Col. Prescott said, "He was the first man killed and the only one to be buried that night.

No. 9. From the old South church, Boston, Mass., built 1730. In 1775 it was used as a riding school by the British. In 1877 the sum of \$430,000 was raised to preserve the church to posterity. It contains many rare relics.

No. 10. From U. S. Cruiser, Chicago, where the ancients and honora-
bles of London were received and entertained in 1903.

No. 11. From Dorothy Quincy house, Quincy, Mass., built in 1635. In 1716 the house was raised and enlarged from that time until the present it has remained the same. In the parlor of this house is the wall paper that was brought from Paris for the wedding of Dorothy to John Hancock. Before the wedding day arrived the Revolution broke out, and John Hancock had to flee to keep his head on his shoulders. His Dorothy followed him, first to Lexington and Concord and finally to Fairfield, Conn., where they were married. The house has entertained Presidents John Adams, John Quincy Adams, John Hancock, Judge Sewell, Sir Henry Vane, Benjamin Franklin and Sir Charles Henry Frankland.

No. 12. From Elm on Lexington common where the first blood was shed in the Revolution.

No. 14. From Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Mass., built 1680, and run by some member of the Howe family as an inn for 150 years. The real name of the inn in the long ago days was the "Red Horse Tavern," and it stands in the old town of Ludbury, 30 miles from Boston. It is one of the oldest inns now standing in our country. It is on the old post road between Boston and the Connecticut river, and in the old stage coach days travelers who left Boston in the morning dined at noon at the "Red Horse." Longfellow relates, that his first visit to the inn, he has immortalized in verse, was made under these circumstances. On that 19th day of April, 1775, when the minutemen were marching from Worcester with Timothy Bigelow at their head, stopped here for a brief rest before going on their way.

No. 15. From piece of Ash tree in front of "Old Manse," Concord, Mass., the home of the Emerson family for many years. From the chamber window of this house, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson watched the fight at Concord bridge. On the land belonging to this estate, the three British soldiers that were killed at the bridge were buried. Hawthorne lived here and wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse."

No. 21. From piece of the Walter Kittredge house, author of "Tenting on the old Camp Ground."

No. 22. Nail from old shiphouse Charleston Navy Yard, where the Merrimac and other famous ships were built.

No. 23. From the old office on Bunker Hill, torn down by the B. H. historical society, and a new one built costing \$30,000.

No. 24. From Fort Sewell, Marblehead, Mass., built by the British in 1742.

No. 25. Faulkner house at South Acton. The place was occupied at the time of the Revolution by Col. Francis Faulkner, and he was aroused by Paul Revere, who shouted, "Col. Faulkner, rouse your minutemen, the British are marching on Lexington and Concord." Col. Faulkner fired his gun three times to arouse the neighborhood.

No. 26. From a piece of wood from the home of Capt. Barrett, Concord, Mass., who ordered the attack on the English troops at the bridge.

OLDEST IOWA PIONEER PASSES AWAY.

Joseph McElroy, Who First Came to Iowa in 1837, Dies at
Eighty-two Age.

Through the courtesy of Walter Lambert of the Salem Gazette, we are enabled to produce the following life history with some of Joseph McElroy, one of Iowa's oldest settlers and the first part of the annals of the Jackson County Historical Society:

The death of Joseph McElroy at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Schramling, in this city, Monday morning, marks the passing of Iowa's oldest pioneer, for Mr. McElroy undoubtedly was the first to come to Sabula in 1837, the year in which our little city was laid out by the State. The other sturdy pioneers who braved the winds of virgin Iowa at that early date or within a few years of that time have all passed on to the better world.

Joseph McElroy was born on a farm two miles from the city of Erie, Pa., on September 1, 1815, and at the time of his death he was 80 years, 5 months and 17 days old. He was son of Joseph and Margaret (Dunson) McElroy, natives of Cumberland county, Pa., and his father served as a soldier in the war of 1812. He participated in several of the engagements and was wounded in the battle of Lake Erie, a bullet passing through his liver. Notwithstanding this he became a successful farmer. He had the advanced age of seventy-seven when he came to Iowa. He had seven born thirteen children, of whom the subject of our sketch was the last to pass away, and he was the oldest of the family.

COL. J. W. JENKINS,

From war time photograph in his lieutenant colonel's uniform.

The earlier part of the life of Joseph McElroy was spent in his native country, but in 1837 he decided to go west. He was then far west and set out for the Territory of Iowa. He reached Sabula during that year and spending the country to his home west of the city. He remained in Iowa and returned to this county in 1838 and entered 200 acres of land in Iowa township, west of the town of Sabula. In an exchange afterward with Mr. Grant he came into possession of the quarter section of land which he owned in the time of his death. When gold was discovered in California, Mr. McElroy and a number of other Sabula men organized a party and in 1849 made the hazardous overland trip to that state and engaged in mining until 1852, when they returned to their homes. The return trip was made by way of the Pacific ocean, crossing the Isthmus of Panama and the Gulf of Mexico and up the Mississippi river to St. Louis.

OLDEST IOWA PIONEER PASSES AWAY.

Joseph McElroy, Who First Came to Iowa in 1837, Dies at Ripe Old Age.

Through the courtesy of Editor Lambert of the Sabula Gazette, we are enabled to produce the following life history, with cut, of Joseph McElroy one of Iowa's oldest settlers, and to be made a part of the annals of the Jackson County Historical Society:

The death of Joseph McElroy at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Schramling, in this city, Monday morning, marks the passing of Iowa's oldest pioneer, for such Mr. McElroy undoubtedly was having come to Sabula in 1837, the year that our little city was laid out in town lots. The other sturdy pioneers who braved the wilds of virgin Iowa at that early date or within, we dare say, five years of that time have all passed to the better world.

Joseph McElroy was born on a farm two miles from the city of Erie, Pa., on September 2, 1815, and at the time of his death was 90 years, 5 months and 17 days old. He was a son of Hugh and Margaret (Duncan) McElroy, natives of Cumberland county, Pa., and his father served as a soldier in the war of 1812. He participated in several active engagements and was wounded at the battle of Lundy's Lane, a ball passing through his liver. Notwithstanding this fact he recovered and lived to the advanced age of seventy-three years. To him and his excellent wife were born thirteen children, of whom the subject of our sketch was the last to pass away, and he was the eldest of the family.

The earlier years of Joseph McElroy's life were spent in his native country, but in 1837 he decided to investigate the then far west and set out for the Territory of Iowa. He reached Sabula during that year and finding the country to his liking went back to Pennsylvania for his folks and returned to this county in 1838 and entered 200 acres of land in Iowa township, west of the town of Sabula. In an exchange afterward with Mr. Grant he came into possession of the quarter section of land which he owned to the time of his death. When gold was discovered in California, Mr. McElroy and a number of other Sabula men organized a party and in 1849 made the hazardous overland trip to that state and engaged in mining until 1852, when they returned to their homes. The return trip was made by way of the Pacific ocean, crossing the isthmus of Panama and the Gulf of Mexico and up the Mississippi river to St. Louis.

On Sept. 22, 1853, he took unto himself a wife and helpmate, Mrs. Mary A. Winsor, a daughter of G. Gilroy, then a resident of Jackson county. The fruit of this union were four children. They are George, of Malvern; Margaret, who died in infancy; Mrs. J. F. Schramling, of this city, and Joseph, of Norris, Montana. Three step-children who were reared to manhood and womanhood by the deceased, also survive him—Mrs. G. A. Buzza, of Marion; Mrs. G. A. Hatheway, of Magnet, Neb., and Wm. Winsor. The esteemed wife and mother passed away on November 1, 1872, and soon afterward Mr. McElroy moved to a home he purchased in town, where he lived until the past few years when he has made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Schramling.

At the time of the rush to Pike's Peak, about the year 1849, Mr. McElroy and Clarke Cook (deceased) started for Colorado, but after getting as far as the Platte river returned. Of the Sabula party of 'Forty-niners,' Mr. McElroy was the last survivor and he was also the last original member of the Sabula Pioneers' Association to pass away. This association was formed on Nov. 22, 1872, by J. G. Sugg, E. A. Wood, James Murphy, J. S. Dominy, George Canfield, Robt. C. Westbrook, Royal L. Westbrook, Jos. McElroy, John Scarborough and Oliver Emerson. All of these gentlemen with the exception of Joseph McElroy passed away over ten years ago. The latter was always a familiar figure at the annual picnics of this association until the last one held when he was confined to his bed in his last sickness, the general breaking down caused by old age. On this occasion several of the older settlers called and spent a short time visiting with him and the parting of these old friends of the early days was a very pathetic one.

For the past three years Mr. McElroy has felt the weight of years and his health gradually failed until last February he was obliged to take to his bed and although his condition varied from better to worse it could be seen by those around him that he was gradually nearing the close of a well spent life. Sunday he conversed with the family and appeared brighter than usual, but at 6:25 the end came and his last moments were marked with peace and contentment and thus he passed away.

Eulogies to the life and character of this "grand old man" are needless: he was here before any of us and his life is like an open book, one with pages white and clear. He was not a member of any church, but in religious views was a Universalist, believing in the free and universal salvation of all. He was honest in all his dealings and treated all of his fellow men as he would be done by. His company was greatly enjoyed by both old and young and he could tell many stories of pioneer life in this town when it was known as Carrolport, then Charleston and later Sabula.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon and were conducted by Rev. T. H. Sheckler of Marble Rock, former pastor of the church here. A large number of friends gathered to pay their last respects, among them being Henry Seeman, of Spragueville, and Geo. Helfert, of Almont, old pioneer friends of the deceased. The remains were laid to rest in Evergreen cemetery.

Who was First White Child?

L. H. Steen, of this city, has the distinction of being the first white child born in Jackson county, having first seen the light of day in this village the 27th day of February, 1838. Mr. Steen believes that he may also have been the first white child born in Iowa, at any rate the matter would be worthy of investigation and the facts would prove of historical value. Now brother editors if there are any early, real early, natives in your parts kindly publish the dates that an important item in the early history of Iowa may be furnished.—Sabula Gazette.

Came to Iowa in 1835.

We were evidently at error in stating in the obituary of Jos. McElroy that he was the earliest pioneer of the state at the time he passed away, for Ramey Kindred informs us that he first came into what is now the state of Iowa on October 10th, 1835. Mr. Kindred's father was born in Tennessee and his mother was a native of Kentucky. Shortly before Mr. Kindred's birth his parents started north and upon reaching Indiana settled there for a short time. Here Ramey Kindred was born and when he was but a babe the parents proceeded westward, crossing the Mississippi river at Burlington on October 10th, 1835. Iowa was then known as Black Hawk territory. The Kindred family afterward went to Galena, then to Bellevue and came to Sabula in 1840 and since that year Mr. Kindred has been a resident of this city for the greater part of the time.—Sabula Gazette.



Mr. Belling was born in the town of New Orleans, La., on Nov. 2, 1813, and at the age of 15 came to this country with his parents, landing at New Orleans in the fall of 1828 and moving to Galena in the spring of the next year and from there the family moved to a farm about four miles north of the present site of this city. Mr. Belling's father passed away in 1830. In the same year Mr. Belling moved into Bellevue and engaged in the mercantile business and followed this for some years, after which he took the contract for building seven miles of track for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad between Dubuque and Clinton, and for six years after that served and operated the stations, being in the river freight business and

CELEBRATED SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. Arnold Reiling and Wife Married Over Half a Century. Two of Jackson County's Earliest Pioneers.

The following article of Mr. and Mrs. A. Reiling of Bellevue, with cuts, is furnished to the Sentinel through the courtesy of Publisher Brandt of the Bellevue Herald, and to be made a part of the annals of the Jackson County Historical Society:

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Reiling, of this city, celebrated the 60th anniversary of their marriage at their home last Saturday, Feb. 10. Silver weddings are rarity, golden weddings still more so and it is but seldom that we read of a couple rounding out three score years of married life, and this fact makes the anniversary celebrated by our esteemed fellow townsman and his worthy wife of more than passing interest. Owing to various circumstances over which the parties most concerned had no control it was impossible for all the children who are not residents of this city to be present, but all who were not here sent their congratulations in the form of telegrams which reached here on the day of the celebration. Herman Reiling of Denver was here, and with the children who live here and the grand children made up a very pleasant party. Those present were Mrs. Christina Weber and daughter, May, Benjamin Reiling, wife and children, Arnold Weber and wife, and Phil Weber and wife. Among the presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Reiling was a beautiful Morris chair presented by the grandchildren. This chair has been placed in Mr. Reiling's favorite corner in the library and will serve to keep in his mind the love and respect which the younger generation have for him.

Mr. Reiling was born in the Kingdom of Hanover, Nov. 2, 1823 and at the age of 15 came to this country with his parents, landing at New Orleans in the fall of 1838 and moving to Galena in March of the next year and from there the family moved to a farm about four miles north of the present site of this city. Mr. Reiling's father passed away in 1859. In this same year Mr. Reiling moved into Bellevue and engaged in the mercantile business and followed this for some years, after which he took the contract for building seven miles of track for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad between Dubuque and Clinton, and for six years after that owned and operated the steamer, Reiling, in the river freight business and

finally became interested in the milling business in this city and for a time the company of which he was a member controlled all the flour milling in this section of the state. Mr. Reiling still owns the mill property, but it is not operated on such an extensive scale as in years past.

Mr. Reiling has served a number of terms as a member of the city council and was for two years mayor of Bellevue, and has the honor of being the first county commissioner elected from the township of Tete des Morts. He has always been an ardent supporter of the principles of the Democratic party and has no small part in the political affairs of the county. The marriage of Mr. Reiling to Miss Mary Havemeyer was solemnized at Galena on the 10th day of February, 1846, and to this union nine children were born, Mrs. Christina Weber, of Bellevue; Herman Reiling of Denver; Mrs. Regina Reilly of Wichita, Kansas, Benjamin Reiling, of Bellevue and Anna and Amelia who are both living at home. Three have passed to the Great Beyond.

Mr. Reiling has made a success of life: there is no more to say; in all that he has done he has had the support and help of a faithful wife who has helped him fight his battles, comforted him when the world seemed to go wrong and rejoiced with him in his successes. It is the wish of the Herald and a host of friends that this worthy couple may live to enjoy many anniversaries of the same character as the one just passed.



MR. ARNOLD REILING



MRS. ARNOLD REILING.

Sketch of Anson H. Wilson, the Oldest Pioneer Now Living in this Locality, Who Came Here as a Full Grown Man in the Thirties.

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ells, Curator)

Anson H. Wilson was born May 27th, 1816, near Niagara Falls on the Canadian side on a farm rented and occupied by his father for one season. The next spring after his birth the family moved back to the old homestead in Crowland township, Lincoln county, now Ontario, where young Anson grew up to manhood working on the farm in the summer and attending school in winter. In 1835 he traveled quite extensively in Michigan, being very favorably impressed with that country, returning home where he remained until June, 1838, when General Chandler came to him one day and asked him to drive him to Point Ebino. Mr. Wilson consented to do so and on the way the General told him that they (meaning himself and men) would attack St. John's on Friday of that week.

There was a company of Lancers stationed at St. John's whose tyranny, abuse and brutality had caused a revolt among the people who determined to fall upon them and crush them, and while Mr. Wilson heartily sympathized with the people in their desire for revenge on the brutal military, he had had all the military experience he wanted and made up his mind to go back to Michigan, and told his father that he would start next day. His father fully approved of his plans, but Mahlon Brookfield and Ira Stimson, who were present, said if he would wait another day they would go with him. This he assented to, and the three young men set out with a two horse team and wagon, crossed the St. Lawrence at Black Rock Ferry, went to Buffalo and from there to Michigan overland through the states of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, striking the Maumee river at Perrysburg and crossing over to Maumee city and from there to Toledo, at which place they parted company, Brookfield and Stimson securing employment there, and Mr. Wilson went to Kalamazoo county, where he remained until the next February when he was joined at Niles by his brothers Jesse, Wm., Mark and Joe Current, and the five young men made arrangement for a trip to the great west in search of a suitable location where they had their ideals. They wanted to find good farming land with good water and convenient to good timber and building stone.

Starting on the 6th day of April, 1839, they traveled on foot taking with them a horse on which they carried their baggage. They explored pretty thoroughly Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, a large portion of the country

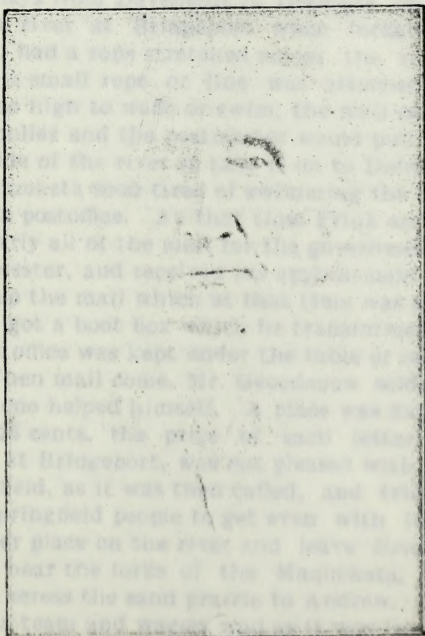
through which they passed being trackless prairie or tangled forest, swimming or wading the rivers, and experiencing almost incredible hardships and dangers. Arriving at Savanna on the east bank of the Mississippi they determined to cross over into the territory of Iowa. The ferry boat was out of repair but the ferry man told them that if they could get their horse in to his skiff he would set them across. The horse went into the boat all right and it fell to Anse to sit in the bow of the boat and hold the horse to keep him quiet, while the boat was being propelled across the stream, as any movement of the horse would be liable to capsize the boat. They landed safely and the ferryman went back after the remainder of the party and the baggage, and when all was safely over they started for the interior. Arriving at Deep Creek they found the stream quite deep and no bridge and their horse objected to enter the water. However they secured a stout pole and with their united strength forced the animal into the stream with Jesse Wilson on his back. Both horse and rider sank out of sight, but soon came up and made for the other bank, and the other men who had crossed on a log put a rope around the neck of the horse and pulled him out of the water and struck out in a westerly direction bringing up at the present site of Maquoketa, which at that time, was marked only by the log cabin of John E. Goodenow. After a journey of more than fifteen hundred miles, occupying sixty days of continuous travel, here the party found exactly what they were looking for, beautiful prairie land adjacent to a heavy body of timber with an abundance of pure water and fine quarries of building and lime stone.

Mr. Wilson first found employment with Mr. Goodenow but soon found a tract of land nearby that had not been claimed and on this he settled and built for himself a substantial and comfortable home in which he has resided up to the present time. Mr. Wilson always practiced rigid economy in business matters and was opposed to display and extravagance in any form. This trait in his character was strongly exemplified in his old age. In the spring of 1842 he was hauling rails from his timber land to his farm and on one occasion when passing through what was known as Montgomery's grove, he pulled up a small cherry sprout by the roots and laid it on his load and when he reached home handed it to his wife and asked her to plant it and they would raise their own cherries and have cherry bounce. The good woman planted the tiny tree which grew wonderfully thrifty, and in time bore large quantities of cherries, although the hand that planted the tree never was permitted to pick any of its fruit. In 1895 the sprout had grown to be quite a large tree and Mr. Wilson had it cut down and its body taken to the saw mill and sawed into boards, some of which were sixteen inches wide and took them home and put them in a dry place until thoroughly seasoned and in 1897, took them to a planing mill and had them dressed after which he took them to Reuben Kauffman's shop and had them converted into a beautiful casket which he brought home when completed. He then purchased of Sutherland & Tubbs sufficient Red Cedar lumber at the rate of \$85.00 per thousand to make an outside case. When the case was made and the casket lined and all completed he had a burial casket fit for a king, and the entire expense for material and work was only \$11.35. This

casket is now carefully stored away to be used when Mr. Wilson is summoned.

During his military experience which was very irksome he did a great deal of thinking and formed certain resolutions which governed his conduct throughout life. He resolved to obey the Lord's commands by earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, working six days in each week and resting on the seventh, to treat all men as he would like to be treated and keep out of debt. It is his boast late in life that he has never had tobacco in any form in his mouth, never paid a cent of interest on his own account, and never was dunned for a bill or debt of his own making. In his home life he is noted for benevolence and hospitality and admired for his sterling honesty and integrity and his well known disposition to attend strictly to his own affairs and avoid interfering with the affairs of his neighbors.

On Dec. 3rd, 1904, he sent for his old friend, J. W. Ellis, and made him acquainted with his wishes in regard to his funeral obsequies. He appointed his pall bearers whose consent he had obtained to act in that capacity, and insisted that his body be taken to the cemetery in a wagon and that his pall bearers ride in a wagon, thereby exemplifying that simplicity of character and avoidance of display and extravagance for which he has always been noted.



ANSON H. WILSON.

Age, 90 Years.

Reminiscences of Anson H. Wilson.

The first sheriff of the county was W. A. Warren, who was also assessor and tax collector. In those days money was a scarce article, and furs of most any kind was legal tender. The collector would take furs for taxes and make change in furs. For instance if a man had an otter skin it was often worth more than the taxes amounted to and he would change back in coon skins or skins of some animal less valuable than otter skins. Not only taxes was paid in pelts, but they were the medium of exchange in nearly all deals except with Uncle Sam. Coon skins would not pay postage.

The first post office in this locality was at Bridgeport, and of course the people of the Maquoketa settlement had to cross the river to get their mail, which was sometimes a hard proposition. The ford was never good by any means, and a slight rise in the river made fording impossible. The mail was carried in those days from Davenport to Dubuque on horseback. The carrier would ford the river at Bridgeport when fordable, and John B. Doan, the postmaster, had a rope stretched across the river to which he attached a pulley and a small rope or line was attached to this pulley. When the river was too high to wade or swim, the mail carrier would fasten the mail sack to the pulley and the postmaster would pull it over and get some one from that side of the river to take it on to Dubuque.

The people of Maquoketa soon tired of swimming the river for mail and set to work to secure a postoffice. At that time Frink and Walker had contracts for carrying nearly all of the mail for the government. J. E. Goode now was elected postmaster, and received his appointment in due time, but he had no place to keep the mail which at that time was not extensive. He went to Dubuque and got a boot box which he transformed into post office fixtures, and said post office was kept under the table or under the bed to be out of the way. When mail come, Mr. Goode now seldom had time to look it over and each one helped himself. A place was fixed in one corner of the box where the 25 cents, the price of each letter, was deposited. Doan, the postmaster at Bridgeport, was not pleased with the prospects for a post office at Springfield, as it was then called, and tried to injure the coming town. The Springfield people to get even with him concluded to build a ferry at another place on the river and leave Bridgeport out, and they did make a ferry near the forks of the Maquoketa, and operated it free, and made a road across the sand prairie to Andrew. A boat was made large enough to carry a team and wagon, and as it was free, of course each man done his own ferrying. Ropes were fixed so it could be pulled back and forth, and the work and expense of making the ferry and road was all by voluntary contributions. An Irishman, who helped cut out the road

to Andrew, remarked that he always considered himself half way when he got to Andrew, even if he was going to Ireland.

A couple of neighbors fell out about something in a business way, and could not come to an agreement, and as the amount in dispute was not sufficient to hire a lawyer, it was agreed to leave the matter in dispute with Squire Clark, and abide by his decision. The squire decided that one of the parties should pay the other a certain amount of corn, and the case was referred to for years afterwards as Clark's corn case.

The first convention held in the county to nominate officers was held by the side of the road between Andrew and Cottonville. There was not material enough out of which to make up two tickets, and it was decided that as each was named he should announce his politics. W. A. Warren was nominated for sheriff and said he was a Whig. Uncle Tommy Wright was named for recorder, and declared himself to be a Jeffersonian Democrat. Some were Jackson Democrats, and of course all who were nominated were elected for the reason that there was no opposition at the election.

The first 4th of July I spent in Maquoketa was in 1839, and I was the only human being in the place on that day. Lorenzo Spalding was married on that day to a lady living near the four corners, now Emeline, and Mr. Goodenow, Mr. Nims and wife, and Lyman Bates left early in the morning for the wedding and I was left to look after the cabin. As the party had to go to Canton to cross the river they started early and came home late. I did not see a human being that day.

The next 4th of July, 1840, we had gained some in population, and we concluded to at least remember the day. We got Amasa Nims team and gathered up a load of settlers, taking provision along for our dinner, and started south over the beautiful prairie country which at that time was a veritable flower garden. We stopped at a spring about noon, ate our dinner and picked flowers, and enjoyed the day very much.

The next 4th of July, 1841, was a day long to be remembered by the settlers in the Maquoketa valley. Uncle Tommy Wright and I had talked about how we could get up a celebration, and finally concluded that if we could get Scott Kirkpatrick to make the oration we could manage the rest of it. We saw Kirkpatrick and he readily consented and thought it would be a good thing for the country to get the people together and have them get acquainted with each other. After deciding to celebrate, the next thing of importance was a flag. I went to Dubuque and got some white cotton cloth and some blue cotton cloth and some red paint, to make the strips with and Uncle Tommy Wright and I cut it out and Aunt Rachael Wright sewed it together and we had a pretty respectful flag. That was the first flag ever raised in the Maquoketa valley. We now had our orator and flag, and we sent out word through the country that we were going to celebrate, and called a meeting at Fred Mallard's to formulate plans and make arrangements. At that meeting Joe Brown volunteered to read the Declaration of Independence, William Y. Earle agreed to play the fife, Jason Pangborn to beat the snare drum and Ben Hanson the bass drum. Larentus Adolphus Ferdinand Corbin was elected marshal of the day, and Jonas Clark was selected as chairman and toast master. We set a day that we

would meet and put up a bowery, but when we got the frame up we found that no arrangements had been made for lumber for seats and tables, so we got teams and went to Canton and got planks for seats and tables, and unloaded it at the bowery. We had also built a place for the storage of the provisions. On the 3rd of July we met again and covered the bowery with brush and got a liberty pole and made seats and tables. We got a very nice hickory pole, drew it to the place where we were to raise it, dug a pit to set it in, but did not raise it that day. On the morning of the 4th we met again to raise our liberty pole, had our flag ready, but when we tried to raise the pole, we found that some one had bored it through with an auger near the middle and ruined it. We were determined to raise a liberty pole and Henry Mallard started after his oxen and some of us took our axes and went to the woods for another pole. We found a white oak that would answer our purpose and by the time we had it trimmed up, Mallard was there with his oxen and we hitched the cattle to the pole, and then some of us got after them cattle and we made them make pretty good time to the bowery, and soon had our pole up and flag flying, and I never saw a fairer day. The people came from far and near, the crowd being much larger than we expected. When the hour arrived, the marshal formed a grand procession, headed by the fife and drums, and after a brief march, brought up at the bowery and was called to order by Jonas Clark, who introduced Joe Brown, who read the Declaration of Independence in a highly creditable manner; Scott Kirkpatrick was introduced as the orator of the day and talked for two hours, taking for his subject, the Declaration of Independence, and a finer address was never made in the Maquoketa Valley. After the speaking was over the ladies brought out the baskets, and loaded the tables with the best the country afforded, and we enjoyed the day as only pioneers can enjoy an occasion of that kind. After the banquet, the toast master, Clark, called for toasts, one for each of the original 13 states or colonies and after each toast Clark would call for so many cheers, either from the drum corps or audience. Nearly every one present had an opportunity to give a toast and a good many responded. Finally Squire Harris suggested that some one should give a toast to the man that bored the liberty pole and he, Harris, was elected to give the toast, he raised his glass and said, if he is as black outside as he is within, and his hair is as black and as curly as mine, he will pass for a native of Africa. That wound up the first 4th of July celebration. Many of us met for the first time that day and some of us formed acquaintances that ripened into friendship, which lasted through life.

Our next 4th of July celebration was held where the High School building now stands and the officers were the same as on the previous year.

The next was held on Ira Stimpson's land where William Bodkin now lives and our officers were the same, except that Ira Stimpson was our marshal. The program was about the same as the preceding celebrations.

In 1844, Shade Burleson built a barn and got a roof on and floor laid in time for us to celebrate there. Zal. Livermore had been to Bellevue and had heard that there was a fine flag there that could be got cheap and the people chipped in and raised money and bought it. That flag was used at Burlesons and I don't know what become of the flag that Uncle Tommy

Wright and I made. At this celebration Zal. Livermore was marshal and a man from Dubuque assisted our orator and made a fine speech.

Another notable celebration was held at A. H. Wilson's. He had built a large barn, in which was a matched floor where nine sets could dance at one time. There were 2,000 people attended this celebration and 129 numbers issued to dancers. Dancing kept up all night and large tables were placed in the basement loaded with edibles which all had access to.

Anson H. Wilson tells an interesting incident, illustrating some of the difficulties experienced in the early days. It is about his first letter. He heard there was a letter at the Bridgeport post office for him, and he set out on foot for Bridgeport. It was late in the fall and he found a thin crust of ice along the bank of the river and the water looked cold indeed to the young man, but he was bound to have that letter and taking off his clothes and making them into as small a bundle as possible, he fastened them to his head and plunged into the water and swam and waded to the other shore, dressed himself and went to the post office and demanded his letter. But there was further trouble in store for him, for there was a charge of 25 cents for additional postage on the letter and 25 cents he did not have. The letter was from Canada and it cost 25 cents to send a letter to any part of the United States and an additional 25 cents to Canada. For instance, if he wrote to his folks in Canada, it cost him 25 cents to mail it and his folks had to pay 25 cents to get it out of the office; if his friends in Canada wrote to him it cost them 25 cents to start it and him 25 cents to get it from the office, in other words it cost \$1.00 to write home and get an answer. Mr. Wilson could not raise the money nor could he trade his coon skin cap as he offered to, and had to go back without his letter. He went to his friend Goodenow, nor could he help him, for reason that he had no money. Mr. Wilson then went to Shade Burleson, worked two days, took his pay in corn, sold the corn to the miller and got money to pay postage on his letter.

Mr. Wilson says while staying with J. E. Goodenow, the first year I came here, I was taken very sick with fever. A Mr. Dunham, commonly known as Hog Dunham, with whom I had become acquainted, heard of my sickness and came to see me. After looking me over for some time, he said, "Ance, you are going to die sure as hell, would you like to die comfortably?" I said yes, if I have to die I would like to die comfortably. He got some cold water, gave me all I could drink and poured cold water all over me, and he and Mark Current began rubbing me and rubbed me until I fairly shone, and in three days after the cold water treatment, they had me so I could ride horseback. I have always felt that Dunham saved my life.

While batching on his claim in the early days, Mr. Wilson says he got awful hungry for meat and with one of his neighbors concluded to go and see Hog Dunham, who then lived near Canton and try and induce him to kill a hog. They started out with a team of horses, Ance had the ague and had to shake every forenoon and the neighbor shook every afternoon. About the usual time Ance began shaking and shook so hard the other man had to take the lines and drive, when Ance had about had his shake out, the other man began shaking and the lines were turned over to Ance. When they came to Mineral Creek, the banks were high and the water and mud

pretty deep; they forced the horses down the bank and the wagon came down on top of them. Ance fell across a horse and the box on top of him and the other man was floundering in the water. They got the wagon righted and led the horses to where they could get up the banks, but were in a sad plight, shaking with ague and saturated with cold water, they made their way to Dunham's without further mishaps and were heartily welcomed. Mr. Dunham readily agreed to kill a hog for them. The hogs were running the woods. Next morning Mr. Dunham got his old horse, Salem, and was getting ready to go after the hogs, when Ance offered to go with him, but Mr. Dunham told him no, if he went they would see no hogs, but he stationed them in a clump of bushes with a gun and told them to keep perfectly quiet, and he would bring the hogs past where they were concealed, and point out the one he wanted them to shoot, and he rode off calling his hogs, after an hour's waiting they heard Dunham coming and he was followed by swarms of hogs, as they passed the concealed men Dunham pointed out the hog to kill and it was shot in the eye and never squealed. A rope was fastened to it and it was pulled out of sight without alarming the herd. Ance says that while the hogs were as wild as any wild hogs, they would follow Dunham anywhere. The hog was dressed and hung up in a cool place, and then Dunham asked Ance to go with him after some bees that he had previously captured. Ance objected on the ground that bees had a particular spite at him and that he never could go near bees without getting stung. Dunham promised to secure the bees so they would not hurt him and they went out on horse back, their route being through heavy timber and over hills and hollows, to the place where the bees had been hived. There were two swarms in gums or hives made from hollow trees. Dunham had taken quilts with him to secure the bees with. He spread a quilt on the ground, placed a gum or hive on it and pulled the quilt up over the top fastening it so the bees could not get out. After securing the bees, one hive was handed up to Ance, the other Dunham took up in front of him on Salem, and they started for home. The night was extremely dark and it was a hard problem to make their way through the forest. Ance said he noticed Dunham keep slapping Salem, first on one ear and then on the other, he asked him what he done that for. Well, said he, Salem knows the way home better than I do and I am slapping him to make him go home. They reached home in safety with the bees and had a bountiful supply of fresh meat, which was a great treat to Ance. Next morning, Dunham split the hog from nose to tail and gave Ance and his neighbor half of it to take home and of course they lived high while it lasted. Dunham was a widower and had four children. He got acquainted and made arrangements to marry a widow in Fulton, Ill., who had four children. On his way to Fulton to get married he stopped with Mr. Wilson and stayed over night; as stated previously Dunham had a bad habit about scratching, but he had a worse habit still, that of talking in his sleep. Ance said to him next morning, "Dunham, you had better stay at Lyons tonight and cross over tomorrow and get married, and then you will be sure of your wife, but if she ever hears you talk in your sleep as you did last night before you are married, you will lose her." Dunham took the advice and secured the widow. A lady some-

time after asked him how many children he had, he said, I have four and my wife has four and we have one that belongs to both of us. The lady was somewhat puzzled, but an explanation set things right.

The first grist mill in Maquoketa Valley was built in Maquoketa and operated by horse power. The mill was afterwards set up on Mill creek and was sold to a man by the name of Doolittle, and Levi Decker was the miller. In 1839 or 1840, Ben Hansen took a half bushel of corn to the mill to have ground, but the capacity of the mill was very limited and Hansen could not get his grist the same day. The next Sunday, he went back and Abb Montgomery, a neighbor, went with him. The mill was found to be locked and Hansen was for returning home without the meal, but Montgomery insisted there was no use in doing that. The log mill was built upon stone corners and piers four or five feet from the ground and only a small portion of flooring was laid. Montgomery crawled under and got the meal. When Decker came to the mill he missed the meal and on making inquiries he learned that Hansen and Montgomery had taken it out. He swore out a warrant from Squire Clark and gave it to Lyman Bates for the arrest of Montgomery. Bates made the arrest, but there was no jail and it was an important question what to do with the prisoner, but Montgomery promised to be on hand at the time set for the trial and was allowed to go home. Decker had retained as council, Platt Smith, the only lawyer in the locality. When the day arrived for the hearing of the case the prisoner came and surrendered himself to the constable, but in the meantime the friends of Hansen and Montgomery had held a conference and decided on a line of action. A little man by the name of Smith was staying with Montgomery, who would seem to have been one of the leaders of the conference. he said I am the smallest man on our side, Platt Smith is the largest man on the other side, when the candle is blown out I will take care of Platt Smith and each of you pick your man. When they came to Squire Clark's place the Squire was posted to get under the bed when the trouble commenced. Platt Smith opened the case and described in his own inimitable manner the terrible crime which had been committed in breaking and entering the mill. As Montgomery had no lawyer, Shade Burleson undertook to defend him. he explained the condition of the mill and showed it was not necessary to break in the mill as they could reach in and get the sack without entering the door. All the time during Burleson's talk, Smith kept interrupting him saying this was not law or that was not law. Little Smith, who had tied his handkerchief around his waist and rolled up his sleeves to his elbows, stepped up to the lawyer and informed him that if he interrupted Burleson again he, Smith, would break his jaw. The atmosphere was getting warmer in the Squire's office all the time until finally the candle was blown out, the Squire went under the bed and the plaintiff's party was routed and the case of the United States vs. Montgomery was never brought up again. This was the second law suit held in Maquoketa Valley.

A. H. Wilson says the first settlers of the Maquoketa Valley experienced great difficulty in getting plows that would scour in the black loam of the Maquoketa Valley. In 1840, he and Mr. Jasen Pangborn went to Dubuque and found a man making plows that they thought would work all right in

the valley. They bought one for a model and came home and went to manufacturing plows, Wilson doing the wood work and Pangborn the ironing. The plows worked to perfection and Mr. Wilson says there was never greater cause for rejoicing than when they turned out the first plow that would scour in the rich bottom of the Maquoketa.

(Written by J. W. Ellis, August 16th, 1904.)

Anson H. Wilson, the oldest pioneer of the Maquoketa Valley, who came here of his own accord, was in town today, looking hale and hearty for a man of 89 years. Mr. Wilson remarked: 'It is 65 years ago tonight since I slept in the wildest bed I ever saw. It was in the then new capitol of Iowa Territory, at Iowa City. I had the honor of holding an end gate to a wagon for Governor Lucas to write his proclamation on, announcing terms of sale of lots in the new capital. There was no table convenient so I took the end gate of a wagon and resting one end on the wagon I held the other while the Governor wrote with a red lead pencil. Colonel Thomas Cox and J. G. McDonald, of Jackson County, were surveying the new town site at the time. I started for Iowa City on foot, on the 11th of August, 1839, reaching my destination on the 16th. The first day I got to the Wapise, after dark, at a point opposite the present site of Massilon. There was a cabin on the opposite side of the river, but the river was up and I was afraid to try to swim over in the dark, so I put up for the night on the body of a fallen tree, and next morning swam over, got my breakfast and a lunch to take along. My next stop was at a cabin at Onion Grove. The family had been there only two weeks and had not completed their cabin. It was without floor or window, but I was heartily welcomed to such fare as they had. My next stop was at a cabin at Oak Grove, eighteen miles from Onion Grove, where a man by the name of Dallas lived. He had got quite a start and had cows, milk, butter and potatoes, and here I got my first drink of buttermilk in the Territory of Iowa. I went from there to Washington Ferry on Cedar river, found the skow on the other side and the ferryman shaking with the ague, so I could get no help to cross from him. While I waited, a man came along with a team that wanted to get across. We concluded to make his wagon answer the purpose of a boat. We tied the box to the running gears and swam the team across, then I went on to within five miles of Iowa City, and stopped with two boys who had been there but a short time and had a very small cabin only partly built. I spent the night with them, partaking of such fare as they had and next morning completed my journey, arriving at my destination about 10 a. m.

The father of John P. Irish had made arrangements to take care of the people who came and he fed them well for so new a country. A bed had been provided by sewing together a good many cotton ticks and a bolster stuffed with prairie hay. The full length of the bed answered for a pillow. The quilts were fastened together and reached the full length or width of the bed. Nails were driven into the wall to hang clothes on, and each one hung his clothes on at the place where he crawled into bed. 60 slept in this wonderful bed, others slept in wagon and some stayed up and played cards all night.

I did not meet a person on the route to the new capital, and the man I crossed Cedar river with, was the only human being I saw enroute except those at the five-mile cabin above referred to. There was not a bridge, and the only ferries on the route were an old scow on the Cedar and an old basswood log used for a ferry at the Wapsie. Walking was bad and twenty-four hours of the time while going I had but one meal, and that was sweetened water and corn meal. The settlers on the route were very hospitable and gave me something to take along, but I could not well carry mush and sweetened water.

Mr. Wilson has lived on the same farm since 1839, is tall and straight as an Indian and has been an active business man all his life. Coming to this country in 1839 a full grown man with more than average skill and ability and with a wonderful memory. He knows more of the early days of Iowa than any other man living. He receives marked attention when he comes to town dressed in the style of 60 years ago and wearing coat and vest buttons that he bought in 1842. Uncle Ans. will be greatly missed when he is gone.

Capt. W. L. Clark Earliest Pioneer.

Mr. James Ellis, Curator of the Jackson County Historical Society.

Dear Sir:

I see by an account in the Sabula Gazette of the death recently of Joseph McElroy, who came there in 1837. The Gazette claimed Mr. McElroy was at the time of his death the earliest pioneer of the State. The Gazette corrects itself by stating that Ramey Kindred informed the Gazette he came to Iowa as a babe, Oct. 10, 1835, evidently the Gazette should correct itself again, the woods are full of those who came here in 1837. Charles Burleson of Nashville, F. V. Burleson of Buckhorn, and their brother Wm., lately moved to California, came here the spring of 1837. Captain W. L. Clark of Buffalo, Iowa, came there when a young man with his father in 1833 and still resides on the claim his father took near where Buffalo is, over seventy-two years ago. Capt. W. L. Clark as a young boy came with his father's family to Rock Island in 1828, when there was no other whites there except soldiers and George Davenport the Indian trader, afterwards called Col. Davenport and killed at his home on the island July 7th 1845. For proof of this I refer you to Capt. Clark of Buffalo, who yet lives, or did six months ago and I am sure he yet does as I am a daily reader of the Davenport Democrat and surely would have noticed the death of so prominent a pioneer. For further proof the Democrat has on file mention of him in its souvenir edition of Oct. 22, 1905, also in an issue of the Democrat of 1904 (have forgotten the date) an address of W. L. Clark, delivered before some club at Andalusia near Rock Island in which is an extended account of the Clark family and early history of that country. The Democrat also has a cut of Capt. W. L. Clark. Got any earlier hunt 'em' up.

Yours truly,

FARMER BUCKHORN.

The Country's Territorial Pioneers. Shadarac Burleson and Some of the Incidents in His Life.

(Written by Farmer Buckhorn for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Forty years ago no man in Jackson County, we venture to say, was better or more widely known than S. Burleson, who came here in an early day and for many years entertained the traveling public and took an active part in public affairs. He was born in Vermont, Sept. 19, 1805, and when about eighteen years old went to Waterford, N. Y., where for several years he ran a packet on the Erie canal. He married Miss Eunice Houghton, of Waterford, N. Y., in 1824. In 1836, he came west with the lead mines of Galena as his prospective destination. After wintering in Galena, he concluded to come to the Maquoketa Valley country with his family and settle. He arrived April 6th, 1837, at what is now section 20, South Fork Township, Jackson County, Iowa, then an unsurveyed, unnamed part of Dubuque county, Territory of Wisconsin. There he staked a claim and built a log cabin about ten rods west of where the Maquoketa and Anamosa road crosses the creek, known on the map as Pumpkin Run and on the north side of the present road and about where the east end of the present house owned by John Allison is situated in southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of said section 20, of South Fork Township.

Mr. Burleson was a remarkable man in many respects. Of more than the ordinary intelligence, shrewd, logical, forceful and resourceful, with a strong will and a clearly marked personality. Though the township was surveyed by Col. Thomas Cox and John G. McDonald soon after Mr. Burleson came here, the land was not offered for sale by the government until 1845, therefore it was eight years after Mr. Burleson settled here before the government had any knowledge in law of any settlers' rights or any settlers had any scratch of a pen from the government to protect himself in any land property rights, though by this time this part of Jackson County had nearly as large a rural population as at present, 1906.

Much of the land was already improved and many claims had changed hands before the land was offered for sale at auction by the general government. The man who over bid the settler had a legal right to the premises, but in this case there was a higher law than civil law and is the divine law of the rights of man. Self preservation is the first law of nature and to preserve their rights of possession the settlers became a law unto themselves for the protection of each other in the peaceable possession of their claims, with the understanding that when the land came into market the settlers bid of \$1.25 per acre (the minimum price) should hold his claim and woe be

to the man who was fool hardy enough to bid over him. It will be seen it was the settlers only show to get justice for himself when pitted against the speculator, who was willing to invest money in the settlers improvements, leaving him without recourse, being largely in fact, a trespasser on government land. Moral law is the law on which civil law should be built. We find Mr. Burleson was a leader in the enforcement of that law of human rights, that was no more, no less than the golden rule made manifest by force. It can hardly be comprehended, that no man in Iowa had any legal right to the land he occupied, improved and often bartered his squatter's claim until only one year before Iowa became a state. But such is history. 1845 found Iowa with a population of about 650,000 with all the machinery of a territorial government in force, towns and country rapidly filling up and all resting on what? So far as this part of Iowa was concerned, at least resting upon the settlers claim law that afforded the poor man the same justice as the rich and protection in his hand so long as he occupied and made use of it. It might be well if it was still in force. There would be no idle land waiting for some other man's energy to double some speculator's principal.

As early as 1838 we find S. Burleson identified with the government affairs of Jackson County, then Dubuque County. He was one of the grand jury of the first district court of this county held after the country became Iowa territory, said court being held at Bellevue, beginning June 18th, 1838. The first election in what was then known as the sixth precinct, was held at Mr. Burleson's house, he being one of the judges, Jonas Clark and Wm. Phillips being the other two.

As was the case with most of the pioneers, Mr. Burleson came here poor and for the first year, at least, was compelled to live almost entirely by the chase, as there could not possibly have been any grain of any kind in many miles of here when he first came. The three Pence brothers came in the spring before Burleson (1836) and broke forty acres, but raised no crops that year, as they went back to Henderson County, Ill., after their families and did not come back until the spring Burleson came, 1837. Several families came in a few miles west of here in 1836, but too late in the season to have raised anything. No one was in the whole south prairie country until you got well toward Davenport. No one was east of here in 1837 for many miles, except three or four families north of the Maquoketa river in the timber. Therefore it will be seen there was not much need of a grist mill in this part of Jackson county in 1837.

After 1837 settlers began to come into the country rapidly and stake claims and build their log houses and by 1840 considerable crops began to be raised so that Burleson and others could have a grist ground by going to Dubuque or Galena and could exchange pork—if they had any, for from one to two dollars per cwt., and take their pay in trade. At one time before the days of hogs in this country, Burleson bought a barrel of pork at Galena and brought it home on his sled thinking his family would have a great treat only to find upon opening it that the meat was spoiled and could not be eaten. It was about that time Mr. Burleson had one of his wild spells of profanity and without waiting for another day he rolled that barrel of

pork onto his sled and headed his oxen for Galena over fifty miles away to trade pork. There is no question whatever, but the man who sold the pork knew when Mr. Burleson got back to Galena.

During the years following his settlement, Mr. Burleson took an active part in the country's development. The first school house in South Fork township was built on his land and by his help, and so was the present stone school house. He held the offices of school director, road supervisor and justice of the peace. He was one of the party of government surveyors, who surveyed Black Hawk county. About 1855 he built a large frame basement barn, about 40x60, and the large frame house still occupied by his son Frank, and opened what for so many years was known as "Buckhorn Tavern." In those days there was no railroad in this part of the country and none in the far west and this being the main road traveled by those bound for Pike's Peak and California and to settle the west, made the overland travel a steady, unbroken stream for years, and made the name of Shade Burleson and the Buckhorn Tavern familiar in many states, for Burleson was a man who made an impression on every man who had anything to do with him. He was unmistakably the head of Buckhorn so far as his business and family were concerned and was recognized as such so long as he lived. His advice and council carried weight with his grown up family and all of those around him. Even many of those outside of his household—some of them his enemies—used to go to Shade Burleson for council and advice and it was freely given and wholly sound, for his business qualities were unsurpassed by any in this neighborhood. He was a first-class farmer and always abreast of the times and was about the first man to make use of modern improvements in farm machinery and breeds of hogs and cattle.

His tavern stand was a great help to him financially, but its door never shut in the face of a man without money. He was fed and slept and sent on his way. No neighbor ever came to Burleson, to my knowledge, to borrow anything or ask a favor and was refused. He was a good conversationalist and a great story teller and yet, Mr. Burleson, apparently, had more enemies than any other man in this part of the country. He was a law unto himself, as it were, and followed his own council and expected every man to return unto Burleson that which was Burleson's, and any infringement on what he believed was his rights met with a decided opposition from him. To make clear the nature of Mr. Burleson in this respect, we will state that he had a neighbor who persisted in letting his hogs run in Shade Burleson's corn, Mr. Burleson remonstrated, but the neighbor was too careless to heed the remonstrance, so Mr. Burleson took his rifle and shot several of them without making any ado about it. To further illustrate his decisive nature, (which was the source of much of the enmity toward him) when he built his tavern stand, he employed one Wagoner with several workmen, who, we suppose, like a good many workmen, put in a good deal of time killing time. A man by the name of Mills came along and wanted a few days carpenter work. Burleson put him to work and soon saw that he did about as much as all the rest and Burleson then and there discharged all except Mills and let him finish the job. He simply thought they were not giving him what he was entitled to and though he might not have cared a continent-

al for the actual money loss, he would not tolerate the supposed imposition, no matter how much the work was delayed.

When Mr. Burleson was in the prime of life and the "Buckhorn Tavern" was in the hey day of its glory, the bar room, or rather what might be more appropriately called the assembly room (as Mr. Burleson never kept a bar), was quite a resort for those who came to spend an idle hour and take part in spinning the yarns that were a part of the settlers' social stock in trade of those days. As a rule, when the dinner hour came, Mr. Burleson would extend an invitation to all to come to the dining room for dinner. The man who came to loaf received as hearty an invitation to come to his table as the traveler guest who expected to pay his bill. This trait of S. Burleson's character did not always find a willing response in the cooks, who once or twice tried to rebell against his generosity, but he told them he paid for what went onto the table and he expected it cooked for whoever he saw fit to have sit at his table and any one who was at his place when meals were ready was welcome to eat.

My recollection of Mr. Burleson is that he never leaned toward any religious creed, in fact was somewhat of an agnostic, believing that the great mystery was as open to one man as another and that no man had any knowledge of the future life and that the Bible was not the direct spoken word of the Almighty to man, but the written genealogy of the human race and recorded moral laws that were promulgated by the wisest men of the world's earliest known history. Notwithstnding that, we have no knowledge of his ever laying a straw in the way of those who were working to extend the cause of religion and several times liberally responded to the soliciting of donations for church building and work, though he would more readily have given for educational purposes, believing educatoin was more of a civilizing force than religion.

When a boy, we did not have any too good opinion of Mr. Burleson, largely on account of the influence of the expressed opinion of others, who on account of some real or imaginary faults of his, took particular pains to speak ill of him out of his hearing. But after coming to man's estate and judging men by the visible evidence of what they accomplished and weighing them by the scale of justice with the good in one balance and the ill in the other, we come to have a better opinion of Shade Burleson than we have of the average man.

On account of his prominence as a pioneer settler and landlord and his strong will and peculiarly clear cut personality, we have often wanted to write of him as we understood him by the evidence of over thirty years acquaintance as a near neighbor. We have already given in part our reason for not liking him any too well as a boy, the remaining reason is a story by itself. But as paper is cheap and my pencil is long to illustrate Mr. Burleson's ability to judge himself we will tell that story. At that time there were perhaps a score of boys from eight to fourteen years of age in the Buckhorn region and no swimming hole short of the river over a mile from the school house. Up stream from Mr. Burleson's land there were high banks to the creek and the boys concluded by damming the creek a short order duck could be had at any hour of the day. After a good deal of hard work, carrying

stones and cutting rods, a good strong dam was constructed that when full would afford water neck deep to a man for a short way above the dam and enough slack water to make mighty good swimming for goslings such as we. For twenty rods up stream in those days Mr. Burleson and others depended upon the streams flow for stock water. When the water failed to come down for a day or such a matter, Mr. Burleson began to think of looking up the source of the drought. He and several who happened to be staying around the tavern, among whom we believe were Bill Deniston and John Crane, took spades and started for that dam. The water had risen to within several inches of the top and the water looked so inviting, as it was a warm day, that the younger men could not resist taking a plunge before they drained the pond. Mr. Burleson was fond of sport himself and a great athlete and after watching the others a minute or so threw off his clothes and sought the cooling waters, after which the dam was destroyed and the thirsty stock below reveled in the waters that came down—not at “Ladore”, but from the boys’ hoped for swimming hole.

To the writer of this, who was watching from afar it looked to the boy as a rank injustice and a flagrant violation of the rights of boys and the thought was leaven to his rising indignation and after the party of men had returned to the bar room of the hotel, the boy “bearded the lion in his den and Douglas in his hall” and standing in the middle of the room and with a force that would have done credit to Patrick Henry and in language that would do credit to no one, addressed Mr. Burleson on the rights and feelings of boys and explained to him though the boys knew the creek was getting a little dry below, that in a few hours more there would be water to spare, and he considered it an unwarranted invasion of boyhood land for a lot of grown up men to usurp the longed for pleasures of the boys by taking a swim themselves and then blasting the fond hopes of the juveniles by destroying the dam. In the boy’s mind, there was uppermost the thought of a great injustice done him and his pals and in his voice only scorn and condemnation for those whom he was judging. He addressed all his language to Mr. Burleson, as though he considered he was the only one of the party of whom he expected fairer treatment. Though the boy’s language, smarting under the supposed wrong was scathing, mean and insulting, Mr. Burleson said not a word, but sat stroking his beard as was customary with him when in thought and seemed to be taking no note of what the boy was saying—but he was. He was weighing the matter in his mind according to the way he knew the boy felt about it and leaving the thirsty stock out of consideration. The boy thought he was only ignoring him and after abusing him roundly walked out of the room. Perhaps Mr. Burleson would not have taken one-tenth of the abuse from any man and he knew well enough he could have sweet revenge on the boy by telling his father of the language used to the man; knew there would soon be a tannery started that would take every hair off the boy’s hide. Well he did not tell him and we have thought, since we came to man’s estate, that he more than half admired a boy who would stand before him and judge him according to the boy’s idea of the justice in the case and condemn him in such scathing language.

There is no doubt with us now but what the boy would have had a strong friend in "Uncle Shade" if he had used sense enough to have left the trail then instead of leading many of an invasion against Mr. Burleson's best apples and perpetrating various little tricks to annoy him just to "make good" and thereby increasing his disgust for the ways of boys in general and this one in particular. After the passing of the years and one was man grown and the other man grown gray. they were walking side by side, chatting about the day's affairs of life, Mr. Burleson with his hands behind his back and little stooped forward as was often his wont, all at once he left the subject and remarked, "well you seem to have made a pretty fair sort of a man, but you was the damndest, meanest boy I ever saw."

In the days of other years when the Buckhorn tavern was in its glory and dancing was a very popular form of amusement nearly everywhere, all the length and half the width of the upper story of the main part of Burleson's tavern stand was a ball room and several times during each season there would be a wide awake ball at Buckhorn. Burleson always took extra pains on these occasions to cater to the comfort and joy of his guests. There were plenty of hostlers and stable room with mangers filled with hay; on the tables a "horn of plenty" and in the ball room the best string band the country afforded and a hurrying of feet, and in the bar room cards and checkers and many a well spun story. The popularity of Burleson's balls used to bring many from as far away as DeWitt and Andrew and sometimes from Bellevue and there are plenty from Maine to California and Dakota to Texas, who are now grown old, who have tripped the light fantastic at the old Buckhorn tavern, while S. Burleson was the landlord and we do not believe there are any who have any "kick" at the way they were treated by the Burlesons.

Burleson always was a warm friend of Nathaniel Butterworth, who kept the Butterworth House at Andrew, which might be wondered at if Burleson hadn't have been Burleson and Butterworth hadn't have been Butterworth. For through the heat of the rebellion, Burleson was the strongest kind of an abolition republican and Butterworth was just the opposite, so much so that once when some one went into the store of an abolition fire beater at Andrew and asked "what is butter worth" he got the reply "he is a d—ed old copperhead." When there was a ball at Butterworth's some of Burleson's young folks were sure to go to Butterworth's ball. As we are not writing Andrew history we will return to Buckhorn and follow still further the characteristic of and the events in the life of Buckhorn's widest known citizen, best liked by his friends and most disliked by his enemies.

What gave the name of Buckhorn to this little cluster of houses was the sign of Burleson's tavern, which was a cedar post about twelve feet high literally covered with the antlers of the deer Burleson had killed in previous days, when much of his living depended upon his fire, and what made Buckhorn famous and far known in other days was the Buckhorn tavern and Shade Burleson himself, who was ever ready to grant a favor to those who asked and stand up for his own rights and those whom he believed in

under any and all circumstances, and just as relentlessly follow those whom he believed was trying to wrong him.

Sometime in the fall of 1865 or thereabouts, when his large barn was full to overflowing with hay, grain and farming machinery, it was set afire, about seven o'clock or half past in the evening where a clapboard was loose on the side hid from sight of the house and burned to the ground. (A barn built by him on the same foundation was also burned by accident since S. Burleson died and his son Frank came into possession.) A man by the name of Rowley Waight, who in after years became an uncle of the writer by marriage, was known to have an ill will against S. Burleson and who took no pains to conceal it, was arrested as the most likely person to have committed the crime. There was claimed to have been some other circumstantial evidence against him, among the rest the fact that he was gone from home an hour or so at the time the barn was fired and could not account for his absence only by the statement of himself and family that he was at the creek after a barrel of water, having to haul their water from about half a mile from the house. On account of lack of sufficient evidence to convict and the help of Leffingwell, one of the best, if not the very best criminal lawyer, in the state, who later became judge of the courts of Clinton County, Waight was cleared, but it broke him up financially and compelled him to sell one of the best farms in this section, the one now occupied by August Luett. It was a stubborn legal contest, as it might be expected to have been with the interest of such a man as Shadrach Burleson supported by such a lawyer as Darling on the one side and a clients case defended by such a man as Judge Leffingwell on the other side. At the same time, it was being tried and retried in the neighborhood where the crime was committed and Burleson and Waight each came in for their share of condemnation or exoneration with the bulk of the sympathy in favor of Waight. In this narrative we are neither judge nor jury, only stenographer recording known history and opinion of early settlers for and against S. Burleson. It was the belief of many of this neighborhood that a certain woman, who aspired to the affections of one of the Burleson family and was then there, and whose passion was unrequited, burned the barn out of revenge. But as belief is not proof and Waight was acquitted, the burning is still unsolved.

As Burleson was such a leading spirit in much of the history of this country, we have often wanted to write him up, as we and others have understood him, but have been a little loath to undertake it, as some of it is bound to conflict with the opinion of others and much that has already been written on matter that implicates him indirectly. Shade Burleson was undoubtedly a man of great courage or he never would have undertaken to have settled the W. W. Brown estate; being known as it was that he, like many of Jackson County's best citizens, did not believe Brown was all or any where near what Cox and his friends painted him, and he, like such men as Ance Wilson, Wm. Current, J. E. Goodenow, Nathaniel Butterworth and in fact many of the leading men of this, as well as other parts of Jackson County, refused to go to help drive Brown out of the country. For all of that, after Brown was killed it was about all a man's life was worth to say a word in defense of Brown or against the manner of disposing of

glory to be worn into gold and silver, but of love, and
"People with all the dignity of a great nation and the
People give me that sword," to which, without so much as a military
or a cessation in the pursuit of the value of the sword, which
hall and the sword.

little the promises of the sword, but of love, and
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shade Burleson's life with it to the sword, and the sword, and the sword
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worth, Jr., recently, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword
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Daniel Burleson, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword
Wm. Corbett, Wm. J. Corbett, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword
refused to go with Col. Cox and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword
J. E. Goodman said to them, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword
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man who needs help, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword
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this narrative we were neither judge, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword, and the sword

SHADRACH BURLESON.

glory to be woven into garlands for some future hall of fame, approached Teeple with all the dignity of a superior officer and said: "Lieutenant Teeple give me that sword," to which, without so much as a military salute or a cessation in the manual of arms, the valiant lieutenant replied "go to hell and get your own sword." This story of the sword only illustrates how little the pioneers cared for military discipline and has led us away from the subject of Cox and Brown and the Bellevue war and the connection Shade Burleson had with it in the selling of the W. W. Brown estate. To show what the feeling was (of the Warren and Cox party and their friends which still lives in their descendants) toward those who had faith in Brown as a useful citizen of Jackson County, we will mention what Nathaniel Butterworth, Jr., recently told us, he being a boy at that time and remembering the circumstances connected therewith. (As we have before stated Nathaniel Butterworth, Sr., as did such men as J. E. Goodenow, Anne Wilson, Wm. Current, Wm. Morden, Shade Burleson, Calvin Teeple and many others refused to go with Col. Cox and others to drive Brown out of the country. J. E. Goodenow said to them "What do I want to help drive Brown out of the country for? He is the best man for the country there is in it. Any man who needs help can get it from Brown. He will trust any man. These men might have been laboring under a delusion, but any man who knew them will not accuse them of being in sympathy with criminals, (especially such men as J. E. Goodenow). But to get back to Butterworth's story, after the tragical April 1, 1840, when Brown and several others were killed and still others, who were taken prisoners, whipped and ordered out of the country never to return on pain of death by the Warren and Cox posse, or mob as you see fit to call it. A part of his heroes (as W. A. Warren called them in his defense of the method of taking off of Brown) among whom was Col. Cox himself stopped in front of Butterworth's on their return from Bellevue and called Butterworth out and producing a jug of whiskey ordered Butterworth to drink. Not caring to arouse their ill feelings he complied, whereupon some one of the party said, not Cox, he was in the bottom of the wagon bed too drunk to say anything: "Butterworth the finger of suspicion is pointing at you and if you do not carry yourself mighty straight, we will" indicating what they would do by a move of the hand as though circling his neck with a rope. This will show what Shade Burleson undertook when he administered on W. W. Brown's estate, being as he was one of those who were friends of Brown. It also will show something of the character and nerve of the man who would undertake it, inasmuch as it became necessary for him to commence action against several of the Cox party for money owed by them to W. W. Brown. Some say "why resurrect those things that happened so long ago, when the parties are all dead and the events nearly forgotten." There can be no resurrection of the events for they are still a live issue and while much of the recorded history is very much inclined to make heroes of Brown's slayers, it causes a stigma upon the past and present, who have been, or are now, skeptical and in writing up the biography of our old neighbor Shade Burleson, we cannot avoid touching upon the subject of the Bellevue war. We have before stated that in writing this narrative we were neither judge or jury, only stenographer, but

must also to some extent be Burleson's attorney in a way, to defend him as the "Old Settler" from the attacks made upon him by W. A. Warren and the "anonymous writer" in the 1879 history of Jackson county. In our defense we will mostly use the account of the Bellevue war and events connected therewith as found in said 1879 history. All, nearly, with the exception of old Settlers' letter, (which you will find tucked away in an obscure place in print, nearly to fine to read, and the letter written by the anonymous writer) was either the word for word writing of W. A. Warren or taken from his writing by the compilers—and is so stated by the publishers. In order to make our case clear we will have to quote from said history and will commence with old settler's letter of Sept. 6th, to the Maquoketa Excelsior.

"I saw in one of your papers that a company was getting up the early history of Jackson county, if there is anything to be said about the Bellevue tragedy or war that happened in the early days of the county, I wish it to come before the people in its true light.

"I came to this country in April, 1837, the same summer, one Thomas Cox, had a contract to survey the county and as he was a great friend of Monongahela whisky, he procured a barrel for his outfit. His boss surveyor was a man named McDonald. Cox kept camp and entertained the callers while the others done the surveying, so he became acquainted with nearly every one in the country and when we organized into Iowa territory Cox represented this county in the legislature, but never lost sight of his friend, Monongahela. The people, however, began to think they had better not trust him with so responsible a position any longer. Cox saw unless something was done he must go down and that William Brown of Bellevue was bound to be the coming man of the county. This Brown was an off hand business man, he bought property on credit and turned it so as to make money with every change. He bought a hotel of Peter Dutell and ran it himself. He also had a dry goods store, all bought on credit no man or beast went away from his door hungry, money or no money, he trusted every body and was just the man for the country. The honest and industrious part of the community thought Brown was doing more for the country than any man in it.

"Cox, however, became politically jealous of Brown and raised a mob to drive Brown out of the country or kill him. To excite the mob, Cox told his friends, Brown was getting rich too fast to get it honestly and that he thought there was a gang of horse thieves and counterfeiters at Brown's and he proposed driving them out of the country, so with the aid of the Monongahela whiskey, he got his friends together at Bellevue and ordered Brown to surrender or leave the country. Brown told the committee he would not surrender to a mob, but would meet them before any tribunal they might name at any place or time and abide the decision. The mob was very drunk, yet they passed the whiskey around and then swore they would have blood. As every man in the crowd owed Brown more or less for clothing and living and being crazed with liquor and pleased with getting rid of paying their debts they proceeded at once in putting into effect their murderous intent. I do not remember the number, but think from seven to nine were killed,

several more wounded, five or six whipped and ordered to leave the country. Wm. Fox was one of the number whipped. Soon after I met Fox and he swore he never would do another day's work while he lived, but would rob, murder or steal for a living. They had ruined his character and the sooner he was dead the better it would be for him. Brown's friends in Bellevue and throughout the country, were the industrious part of the community, while Cox's friends were those who minded everybody's business but their own.

We thought in those days the sheriff was not quite as strict in performing his duties as he should have been and endeavored to please everyone he met, women not excepted—although he was a pretty clever fellow."

OLD SETTLER.

The sheriff and others have said that Old Settler was quite a hand to try to please the woman too—and chased after them a great deal, but as we never heard of one complaining of him, we take it as evidence that he never chased the poor dears very far. Old Settler's charge is pretty strong against the men led by Cox and Warren and too sweeping, seemingly, to be accepted in toto but is no more so than W. A. Warren's reply to it in which he charges that Old Settler was a member of Brown's gang and a sympathizer with murderers, horse thieves and counterfeiters, and intimates he was one of the party who murdered Col. Geo. Davenport at his home on Rock Island the night of July 4th, 1845. True, Warren does not give cut anything to positively fix the identity of Old Settler (as one would expect him to do if he could prove what he charges), but the letter following Warren's, in the Jackson County History of 1879, and written by one who signs "Pioneer", does fix it on S. Burleson by alluding to Old Settler as Brown's administrator, although Warren and Pioneer make pretty serious charges against Old Settler, they both fail to point out where the proof can be found as to their charges of Old Settler's criminal record. Is there any proof for any of Old Settler's charges against Col. Cox or his co-operators? or any justification for the faith so many of the pioneers had in Brown as a man and useful citizen? Those pioneers, we mean, among them such men as J. E. Goodenow and Ance Wilson, the latter who yet lives at 90 years of age this coming May, the 5th, 1906, and, who according to Wm. Current's, (his nephew) statement to me, remarked no longer ago than a year that according to his ability to judge men, W. W. Brown as a man stood head and shoulders above Thomas Cox. Is there any proof that Cox was an intemperate man and politically jealous of W. W. Brown, as Old Settler charges him with having been, if there is we can find it on page 361 of the 1879 history of Jackson County, in the article titled "A Sheriff Foiled," and mentions a caucus held about six months and a half after Jackson County was organized. The article in part refers to a span of horses stolen and claimed by a man named Jenkins, who described them to Sheriff Warren's satisfaction and gained possession. We quote from the account of the caucus, which was furnished by Warren himself: "About ten days after the departure of Jenkins a caucus was held for the nomination of a democratic candidate for the legislature and Col. Thomas Cox, who was the democratic war-horse of Jackson County, was apparently the only man talked of. The balloting was regarded as a mere

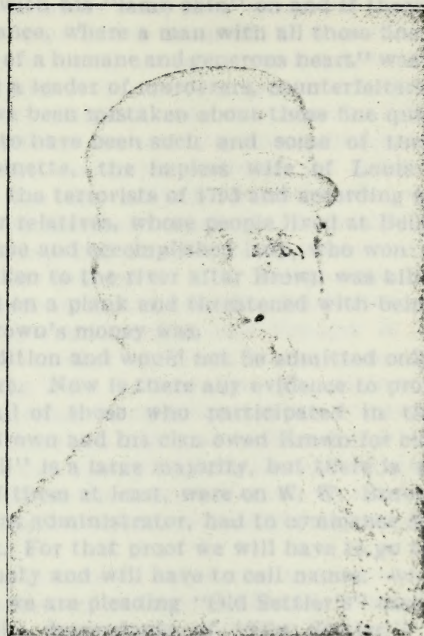
formality, when to the amazement of Cox and his supporters Brown was declared nominated by a vote of two to one. Cox was a very high tempered man and fond of whiskey, which frequently had the better of him. He arose then to denounce Brown and his clan. Just after the meeting two strangers appeared inquiring for the sheriff, the elder of whom was recognized as the Hon. E. Brigham of Wisconsin, he was in search of a span of horses stolen from him which he believed to be the ones advertised from Bellevue. He gave the same marks Jenkins had given besides others. Cox and Brigham had served together in the legislature and when the former heard the truth in regard to his friend's loss he declared open war on Brown, previous to this time he had been one of his strongest allies and looked upon him as a persecuted man. But he no longer hesitated openly to declare him a base villain, nor did he ever relent his enmity toward him. And we find Cox one of the leaders at the time the thieves were exterminated. "Strange Cox should be one of Brown's strongest allies believing him to be a persecuted man and not find out the true character of him and his clan, until just after those ballots were counted and he was beaten two to one. Strange also Brigham should turn up just at the right moment with the ear marks of those horses to connect Brown with the theft. Such things have been done before now to help fix a political fence.

. By quoting further it seems he didn't get the riders all on. "A decided majority was on the side of Brown, who did not then attempt to conceal his true character and the prospects were not pleasant for those who opposed him. Brigham and his friend left between sunset and sunrise and Cox was saved from injury by going to his home, having announced himself an independent candidate for the legislature to which he was subsequently elected." (Brown is said to have been dead before that election occurred.) Does this prove that Cox was an intemperate man and politically jealous of Brown?

History does not state what was the true character of Brown, he no longer attempted to conceal, but it might have been his opposition to Cox and his fence builders. Is there any excuse to offer for the faith of Old Settler and others in Brown being representative man of the country and at least of average good citizenship? If there is we will look for the proof of it in Captain Warren's own account of early affairs as written by him for the 1879 history of Jackson County, as that is all we have at hand now. Besides we had rather quote words of praise from a known enemy of Brown's—it is more apt to be reliable. At intervals all through W. A. Warren's write up of the Bellevue affair he pictures Brown as a villain of the blackest dye, which might or might not have been true for all we know. We are neither for nor against, but we are looking for the evidence. In one passage of Warren's writings in which he condemns Brown, we also find the following: "Brown was a man of fine personal appearance and had the semblance of culture about him. He was possessed of an engaging manner, was hospitable, a good talker and well calculated as a leader of men. Mrs. Brown too, was a handsome and accomplished lady and won many friends by her womanly and kind ways. Brown himself was a charitable man, benevolent to those in want, ever pleasant and kind to children and really possessed of a humane and generous heart." Mr. Warren does not say Brown borrowed the

humble clothes for state occasions, but that were among his real possessions and I would like to see the portrait of the man in the suit and setting on record, except in relation to a "really possessed" and "black hearted villain" who "Warrup must have been believed in by the sheriff's posse, placed in a plank and the sheriff did not tell where

Sat. that is only the first of the evidence by any of the Sheriff's charge that in April, 1840, against the Sheriff? Perhaps not, as the Sheriff of the that some that Stephen Harrison and had a rocky time of it Sheriff of Jackson County and will have to call names are pleading "Old Settler's



JOHN O. SEELEY

well known to the readers of all of the Maquoketa newspapers under the pen name of "Farmer Buckhorn," resides in the Buckhorn settlement in South Fork township and thus derives his non de plume. A short sketch of this popular writer's life and ancestors appears in number one of the annals of Jackson County, Iowa, published by the Jackson County Historical Society

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lambs clothes for state occasions, but they were among his real possessions and I would like to ask for the benefit of the jury if Old Settler wasn't excusable in seeing Brown with his "lamb skin" on and if there is any case on record, except in romance, where a man with all those fine characteristics and "really possessed of a humane and generous heart" was known to be a black hearted villain and a leader of murderers, counterfeits, thieves and thugs? Warren must have been mistaken about those fine qualities. Many a man has been believed to have been such and some of them have been shot. Even Marie Antoinette, the hapless wife of Louis the 16th, of France, was beheaded by the terrorists of 1793 and according to an account given James Ellis by near relatives, whose people lived at Bellevue in 1840, Brown's wife the handsome and accomplished lady, who won many friends by her kind ways, was taken to the river after Brown was killed by some of the sheriff's posse, placed on a plank and threatened with being set adrift if she did not tell where Brown's money was.

But, that is only tradition and would not be admitted only as corroborative evidence by any court. Now is there any evidence to prove that "Old Settler's" charge that all of those who participated in the tragedy of April 1st, 1840, against Brown and his clan owed Brown for clothes and living? Perhaps not, as "all" is a large majority, but there is evidence, and plenty of it, that some of them at least, were on W. W. Brown's book and that Shadrach Burleson, as administrator, had to commence suit to collect and had a rocky time of it. For that proof we will have to go to the territorial docket of Jackson County and will have to call names, which is not a pleasant duty for us, but we are pleading "Old Settler's" case and owe as much to the feelings of the descendants of "Old Settler," who are my neighbors, as we do to the descendants of those whose names we find on the court records, in which instances, we will have to be personal.

Brown employed a great many wood choppers, ran a hotel, general store, a meat market and did a large credit business, consequently, at the time of his death, had a great many accounts on his book, as well as many promissory notes, of which many were against men who were with Warren's posse, under Cox's leadership, when Brown was killed.

While we are getting up courage to tackle the disagreeable task of unearthing the records, we will place thoughts on paper that have often come to us while reading Warren's account of the Bellevue war. Why was it necessary for he, Cox, and others to scour the country to raise a posse to affect a legal arrest of Brown, and his men charged with conspiring to disturb the peace and welfare of the country, when there were two companies of territorial militia in Jackson County and organized for the express purpose of protecting the territorial peace and help enforce its laws; one of them commanded by Joseph S. Mallard, a prospective son-in-law of Col. Cox, and the other by Henry Mallard, brother of Joseph, with Calvin Teeple as his first lieutenant? As we find Henry Mallard's company supporting Sheriff Warren at the hanging of Jackson for the murder of Perkins, there is no doubt it would have been available for a legal arrest of Brown and his gang, and that Lieutenant Teeple with his sword would have completely subdued them without a drop of blood being shed. Now to the evidence of those

debts. Burleson, undertaking to collect, found himself up against a problem. If he commenced suit against one of Brown's debtors, the debtor would demand a jury and in nearly every case, as the old court dockets of that period show, the jury were mostly composed of men who were in Warren's posse, and the result, in nearly all cases, was a verdict for defendant. On page 180, April term, 1840, S. Burleson, as Brown's administrator, got a judgment against James C. Mitchell, John Peterson and John Stuckey for \$106.70. (James C. Mitchell was not with the posse, although he wanted to be allowed to go with it. He was in jail indicted for manslaughter.) On page 182, same term, the case of S. Burleson, administrator, against Elisha Barrett and John Jonas was appealed and afterwards defendants got a verdict against plaintiff. On page 182, James C. Mitchell confessed judgment in favor of administrator. In December, 1840, Joseph Charlyville brought suit against Burleson, administrator, for \$67.50. Burleson brought a counter claim for \$79.00. A jury was empaneled and brought in a verdict for Charlyville for \$38.00. On another occasion, Burleson, as administrator, brought suit against Lyman Wells for debts due the estate of Brown. In 1842, Burleson, as administrator, brought suit against James White and W. A. Warren and these parties came into court and confessed judgment. On page 94, Burleson brought suit against Charlie Harris, the man who issued the warrant for Brown's arrest, for debts due estate of Brown, but, as in nearly all cases, a jury composed of men who fought against Brown brought in a verdict for defendant.

We have here named a portion of those the territorial docket proves were on Brown's books as debtors at the time Brown was killed. It does not prove the accounts were in all cases genuine, as in several instances the jury rendered a verdict in favor of defendant; nor does it prove "Old Settler's" statement as to all being Brown's debtors was true, but, it does prove some of them were, as Burleson got a judgment against Mitchell, Peterson and Stuckey, and that Mitchell confessed judgment, as did W. A. Warren and James White. In the fall before Brown was killed, he sued John Cox, a member of Warren's posse, and got a judgment for \$48.00.

As afore said, this does not prove "Old Settler's" statement in regard to all those who participated in Brown's removal, were Brown's debtors, and it does not prove they were not, as there would be no record of those who came forward and settled with the administrator without legal action at law. When "Old Settler" stated all the mob were pleased at the opportunity to wipe out their debts by mobbing Brown, he evidently went a long way too far, for no one can well believe eighty men could be found, all of whom were anxious to pay their debts in that way, and it is doubtful as to "Old Settler's" intention to convey that idea as to all of them. His charge to their being a drunken mob is contradicted by Sheriff Warren's statement that no liquor was drank that day or the next. If that is true, Col. Cox must have been dry by the third day. The charge of mob, however, takes on a semblance of truth inasmuch as the plea of Cox, at least, was not for help to place Brown and others under legal arrest to answer to the law for certain crimes specified in a warrant, but (according to statements of old settlers of this vicinity) to drive Brown and his friends out of the country.

We can't find as he was successful in raising a man in these parts, among whom were the Wilcoxs, Mallards, Pences, Burlesons, Vosburgs, Teeple, Scott, Beers, Perkins, Redden, Thomas Wood and others, who were always since, known as law abiding citizens; nor could they, so far as we could ever learn, raise one in the Maquoketa region, among whom were Goodenow, Lyman Bates, the Wrights, Currents, Wilson and others, who were life long residents of this country and foremost and exemplary citizens. According to W. A. Warren's own pen he could only prevail on one or two to go from Sabula. With the exception of those from Sabula, there is nothing to show us a single man south of the Maquoketa river who could be prevailed upon to help exterminate Brown and his so-called band of desperadoes, and that too in face of the fact that Warren claimed in his write-up the western part of the county suffered severely from the depredations of Brown's men.

From what we can learn from written history and from old residents, the posse got no recruits in the western and southern parts of the county, except a very few of Cox's relatives and neighbors in the country between Fulton, Bridgeport and Andrew, was made up from around Bellevue, and according to Warren's write-up, a party from the Illinois side of the river, who came over to help support the law of Iowa (if we can take that view) and also a captain and a crew on a steamboat plying the neutral waters of the Mississippi, who tied up and came ashore to take part in the melee, but did not get there in time to have a hand in the fight, which must have been a sad disappointment to river men of those days, when, as a source of amusement, a fight beat a circus ten to one.

By the light of history as furnished us by the write-up of W. A. Warren of the Bellevue war, there is no doubt but what he and many others of the posse were endeavoring to act in a humane and legal way. We find after Brown was killed and his so-called bandits were taken prisoners, and the cry went up from the mob element for the blood of every single one of the prisoners and ropes had been placed around the neck of some of them. David G. Bates, H. K. Magoon, Parks, Alex Reed and others addressed the mob and pleaded with them to consider the cause of mercy, but to no avail, and it was found necessary to hedge for time, hoping something would turn up to stay the cry for blood. Warren asked them to listen to what Col. Cox might have to say. We find, according to Warren's writings, Cox, though not pleading for the law or mercy, asked in the cause of human decency, not to let their desire for vengeance cause them to neglect the care of the dead and wounded, and the women, who around their fallen friends were wringing their hands and wailing in their sorrow, that to abide the morrow and then what might be the verdict of the majority he and the rest would abide by.

That night a meeting, consisting of the most influential citizens gathered at the residence of James L. Kirkpatrick to agree upon what disposition should be made of the prisoners. Gathered there were Col. Cox, Alex Reed, T. H. Parks, Ansen Harrington, J. K. Moss, H. K. Magoon, Col. Collins, Lew Hilyard, David G. Bates, John T. Sublett and others. W. A. Warren's writings says "the meeting was organized by calling J. L. Kirkpatrick to the chair, when I addressed the meeting asking and urging that

it should be sustained in maintaining the authority of the law, in bringing these men to answer to the charge set forth in the warrant. In this I was ably sustained by David G. Bates, Alexander Reed, T. H. Parks and H. K. Magoon."

Upon further reading of Warren's account of the affair we find Anson Harrington, one of the committee who held the information for a warrant for the arrest of W. W. Brown, Aaron Long, Wm. Fox and twenty others, and placed it in Sheriff W. A. Warren's hands for service, and also Col. Thomas Cox, who had represented Iowa Territory as legislator and speaker of the house, and who if any one should be found on the sheriff's side pleading for legal proceedings, the more so as he was said to have been deputized by the sheriff to help organize the posse to effect a legal arrest of Brown and his men, were opposed to letting the law take its course and using their influence (which Warren said was great) to bring about a wholesale hanging. Without further fuss or feathers, declaring nothing short would satisfy the people, we so find them using their influence toward that end so long as there was an opportunity left. Warren further said, "to oppose such men as Cox and Harrington was uphill business for they not only held the esteem of the people, but were capable of impressing their views on those whom they wished to influence in this or any other matter. To hedge was now our policy, to obtain, if possible, a lighter sentence than death. D. G. Bates comprehending the situation and seeing the utter impossibility to carry out the proposition to hold them subject to law, offered the following resolution: "That we shall meet at 10 o'clock a. m. tomorrow, and the prisoners shall be sentenced as a majority of the citizens shall then designate, and we pledge ourselves one to another, whatever that sentence shall be, we will see faithfully carried out." Mr. Bates sustained his resolution by an able speech, saying they were not all guilty alike, they ought to be punished according to their crimes. The resolution was accepted and adopted unanimously and the committee retired at 4 a. m. for a few hours rest." We learn further from Warren, at ten o'clock the prisoners were brought in haggard of countenance and looking as though they anticipated the worst. Col. Cox, who occupied the chair, addressed them, stating they had been given a chance to peacefully surrender and had not accepted it, and on that account several of the best citizens had been sacrificed, and he was authorized to inform them the citizens would then proceed to relieve the sheriff of his duties, and whatever the verdict of the majority was would be strictly carried out.

According to Cox's statement, the sheriff had been set aside and the prisoners taken in charge by his posse. That posse became as near being a mob as "Old Settler" claimed they were, whether it was a mob before the fight or not. "Old Settler's" claim that they were drunk at the time of the attack isn't proven, Warren's statement that there was no liquor drank that day, offsets "Old Settler's" claim. Warren's writings says Col. Cox had closed all the saloons and provided boilers of hot coffee for the men. I have heard other old settlers say there was plenty of whiskey in Mosses' store in coffee pots, but as those old settlers all died without leaving a writ-

ten testimony, so far as I know, hearsay cannot be considered, so the preponderance of the evidence is with the boilers of hot coffee."

To return to the prisoners and their fate, we find Chichester had been granted a chance to speak in behalf of his fellow prisoners and by his eloquence had made some impression upon many of the citizens, whereupon Mr. Crawford, one of the advocates of mercy, seized the opportunity to lend strength to the humane cause and plead in the interest of the law. He well knew from the character of the men present what he might have to say would have no weight, but would ask that no greater punishment would be inflicted than the law provided for in such cases. At this juncture we find Anson Harrington energetically pressing his demand for their lives, as Warren said he made an able argument in favor of hanging every one of them." But for all the argument and influence of Harrington, Cox and others, there was a majority of three ballots cast in favor of whipping and banishment from the country, instead of hanging, which was done, and the prisoners, after being whipped, put into canoes and ordered to paddle out of the country and never return upon pain of death.

In order to make clear what the charges were against each particular one of those prisoners Cox, Harrington and others worked so hard to hang, and came within three of doing it, we will see what W. A. Warren said about the proceedings in his reply to "Old Settler."

"Now what are the facts as to the charge of 'mob?'" I have heretofore stated the courts of justice in Jackson County were powerless. It mattered not what the charge was, an alibi could be proven, and the criminal went scot free. Baffled and beaten in every instance to bring these outlaws to justice, a committee was appointed to see prosecuting Attorney Crawford and Judge Wilson, then one of the associating judges of the territory and ask for orders. I was one of the committee. After laying our grievance before the judges, Judge Wilson protested against anything like mob violence, and said the arm of the law would protect the people. He then advised an information to be filed, charging Brown and his associates with conspiracy to commit depredations, as alleged by the committee. Such course would prevent them from testifying in each others behalf. This was accepted by the committee and on or about March 25th, 1840, James Crawford, then prosecuting attorney, drew an information, charging Brown and twenty-two others as above stated, which information was sworn to by Anson Harrington, and the warrant issued by Chas. Harris and Geo. Watkins, justices of the peace of Jackson County, and placed in the hands of the sheriff of Jackson County for service."

This warrant didn't charge any of these men with committing any depredations, only conspiring to commit depredation, so they couldn't testify one for another. It was a sort of a guardian angel to prevent them from being tempted to perjure themselves in case some charge should be preferred against some of their friends. It is evident from the statement of Judge Wilson that the wholesale arrest was only to place Brown's friends in a position so they could not testify in each others behalf. There is nothing in the warrant, or in all of Warren's writings, to show each and all of these men, or even a majority, had been guilty of any particular crime, only being

friends of those who had. It was claimed they would prove an alibi in case some of their friends should be tried for crime as it was said it had been done in several instances.

Brown was a sort of a lawyer, and according to history, well up in the art of defending his clients, and as it is the case with all our criminal lawyers, resorted to alibis, where possible to win his case. No one charges our lawyers with being criminals on that account, though it is no doubt true that if some of them were hung instead of their clients, the ends of justice would be better served. So far as I know Brown and all his men might have been guilty of all the crimes in the criminal calendar, and we are not defending them, only as the case seems to warrant. It will relieve "Old Settler" and other from the stigma placed upon them for their faith in Brown and their condemnation of the means taken to be rid of him. According to Warren's write-up, Brown questioned the legality of the wholesale arrest and in the light of Warren's evidence almost any one would doubt the legality of the warrant, that according to written history, was only intended to deprive Brown and all his friends of the power of defense in case future indictments should be preferred against any of them.

We have it from pioneers' lips that are now stilled, and it can be proven by W. A. Warren's writings, that yet live, that Brown expressed himself that he and his confederates would willingly surrender to the sheriff if they believed they would suffer no violence at the hands of Cox and his men, but they did not believe it. They likely thought, as many did, Cox's violent opposition to Brown and all who support him at a foresaid caucus, and his expressed determination to drive Brown out of the country, was his motive for action, and had banded together the good, bad and indifferent to protect Brown and themselves, as most people would, and surely a parcel of frontier men more or less free from the fettering influence of civilization. Cox himself, had never been rocked in the cradle of civilization, but was born on the frontier of Kentucky Territory, spent his whole life on the frontiers of five different territories, never lived in any state, and was buried in Iowa territory while it was yet more or less wild.

According to Warren's written statement, Cox was of violent temper and addicted to intemperance, and according to a statement of the 1879 history of Jackson County, was bigoted and arrogant as his reply to the preacher who modestly inquired of him, who he was, seems to prove. His reply was, "I am Col. Thomas Cox, supposed to be the smartest man in this part of the country." We have never found anything in the history to prove he didn't actually believe it. Nevertheless, Cox was an unusual and remarkable man. Ambitious, courageous, energetic and persevering and a noted pioneer and did much service in blazing the trail for Iowa's future statehood, and his life's work adds much of interest and value to history. He seemed to have been much such a man as David Crockett—half wild, yet so built by nature he was a leading civilizer according to pioneer methods. But is there any excuse for urging the wholesale hanging of Brown's men, after they were prisoners and barred from defeating the ends of the law by testifying in their own behalf. While it is true Jackson County had no jail to confine them in, they were state prisoners and the governor had several companies

of militia at his command to guard them, in case the civil authorities could not, until they could have been brought to justice, which could have been sure enough and quick enough, judging from the temper of their accusers and the fact that the board of commissioners had power to call an extra court at any time..

We must believe (if we can) it was the sheriff's intent and desire to go according to law in arresting and dealing with Brown and his men, but was up against the influence of Cox and Harrington. But the history written up for the Jackson County History of 1879, as found in two accounts of the Bellevue war, the historian's general write-up and the other, his reply to "Old Settler" conflicts, one with the other, in several instances. We do not charge that it was intentionally done, but the writer in his attack on "Old Settler" might have forgotten just what he said before. Still, writings as history have no value as such, if they conflict on individual points, and that is what the history of 1879 does do. For instance, (to save space, we will only quote phrases and passages that illustrates the points we refer to), Warren says: "Before I proceed to deal further with this viper, who is a tool of others pushed forward to express sentiments they themselves dare not do, permit me to again give my readers a few incidents of our early history. I cannot remember all the criminal charges preferred against Brown and his outlaws, such as robbing the Collins, stealing Brigham's horses, which were found in Brown's stable and the sending of James Thompson and A. Montgomery to assassinate Mitchell—Montgomery afterwards killed Brown near Maquoketa." 'This Brown's father-in-law, Dr. Rodes, had entered from under Montgomery, contrary to the Old Settler's claim laws, a parcel of land held as a claim by Montgomery, who during an altercation over it in which history says Brown used hard and insulting language toward Montgomery, he raised his rifle and shot Brown.

As to the stealing of Brigham's horses and the finding of them in Brown's stable, it can't be proven by the same writer's previous account of the affair as found under the title of "A Sheriff Foiled." His account of that affair condensed to save space is this. One, Godfrey, was seen by the sheriff entering Bellevue with a span of nice horses the sheriff thinking Godfrey had stolen them placed him under arrest and took him to W. W. Brown (Brown was a magistrate at that time), who after hearing Godfrey's claim of purchasing them in Missouri told Godfrey he was lying and remarked to the sheriff that there was no doubt the horses were stolen and advised the striking of hand bills describing the horses which was done. Brown assisted in their distribution. The horses were placed in Brown's care, who became surety for them and Godfrey's whereabouts. In about five days a man by the name of Jenkins came to Bellevue, seen the sheriff telling him he had a span of horses stolen. He described the horses, told the sheriff the bay horse had a scar on the inside of the right leg just below the flank and the sorrel mare had a slit in the left ear and if not so marked they were not his. The sheriff went with him to Brown's stable and the horses were found as Jenkins described them and were given up to him. Jenkins then asked to be shown the man, declaring he would fix him so he would not steal any more horses, the sheriff hesitated. Brown showed him Godfrey, who was piling

wood near the river bank. On seeing Brown and Jenkins approaching Godfrey became suspicious and started to run over the ice toward the island and Jenkins after him shooting at Godfrey as he went. At the third shot Godfrey screamed and fell, but sprang up and ran on and Jenkins returned. There is no account that Godfrey was ever seen again. Jenkins took the horses given up to him and departed for his home on Rock River, Ill., so Warren said, and he also said Brown's actions in this case won him many friends, who were convinced he had been persecuted and was not the villain he had been represented to be. As we have previously stated, just after the caucus had been held and Brown's majority of two to one had opened Cox's eyes to Brown's villainy and true character. Brigham, a friend of Cox, was looking for the stolen horses also and gave a minute description of these same horses, which was not "found by him in Brown's stable" by any means, but had been given up by the sheriff as we have before shown. By the sheriff's account Brigham had to leave town between sunset and sunrise and there is nothing to show any move was made to bring Jenkins to account or that Brigham ever went to Rock River to look for his horses and if Jenkins and those horses yet live they may be bosom friends and "epluribus unum."

If our historian's statement as to Brown and his men sending James Thompson and Abslom Montgomery to assassinate James C. Mitchel, who turned the tables and killed Thompson, is placed side by side with his previous account under the title, "Killing of James Thompson," the two accounts will be found to differ very much. In the general write up of the killing of Thompson, while a part of the people were attending a ball, to which, by Mitchel's influence none of Brown's tribe should be allowed to attend, Thompson and some of his confederates robbed Mitchel's house and Thompson tried to violate the person of Miss Hadley, who was alone in Mitchel's house. She broke away and fled to the ball room. After the affair become understood Mitchel borrowed a pistol and started out to search for Thompson. Thompson had returned to Brown's saloon and filling up with whiskey declared his intentions of going out to find Mitchell and kill him. Instead of Brown and his men sending him, according to Warren's other account, they tried to persuade him from going, telling him one or the other would likely be killed and perhaps both and he had better leave town, but to no purpose. Thompson was crazed with drink and started out with a pistol in one hand and a bowie knife in the other, meeting Montgomery on the street Thompson told him what had happened and that Mitchell would surely be looking for him and if he (Montgomery) wanted to see fun to come on. Montgomery tried to prevail upon him to go back and keep out of sight. At this moment Mitchel was seen coming down the street and Thompson started to meet him followed by Montgomery, who called to Mitchel to look out. Mitchell and Thompson advanced toward each other and Thompson snapped his pistol at Mitchel's breast, but it failed to go off, whereupon Mitchel shot Thompson through the heart killing him instantly and then returned to the ball room. (If Montgomery had been "sent with Thompson to assassinate Mitchel," he had the opportunity after Mitchel's pistol was empty), whereupon, as the writings of War-

ren state, Montgomery hunted up the sheriff and told him what had happened and Warren says he and Montgomery were the first ones to reach the corpse. There is no place in this account of Warren's that charges Montgomery with having anything to do with killing Mitchel or being with any of Thompson's friends that night. So far as Montgomery is concerned it is well that much can be said in his favor, for according to the universal verdict, he was of little principle. He was well known in these parts where Maquoketa now is.

It is not our present intent to give detailed account of that night of horrors, when Thompson was killed and his friends besieged Mitchel and his friends in the chamber of the dance hall, as Warren has told us, (without any conflicting testimony) how cursing and swearing they threatened to burn the house with Mitchel and his friends in it and was pacified by the sheriff, when he told them he would answer for Mitchell's forthcoming in the morning and would see he was dealt with according to law. They told the sheriff if Mitchel was not forthcoming they would hold him (Warren) responsible for it and departed, leaving Mitchel in the sheriff's care. Brown afterwards came to Warren and told him he had better place a heavy guard over Mitchel as the boys were drinking a good deal and no telling what might happen, but the night passed off without any further trouble and the next morning a coroner's jury passed a verdict that Thompson came to his death by a pistol shot fired by James C. Mitchel. Brown and his men were all there and the citizens were addressed by Wm. Morden, who Warren says was respected by all and shared the friendship of Brown to that extent that what Morden said was law with Brown. Morden condemned any show of mob law and advocated letting the law deal with Mitchell. Accordingly he was ironed and placed under guard. Warren says, while Morden was addressing the people in favor of the civil law and against the evil influence of mob law he was cheered by both sides. Morden should have been there and addressed Cox, Harrington and others, after Brown was killed if he could command the attention of such "desperadoes" as Brown and his men. We are neither for nor against. For no man who the evidence condemns or against any man entitled to the benefit of the doubt, but am now writing to show where history contradicts itself. In the reply to "Old Settler" we again find the following paragraph speaking of the attack on Brown's house. "We immediately marched toward Brown's house, but before reaching it, one of my men, Henderson Palmer, was shot down by a volley fired from the windows of the upper story of Brown's house. An order to charge was given when a general engagement took place. Brown's friends outside fled as soon as they realized there was peril ahead of them and deserted their friend and chieftain in the hour of his need and danger." The other version of our historian as given under the title of "the assault on Brown's hotel" is in part as follows: "Our squad moved in double file and not a word was spoken until we came within thirty rods of the house when the word 'charge' was given and in a second the whole squad was as close to the house as they could get." (We thought it was said Palmer was killed before the word charge was given.) "Brown was standing about the center of the room with his rifle raised to his shoulder, Col. Cox and myself

both with our pistols presented at his breast and said "surrender Brown and you shant be hurt." He lowered his gun, no doubt with the intention of surrendering, but it went off, the ball passing through Col. Cox's coat, the crack of Brown's rifle was no doubt a signal to the balance of Brown's men, as a general firing commenced by them up stairs." (We thought he claimed it commenced before the posse charged.) "Before Brown could speak several shots was fired into the house in the north windows, one of which passed through both of Brown's jugular veins, he fell and died without a strangle. The general fight was kept up for about fifteen minutes, those of Brown's men down stairs fought with perfect desperation." We thought he said they had forsaken their chief in his hour of need, but as there is no account in his write up of more than six escaping and that after Brown was killed and the house fired, (afterward extinguished) Brown couldn't have needed them any longer.

And yet again, we find in the historian's reply to "Old Settler," who he brands as a "viper" and charges with helping to kill Davenport, the following: "The time of serving the warrant of arrest on Brown and his twenty-seven followers," (the warrant read according to a previous statement of Warren's, Wm. Brown, Wm. Fox, Aaron Lang and twenty others) "was the first day of April, 1840. Brown had been informed of the day fixed for his arrest and had speedily assembled his men and sympathizers together at his house, where he armed and arranged them for the fight. He fortified his premises and unfolded a red flag on which was inscribed "victory or death." In another place the same writer says, "it so exasperated Brown's men they placed a red flag in front of his house on which was inscribed the ominous sign "victory or death" In one it was Brown himself who displayed the flag and in the other his men, who "placed it before his house." We do not charge our historian with intentionally tangling things up for in his dreams he might have forgotten what he had dreamed before.

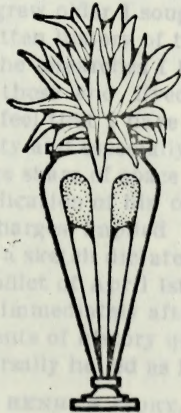
The write-up of the Bellevue War and the cause that led up to it, as published in the 1879 history of Jackson County, not only contradicts itself in these and other particulars, but is not in accord with the docket of Jackson County. Our historian's writings make much adieu about the criminal proceedings of the so-called desperadoes with Brown, Fox, Long, Thompson and others as ring leaders and that it was an utter impossibility to convict them on account of their always being able to prove an alibi. We must take it according to that statement, that they had been indicted at least several times and it is strange the dockets of the courts held between 1838 and 1840—the time of the Bellevue war—does not show it. If it shows where W. W. Brown, the claimed chief of the clan and Wm. Fox, the claimed chief, one among the "outlaws" was indicted for any crime in Jackson County, we overlooked it in our search of the record, those who are familiar with the docket tells me on inquiry, no such can be found and that there is no civil suit for debts, and what is true of them is also true of many others who helped defend Brown against the so-called sheriff's posse. As we aforesaid it is "strange" inasmuch as J. K. Moss, one of the posse, was a justice. W. A. Warren sheriff and Hadley deputy sheriff, also members of the posse, and to aid them in their support of the law there was Col. Cox, Henderson

Palmer, James C. Mitchell, Anson Harrington and Hadley, who according to our historian were embittered against Brown and some of his men and had to aid them undetecting the crimes of the "outlaws." Lyman Wells, who Warren says had been one of Brown's gang and still professed to be, acted as a spy for the ferreting out of the "outlaws" doings.

We are not putting up any defense of Wm. Fox or any of the rest of them only so far as history seems to demand. It is claimed Fox, a little over five years after he was whipped with the rest and driven out, helped to kill Col. George Davenport, but so far as we can learn he was only arrested on suspicion and escaped from the officers and never was rearrested, though it was afterwards known he was living in the east, Indiana, we believe. We do know though, (if we can believe Warren) that after he was whipped he came back into the island and sent for the sheriff and begged him to go and bring him \$400 he had given Mrs. Brown for safe keeping when he would leave the country and never return. The sheriff done so and Mrs. Brown asked the sheriff (Warren) to also take him a suit of good clothes he had there and put up something to eat for him, all for which he was very thankful. This is one of the few cases where such a "desperado" has saved up \$400 and had the sympathy of such a good woman as Warren tells us Mrs. Brown was, who must have known something of Fox's character. We also fail to learn of anything on the criminal docket against "Old Man" Burtis, who was killed by the so-called posse, or his son, James L. Burtis, who, we believe, was whipped by Cox's men and in later years built and run the Burtis house, the best equipped and most popular hotel west of Chicago in those days, of which can be found an extended description in the fifty year souvenir addition of the Davenport Democrat. Now these are some of the things the docket of Jackson County should show if the statements in the 1879 history are true. As we said before, we might have overlooked them or been misinformed by those more familiar with the records. But it was not at all hard to see different places where such men as John Cox, Harris, (the man who issued the warrant for the wholesale arrest of Brown and his men) and James C. Mitchell and some others of that posse, or whatever you see fit to call it, had civil actions against them for debts, trespass and so forth.

James C. Mitchell was indicted for manslaughter, in killing Thompson, January 8th, 1840, (though if Warren's account of the affair is true, Mitchell ought to have been pensioned for the act) and was also indicted and convicted for keeping a gambling house, and his name appears on the dockets at every term of court for years as defendant in matters wherein he was sued for debts. We do not allude to this out of partiality for anyone or impartiality toward anyone, only to raise the question why the dockets seem to be silent as to the doings of such men as Brown, Fox, the Burtises and others were claimed to have been, while they show charges against members, who are claimed by Warren's writings to have been pillars of the law. We have not been influenced in these writings by anyone, but have been led by a desire to clear up some of the suspicion that in former years at least, clung to "Old Settler" and others, and write a little history as history seems in the light of our researches to have been made. We used to be prejudiced against Brown and those who sympathized with him, but we read

Warren's historical account. Read and reread it and at every reading had our opinion still more changed until we concluded to go on a still hunt among pioneers, written history and court dockets to either confirm or weaken our change of opinion. It has taken us some time to make up our mind to place this matter, as we see it and believe we find it, on paper. We knew it would be so radically different to the popular version that the "bees might swarm." There are many living who are descended from some of those men we may seem to condemn, although we only mean to do so as far as the evidence appears to me to warrant, and if they can show where in we error, they owe it to history and the memory of friends to make what they can prove a matter of history by contributing it to the Jackson County Historical Society for publication by the Sentinel, which has the contract to place it in pamphlet form. With all honor for Harvey Reid, our friend, who has done so much valuable work in collecting the life's history of Col. Cox and he, James Ellis, Geo. Mitchell and others who were instrumental in moving and marking the grave of Col. Cox, I will give this to the public and all who want to criticize.



Last Saturday morning Mr. J. E. Goodenow entered our office accompanied by a very aged man whom he introduced as Joseph Henry, a man who had lived in the vicinity of Maquoketa before Maquoketa was thought of. The writer knew something of Joe Henry away back in the early days, but supposed that he had long ago joined the great majority of the Jackson County Pioneers on the other shore. The old gentleman spent the forenoon with us, and gave us a brief outline of his history so far as it was connected with this county.

Another Old Pioneer Gives Something of Interest.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

The article by Farmer Buckhorn, "Recollections of S. Burleson," has again brought up for discussion, thought and inquiry, the greatest tragedy in the history of Jackson county—the Bellevue war as Colonel W. A. Warren designated it, and the Bellevue mob as others designated it. The writer gave his versions of that tragedy and the causes leading up to it in 1897. At that time there were persons living who had been eye witnesses of the tragedy of April 1st, 1840, in Bellevue. But I doubt if there is now anywhere, any one living, who participated in or witnessed the events of the dark and bloody days in the then county seat of Jackson county. From my earliest recollections I have been accustomed to hear people say that such and such people had been suspicioned of being in sympathy with Brown and his gang. When I grew older I sought all the light I could get on the unwritten as well as written history of the early days in the county in the territorial days. From the researches I have made and from the information received direct from those who lived amid the stirring scenes enacted in those early days. I feel that I have a better knowledge of the true state of affairs in the county and especially in Bellevue, than any other person now living, but a large share of space has been taken up in our annals by Mr. Seeley in his vindication of his old friend and neighbor S. Burleson and in refuting the charges implied by the historians of 1879. I will only present at this time a sketch dictated to me in 1897 by Joseph Henry an eye witness of the conflict of April 1st, 1840, and with it two letters written to Governor Lucas immediately after the Bellevue war or mob, which will indicate to the students of history quite clearly that the victors on that occasion were not universally hailed as heroes.

JOE HENRY'S STORY.

Last Saturday morning Mr. J. E. Goodenow entered our office accompanied by a very aged man whom he introduced as Joseph Henry, a man who had lived in the vicinity of Maquoketa before Maquoketa was thought of. The writer knew something of Joe Henry away back in the early days, but supposed that he had long ago joined the great majority of the Jackson County Pioneers on the other shore. The old gentleman spent the forenoon with us, and gave us a brief outline of his history so far as it was connected with this county.

He came to Bellevue in 1835, worked at the carpenter trade for a time, then got a claim on the Maquoketa river where Higginsport is; this he traded for a claim in the forks of the Maquoketa intending to build a saw mill on it, and partly built the frame for one on the branch that runs through Hurstville. In some way he lost this claim; he then took up a claim which was afterwards known as the Lyman Bates farm, now owned by M. E. Finton, and built a saw mill on Mill Creek, some 80 rods above where McCloy's mill was afterwards built; this was in 1837, the mill was completed in the fall. On the first day of January, 1838, it began to rain, and a great flood came and swept away the products of all his labor and savings and left him without a dollar. He says: "In a few days after the flood George Clausen came down from Dubuque and bought a yoke of cattle to butcher and stayed a night with me. I got him to let me help him drive the cattle to Dubuque, and he paid me \$1.50 for it, and kept me over night. A man by the name of Hapgood owed me ten dollars. I went to a Mr. Downs to enquire for him, told him my situation, what I had and where I was from. He gave me his hand and said, 'Henry, I know you, everybody that comes from that country stops with you and speaks well of you, now just make yourself at home, you are welcome to all you can eat and drink.' While I was in Dubuque an agent came up from Davenport to get voters to go to Davenport to vote for the county seat for that place. He offered to pay my fare to Davenport and back and board me. He finally made a bargain with me to give me a dollar and fifty cents a day to help him get a crowd to go with him. We got three sled loads of men from Dubuque, stopped at Bellevue and got two sled loads there. On leaving Bellevue each sled contained a big jug full of whiskey.

The weather was extremely cold and nearly all were frostbitten before we got to Davenport. This was in January. When we got to Davenport the doors were all open and everything was free. James Campton, of Dubuque, was captain of our company, and on a wager of \$20 he drank 100 glasses of whiskey, ate the peppers and drank the sauce of two bottles of pepper sauce in one day, helping to dress 6 beeves the same day, was sober at night, and won the bet. After the election we were returned. I stopped at Bellevue where I made my home with Charlie Bilty, and worked at the carpenter trade, taking such pay as I could get; there was no money in the country. I was elected constable beating Jim Hanby two to one. The country at that time was overrun with horse thieves and counterfeits. W. W. Brown was the most prominent man in the county at that time; he kept a public house in Bellevue, run a butcher shop, a general store and a wood yard, employing a great many men; he was successful in business and was good to the poor, as was his amiable wife, and he was generally considered the most useful and best citizen in the place. Travelers said that Brown set the best table from there to New Orleans. Brown was never known to pass counterfeit money to his customers, he always said if any one got bad money at his house he would make it good, there were other men in business in Bellevue who were less successful and could not compete with Brown, and were very jealous and claimed that Brown was getting rich too fast. J. K. Moss and the Sublets were the loudest in their denunciation of Brown's methods

of doing business, and he to retaliate, bought up their paper where ever he could and made them trouble; this made matters worse. Brown continued to prosper in business and his enemies openly accused him of being the leader of all the outlaws in the country.

On the 8th of January, 1840, war was almost precipitated and barely averted by the killing of James Thompson by James Mitchell. Mitchell and his brother had been having trouble over partnership business. Jim had retained a trunk full of clothing that belonged to his brother's wife and would not give it up. On the night in question, while Jim was at a ball at the new hotel, his brother got James Burtis and James Thompson to go with a team and get the trunk. Jim and Thompson had been having trouble and threatened each other; when Jim heard of the visit to his house, he got a gun and set out to find Thompson, whom he soon met in company with Ab Montgomery. Thompson was very drunk. Thompson and Mitchell approached within striking distance of each other and leveled their guns at each other; Thompson's gun failed to go off, and the bullet from Mitchell's gun passed through Thompson's heart killing him immediately. The wildest excitement was created by this incident, as the two men represented the two factions, and the breach between the factions was considerably widened and both sides went armed at all times.

In March a warrant was procured from a justice of the peace named Harris, near Fulton, for the arrest of Brown and his friends. As constable and deputy sheriff I called upon Brown and tried to arrange matters peacefully. Brown said he was willing to go before any tribunal and defend himself against the charges and was willing to give bonds for the appearance of the men named with him in the warrant, but would not advise the men to surrender to a mob. He also said if his enemies were so anxious to get rid of him, he would submit the matter to three appraisers to be selected from outside the county, he to select one, his enemies one, and the two to select a third, and he would take two-thirds the appraised value of his property.

On the fatal first day of April, 1840, the so-called citizens committee met at the store of J. K. Moss, who kept among other things, tinware, large stock of coffee pots which were filled with whiskey on this occasion, and freely circulated among the men, who soon became so drunk that they could not be held in restraint; they swore they would go up and kill Brown themselves. They were led by Col. Cox who was very drunk himself. He finally gave the word to march and they marched up to the Brown Hotel. As they came up Brown stood in the front door, his gun pointed at Cox, who also had his gun pointed at Brown. Cox ordered Brown to ground arms and Brown dropped his rifle so the muzzle pointed to the ground and it went off. Cox was pushed out of the way by the men behind and Tom Sublette and one of the men who kept the ferry at the mouth of Tete des Morts creek, whose name I have forgotten, sprang to the side window and fired through it at Brown who stood by his wife just inside the door, one of the balls striking him in the temple and the other just below the ear killing him instantly. I stood in the street about four rods from Brown's house. There were four or five men with me who took no part in the fight, among

them were two men who had landed a log raft there that morning. They had worked with me during the day to settle the trouble without a fight. Mr. Farley was also one of the party. He had come up to the mill and I told him there was going to be trouble, and had him put his pony in the stable with mine. With the report of the guns which killed Brown the firing became general. There was not more than ten men in the house with Brown when the fight commenced. There was one young man in the hotel whom Brown had befriended who had a claim near Bellevue, and he said 'if Brown had to go he would go with him.' He was an exemplary young man, and had not an enemy in the place and never drank nor gambled. When Brown was killed the house was soon filled with smoke, so that those inside could see nothing. This young man stepped out on the porch, singled out his man and fired and turned to go inside again but a ball struck him and he fell on the porch, his head hanging off. His groans and cries were pitiful to hear. I started once to go to him, but realizing the danger turned back. Mr. Farley was greatly affected by the situation of the unfortunate young man, and finally he said, "I can't stand this any longer," and went to the porch and bent over him to lift him up. Just as he stooped over a ball from one of the citizen's guns struck him and he fell across the body of the man he was trying to succor, and neither of them spoke or moved again.

About this time those who were in the house broke out at the rear and jumped over the fence by the privy which was riddled with bullets. Bill Fox was among this crowd, and was wounded in the side and captured. Tom Welch, a boy who had been working for Brown, was shot through the side and fell, the pursuers passed him thinking him dead. Charley Kilgore on returning saw him move. 'Well, Tom,' he said, 'you are not dead yet?' and put his pistol to his face and fired. Tom threw up his hand and turned so the ball went through his hand. Those two men were good friends that morning. When Kilgore had gone Tom struggled to a sitting position again when a Methodist exhorter from Galena, who had worked in the stone quarries there, came up to Tom. He said, 'you rascal, you are not dead yet,' and kicked him three times and passed on. Tom got to his feet and made his way to Kirkpatrick's place, which was near by. He asked Kirkpatrick to protect him from Kilgore and others who were after him again, and Warren coming up again, he and Kirkpatrick interfered in behalf of Tom and he was saved from death. We took him to Bilto's and I dressed his wounds.

After the fight was over half a dozen men were dead and as many more severely wounded. The citizens who had remained in town and had not taken part in the fight, wanted some one to go to Dubuque for doctors. I was prevailed upon to go. I rode one horse to Tete des Morts and pressed a horse there and ran the horse all the way to Dubuque. I think two doctors went down from there, and some went from Galena. I stayed over night in Dubuque and when I returned the men who had been captured at Brown's house had been whipped and driven out of the country. The Cox party who had been victorious in the fight, were arrogant and abusive to all who had not sided in with them.

I worked there a while, then went to Davenport and worked at the carpenter trade. In about eighteen months I returned to Bellevue, but there was nothing for me to do, so I left town, going down the river on the steamer Nauvoo. Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, was on the boat, and there were two professional phrenologists aboard and they were examining heads for so much a head. Joe Smith told them he could tell them more about their dispositions and not touch their heads than they could by examining the heads, so the phrenologists examined several people, and then those same people went to where Smith lay on the deck and he told their fortunes, as they called it then, without looking at them, and they all decided in favor of Smith.

The second summer after the Bellevue war, I was in Natchez. I had been sick, and was not able to work yet, and was sitting down on the levy one day, when who should turn up but Bill Fox. He seemed very much surprised to see me, and uneasy, but as there was no chance to dodge he came up and we had a long chat. He asked me how they felt toward him in Iowa, and if I thought they would allow him to come back here. I told him I thought if he behaved himself he would not be molested. I never saw Fox again, and the next time I heard from him he was implicated in the murder of Col. Davenport. I was well acquainted with Col. Davenport, who was a good man and good to the poor.

I went back to Pennsylvania, rented a mill, got married, have lived in several different states, but my home is now in Benton, Butler county, Kansas. This is my only visit to Iowa since 1841, and will be my last. Was 88 years old last February, have been visiting old friends in the east and am on my way home.

LETTERS FROM GOV. LUCAS' FILES

Dubuque, April 4th, 1840.

Dear Sir: I am under the painful necessity of informing you that Jackson county in this territory is in a state of a complete disorganization. The sheriff, judge of probate, and the celebrated Col. Cox on the first day of this month headed a mob at Bellview and attacked a peaceable citizen of that place with a view of driving him out of town. The result was that a most disgraceful fight took place, and as report says from six to nine lives were lost and several wounded. It is currently reported at this place and very generally believed that Warren, the sheriff, went about the county procuring the names of persons pledging themselves to support the mob, several days previous to the day of the assembling of the most infamous mob that ever was assembled in this or any other country. The mob with their infamous leaders have since the killing been engaged in holding a citizens' court, as they call it, and have tried and punished several individuals. It is also understood at this place that this triumvirate composed of Cox, Warren and Moss, are about to divide the property of Brown who happened to be the special object of their vengeance, and who had considerable property.

Mitchell, the man who committed the murder last winter and who had been held in mock confinement by this infamous sheriff, is now let loose rejoicing with the good and pious mob citizens at his freedom from all the restraints of regulated society, law and good order. A court, as you must be aware of under the existing laws of this Territory, is appointed to be held on the 13th instant at Bellevue. Since I have set down to write this letter I learn from two gentlemen who have just returned from the seat of war that the mob boast that they had all of the Grand Jury for the next court to act with them except Brown and that he was killed. It will be next to impossible if not utterly useless to hold a court in a community composed of such brutish beasts, when blood and murder is the order of the day. In such a state of things you must be aware that those base and foul felons cannot be punished in their own county. I have therefore deemed it a duty of mine to acquaint you with the facts and if you have any power vested in you as the Governor of this Territory to aid and assist the laws I hope you will exercise them in bringing to justice base and foul murderers and to wipe off the disgraceful stigma that has evidently been thrown upon the people of this Territory by this most disgraceful tragedy.

Yours in haste, J. V. BERRY.

To his Excellency, Robert Lucas. (On outside of sheet.)

Captain Smith of steamboat Brazil will see this delivered and oblige.

Dubuque, I. T., April 6, 1840.

To His Excellency Robert Lucas,

Sir: I regret to state to you that a more disgraceful affair has never been recorded in the annals of history than that which I am about to relate. It occurred on the 1st ultimo at Bellevue, Jackson county, I. T. about seven miles below Galena. A mob collected calling themselves the people, headed by Warren, the sheriff, of the above named county, and Col. Cox (so-called) member of the legislature, Gen. McDonald and James K. Moss.

The mob proceeded to the house of Mr. Brown (inn keeper) and informed him through Warren, that he must leave the Territory immediately. Brown replied, that if he (Warren) had any legal demand against him, he was willing to go with him and be tried, but that a mob could not take him. However, they were not satisfied with this, and made a rush to capture him and in trying to effect their object, six persons were killed, and three wounded, one having since died!!! What the character of Mr. Brown was, I am unable to say. He was certainly hospitable, and obliging to strangers and affectionate to his family, he was also industrious, which is certainly one good quality. His wife was of a reputable family and understood the duties of a hostess well. Brown fell like a brave man, defending his wife and child from insults, and his property from the ravages of a reckless and lawless mob. Mrs. Brown was conducted to this place by a gentleman, at whose house she has, and will receive the most kind treatment.

On Saturday evening last, the citizens of this place assembled at the Presbyterian church, (tho' large it could not contain near all) to express their deep abhorrence of the murderous conduct of the mob at Bellevue, by

strong resolutions, which will be published in the papers of this territory. The people at the meeting expressed their unanimous wish, that you would promptly remove from office Warren and McDonald. Our legislators will be instructed at the extra session to expel from their body Col. Cox, and we will endeavor to have J. K. Moss removed forthwith from the office of post-master.

I have just learned that the latter gentleman (or rather the man) holds the office of Judge of Probate, if so, he should be removed from that office also. I have just had a conversation with Mr. Petriken, who feels indignant at the outrage and thinks those villains, if possible, should be arrested, and that there are two ways of having it done. First, that by removing Warren and having a new sheriff appointed, they could then be arrested. Secondly that your Excellency can command Gen. Lewis to raise the militia and arrest them. Others think Chief Justice Mason is authorized to act in this matter, but all agree that your long experience in public business gives you the advantage of us all in knowing how to dispose of those persons, who have committed the most willful and premeditated murders, and have brought a stigma and a disgrace upon our young and beautiful Territory that years cannot efface.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN KING, P. M.

[Private.]

When Brown was killed, Mitchell who assassinated Thompson last summer in Bellevue, was immediately turned out of prison and is now walking the streets. Several in our village have strong suspicions that Mitchell bribed Warren to dispose of the only two witnesses who could convict him of the murder of Thompson. Those two witnesses were Brown and Montgomery. Brown is now dead and on Saturday last, a company started from the scene of action to "either drive Montgomery from this Territory or kill him."

What the fate of Montgomery is, I have not learned but I fear the consequences. Circumstantial proof of what I have hinted at above, can I am told, be produced, but of this we will say nothing. The day of reckoning is not far distant I trust with the instigators of the mob. J. K.

Gov. L.

Please excuse I write in a hurry.

Executive Department Iowa Territory,
Burlington, April 7th, 1840.

Sir: I received your letter of the 4th inst. by Captain Smith of the steamboat Brazil. I regret extremely to hear of the transactions in Jackson county detailed in your letter. It reflects a disgrace upon our Territory, and I trust that the persons who may be found guilty of so great a violation of the laws of the Territory may ultimately receive the punishment the law prescribes, but this is a subject that is entirely under the control of the Judicial branch of the government. The law gives to the judiciary the power to enforce obedience to its mandates by fines and penalties. The Executive branch has no such power. The Executive may issue his proclamation, but

he has no power to enforce it. He has neither funds, men, arms or ammunition under his control. The law vests the Civil Ministerial office with the power of the county and the judiciary is vested with power to impose fines and penalties for disobedience to their commands. However desirous I may be to check such outrageous proceedings, yet I see no way in which an executive interference could be of any benefit. The duty is devolved upon you, as district prosecutor, to bring the subject before the proper judicial tribunal for investigation, which I trust will be promptly and efficiently done.

The account of this disgraceful affair, as published in the Iowa Territorial Gazette of the 4th instant, differs materially from the one given in your letter. How far these accounts may be correct, I do not pretend to decide but one thing is certain, that is that a most disgraceful outrage has been committed upon the laws of the county by somebody, and it becomes your duty as the legitimate prosecuting officer to have the subject impartially and legitimately investigated, and to cause the guilty persons, whoever they may be, to be prosecuted and brought to justice. This should be done without prejudice or favor to any one, but with a single eye to the maintenance of the supremacy of the laws. With sincere respect, I am,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT LUCAS.

J. V. Berry, Esq.,

District Prosecutor 3rd Judicial District, Dubuque.

Note.—These letters were furnished the Jackson County Historical Society by the kindness of Dr. B. F. Shambaugh of the State Historical Society. They were discovered by Mr. John C. Parish of the Iowa State University, who is writing a life of Gov. Lucas.



formed Colonel Cox's posse had already seen service as enlisted soldiers in regular warfare. Cox himself had served at least sixteen years in Illinois militia rising through all ranks from private to Colonel, during which in the war of 1812, he had, as one of a company of scouts, led his command against savage foes in positions of the most extreme danger. Again in the Black Hawk war.

The Bellevue War—A Review. *see also p. 92*

(Written by Harvey Reid for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

The interesting details of events connected with what has always been known locally as the "Bellevue War," brought out by the researches of Mr. Seeley and Mr. Ellis have great value historically because as now viewed by scholars, history should be a record of facts, whether those facts accord with preconceived notions or not.

It will be observed, however, that all the marshaled array of new evidence and argument only goes to show that good people were not agreed at the time, and are not now, as to the personal guilt of W. W. Brown. It may readily be conceded that Shade Burleson and Jo Henry, who knew him fairly well, and John E. Goodenow, Anson H. Wilson, Col. John King and J. V. Berry, who knew him casually or by hearsay, may have been convinced to the last that Brown was an honorable citizen, who was not to blame for the character of those who made his public hotel a rendezvous. It may be conceded that Col. Cox, Sheriff Warren, Judge Moss, Judge Harrington and their confreres may possibly have been mistaken in their opinion that Brown was actually implicated in the criminal acts of those with whom he associated and whom he seemed in a large measure to control. Still the fact remains, testified to by both parties in the controversy, that Jackson County was infested with a gang of criminals guilty of all kinds of crimes against property, and that the cyclone of wrath which culminated in the bloody tragedy at Brown's hotel on the first of April, 1840, effectually rid the county of their presence, and created a sentiment of detestation of malefactors that has its influence to this day.

That the riddance was not accomplished by the orderly and lawful proceedings planned and counseled by Judge T. S. Wilson and District Attorney James Crawford must be admitted. The sheriff's posse became at once without the formality of organizing, as typical a Vigilance Committee, as ever were those which in California, and in northern Indiana, and in other primitive communities, protected society when the law was powerless to act. Our Jackson County vigilants dissolved as quickly as they assembled. Their one exhibition of power sufficed; no perpetuation of their authority became necessary or advisable.

I have said that the short but desperate conflict which cost more in human lives than any other battle which ever occurred on Iowa soil since white settlement except the Spirit Lake massacres, has been universally known here as the "Bellevue War." No other term so well expresses the character which it assumed. The demon which enters men's souls in the ardor of conflict must be reckoned with, and Gen. Sherman's phrase cannot be denied. Let it be remembered too that a large proportion of those who

formed Colonel Cox's posse had already seen service as enlisted soldiers in regular warfare. Cox himself had served at least sixteen years in Illinois militia rising through all ranks from private to Colonel, during which in the war of 1812, he had, as one of a company of scouts, led his command against savage foes in positions of the most extreme danger. Again in the Black Hawk war, he had accepted service of equal peril although exempt by age from military enrollment.

Among others of the posse was Col. James Collins who had commanded a regiment in the Black Hawk war which bore a leading part in the battles of Wisconsin Heights and Bad Axe. He was afterward Colonel of an Illinois regiment in the Mexican war, but the only time he was struck by a hostile bullet was in this short-lived "Bellevue War." He ended his military career as Brigadier General of California militia where he died in 1864.

Gen John G. McDonald had been a Lieutenant in General, (then Major) Henry Dodge's Battalion of U. S. Mounted Rangers in which he served a year. At the time of the Bellevue affair he had recently (January 14, 1840) been commissioned Brigadier General of the First Brigade, Third Division, Iowa Territorial Militia, but the militia possessed then the merest semblance of an organization.

James L. Kirkpatrick had been First Lieutenant in Capt. Enoch Duncan's Galena company in the Black Hawk war, and his brother Rev. Joseph Scott Kirkpatrick had been a private in Capt. James Craig's company. Wm. A. Warren, William Jonas, Vincent K. Smith, who fired one of the fatal shots that killed Brown, William Dyas, Thomas Graham, John D. Bell, James McCabe, Hastings Sangridge, Enoch Nevill, Joshua Seamands, all had served in the Black Hawk war. Indeed I believe that every Black Hawk war soldier then living in Jackson county was in Colonel Cox's command at Bellevue except the brothers, Rev. Nathan and Jesse Said, of the forks of the Maquoketa, Charles Bilto then living at Bellevue and William L. Potts, who lived however over the line in Clinton county on Deep Creek.

Another of the posse was Capt. Len M. Hillyard who held a commission as captain of Co. "D," 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade, 3rd Division, Iowa Territorial Militia. This company soon afterwards perfected the most complete organization of any Jackson County militia company, and took the name of "Brush Creek Rangers." Thad. C. Seamands, who became a neighbor of Capt. Hillyard's in 1847, tells us that the captain had the handle of his tomahawk shot through that he was carrying in his belt.

Of the personal character of W. W. Brown we have significant testimony in a book written soon after 1847 by Edward Bonney, called "The Banditti of the Prairies; A Tale of the Mississippi Valley." Bonney was a detective who ferreted out and caused the arrest of those concerned in the robbery and murder of Col. George Davenport on Rock Island, July 4th, 1845. He found that the guilty scoundrels were John and Aaron Long, William Fox, Robert Birch and John Baxter, with Granville Young and Grant and Wm. H. Redden as accessories. Of these, Fox, Aaron Long and Baxter were among the Brown gang at Bellevue. Fox was a leader of what Bonney calls the Banditti. He was known among them as Judge Fox, and Bonney tells of many affairs of robbery in which he was engaged.

Bonney finally traced Fox to his father's home in Wayne county on the eastern border of Indiana, and by displaying some genuine unsigned bills of the Miner's Bank with which he had been provided, gained the confidence of Fox, as being a dealer in counterfeit money. Bonney details several conversations which he had with Fox, among which is the following:

"Did you ever get caught before you were arrested at Bowling Green?"

"Yes, I was at Bellevue in Iowa at the time the mob shot Brown. They arrested me at the same time but could prove little or nothing against me. So they tied me up to a tree and whipped me nearly to death and then let me go. Some of them may have to pay for it one of these days. I should not have been caught at Bowling Green if the boys had followed my advice."

"Were you acquainted with Brown who was killed at Bellevue?"

"Yes, my first horse was stolen under Brown's instructions."

"I presume that was not the last one."

"No, not by fifty."

It is hardly conceivable that Bonney could have manufactured this bit of testimony, any more than it is that Warren, Harrington, Moss, Cox and their associates could have proceeded to the extremities they did without a profound belief, at least, that Brown was the chief sinner in the coterie of criminals.

The bias of Jo Henry may be partly explained by his being a rival of Jim Hanby, who seems to have been Warren's right hand man and deputy sheriff. He agrees that "the country at that time was overrun with horse thieves and counterfeiters," but could not admit that Brown was guilty of anything worse than prosperity.

The hysterical letters of Col. King and Public Prosecutor Berry were written when they had no knowledge of the affray except what was brought to Dubuque by Mrs. Brown and the friend who accompanied her. Governor Lucas in his reply tells Berry that the account published in the Territorial Gazette differs materially from the one given in his letter. Berry was inspired partly, it is evident, by personal hostility towards "the infamous sheriff" Warren. That this feeling was reciprocal may be inferred from the fact that Warren consulted District Attorney Crawford on the visit of the Bellevue committee to Dubuque, rather than Public Prosecutor Berry.

That the feelings of the Dubuque gentlemen, as well as of Governor Lucas, underwent some modification very soon afterwards seems certain. Sheriff Warren and Probate Judge Moss were not removed from office and the militia commission of Brig. Gen. McDonald was not revoked. Mr. Moss was not removed from the office of postmaster. The legislature met in extra session in July of that year. The Journal does not show that any proposal was made to expel Colonel Cox from a seat in the House, but on the contrary, does show that he received votes for speaker on three ballots. At the regular election in August he was reelected by the people of Jackson County to represent them in the Territorial House and when that body met in November his colleagues therein elected him their speaker without another candidate being named. And, in 1844, he was chosen President of the Territorial Council, the highest office, except congressional delegate, which a resident of the Territory could attain by election.

That we may further understand who were the "base and foul felons" who formed "the most infamous mob that ever was assembled in this or any other country," let us glean from history and from the memories of our country pioneers, somewhat of how they were regarded by their compeers. Gen. James Collins came into the affair by accident. His wife was a sister of Colonel Cox. They lived at White Oak Springs, Iowa (now Lafayette) county, Wisconsin Territory, and were on a visit to Mrs. Collin's mother then living with her son, John W. Cox, whose home was near the mouth of Brush Creek in Fairfield (or Jackson) township. Col. Collins' detestation of crime and his military instincts prompted him to join with his brothers-in-law, Thomas and John Cox when the call came to go to Bellevue. The military career of this gentleman has been mentioned, and his civil record was no less prominent. He had been a member of the House in the Wisconsin Territorial Legislature in 1838, when it met in Burlington, and at this time he was a member of the Wisconsin Territorial Council, in which he served six sessions and became President of that body in 1841. In 1845 he was the Whig candidate for delegate to congress, but was defeated by Hon. Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay. In 1862 and 1863 he was a member of the General Assembly of California and in 1863 was elected Treasurer of Nevada county, California. Thus the "infamous mob" contained within its ranks members of the law-making bodies of two different American commonwealths.

Hon. John Foley, a participant, had been a member of the first legislature of Wisconsin Territory, and in 1843 was elected to the Iowa Territorial House. He was also sheriff of Jackson County 1853 to 1855, and again in 1859 to 1861.

Capt. William A. Warren had been enrolling clerk for the Wisconsin Legislature which met at Burlington in 1838. He was appointed sheriff of Jackson County by Governor Lucas in 1839 and held that office under successive territorial governors for seven years. He was elected to the Constitutional Convention of 1857 by the people of Jackson County. He was commissioned by President Lincoln, as Captain and assistant quartermaster U. S. volunteers in 1862 and served in that responsible position for three years, during which time he handled millions of dollars worth of government property. The writer remembers meeting him (without knowing, however, what state he was from) when he was depot quartermaster at the post of Murfreesboro, Tenn., a position of great responsibility. He was Justice of the Peace in Bellevue almost continually for over twenty-five years.

Hon. James K. Moss was at the time, as has been mentioned, postmaster of Bellevue (appointed November 1, 1839) and Probate Judge of the county (1839-40). He then became clerk of the courts and in 1841, he was elected a member of the Territorial House of Representatives.

Gen. John G. McDonald had held a commission from President Andrew Jackson as lieutenant of U. S. Mounted Rangers. He was doorkeeper of the Iowa Territorial House for the session of 1839-40, and was commissioned Brigadier General of militia by Governor Lucas at the close of that session. By an act of the same legislature he was appointed one of the commissioners to locate the county seat of Jones county. He was county surveyor of

Jackson county 1839 to 1843 and also served as clerk of the courts (about 1842) and as county recorder 1842-45. In 1849, as deputy U. S. Surveyor, he had charge of the surveys of nine townships in Allamakee county. Gen. McDonald was twice wounded in the Bellevue fight. He was unable to go on the day previous with his neighbors, the Coxes and Nevilles, and, no horse being available, started early in the morning of the first of April on foot. He stopped at Butterworth's log cabin about eight o'clock and proceeded thence to Bellevue. He arrived when the firing had begun, and was just in time to see one of Brown's men step out and level a gun at Colonel Cox. He leaped in front of the Colonel and received the ball in his hip. Soon after he received a slight wound in the left wrist. (This information comes from N. B. Butterworth of Andrew, and from Gen. McDonald's son, R. H. McDonald, of Halstead, Kan.) The quality of his heroism will be appreciated too, when we know that his honeymoon was scarcely over, his marriage to Margaret A. Hildreth, at Burlington, having taken place on January 16th, 1840.

Anson Harrington, who swore out the information by virtue of which the warrant was issued under which Sheriff Warren acted, was elected Probate Judge at the election of 1840 to succeed James K. Moss. An amendment by Congress to the Organic Act by which Iowa Territory was organized, was passed March 3rd, 1839, which authorized the territorial legislature to provide by law for the election of judges of probate, sheriffs, justices of the peace and county surveyors which officers under the original act were appointed by the governor. The legislature of 1839-40 provided that the officers thus named should be elected by the people of each county at the general election of 1840. This limited the term of Judge Moss, and he was appointed at its expiration clerk of the courts by the district judge. (Clerks were not elected by the people for several years afterward, I think not under territorial government at all). Then Moss in 1841 was elected to the legislature and John G. McDonald succeeded him as clerk.

Lieut. James L. Kirkpatrick, the Black Hawk war soldier, was county coroner at the time, and in 1846 became one of the Board of County Commissioners. Rev. J. S. Kirkpatrick was not engaged in the attack but was an undoubted sympathizer. He was appointed special sheriff at the term of court held soon after the event and selected a new grand jury to investigate the matter. He was elected to the Territorial Council at the election of 1840, and in 1844 was elected a member of the first constitutional Convention of Iowa. Col. Samuel W. Durham, who was a fellow member of that convention says of him in a recent address before the Linn county Historical Society at Cedar Rapids:

"Rev. Scott Kirkpatrick, of Jackson county, an Illinoisian, was the largest and tallest and jolliest member and a good speaker." N. B. Butterworth says that he was about six feet four, and that he could perform the feat of lifting a barrel of lead mineral. Anson Wilson's interview published in these Annals mentions his engagement as 4th of July speaker in that summer of 1840.

Hon. William Morden was not present on the first of April, as far as we know, but he had advised and helped plan the movement. He was at that

time one of the board of three County Commissioners and in 1844, became a colleague of Scott Kirkpatrick in the first Constitutional Convention. He was also in 1856 elected a member of the sixth Iowa General Assembly. Geo. Watkins, who was a participant, succeeded Morden as one of the County Commissioners in the election of 1840, and his son James Watkins, also a participant, was sheriff of Jackson County from 1847 to 1853, and from 1855 to 1857 and from 1861 to 1865.

Dr. Enoch A. Wood, of Sabula, (then Charleston) was also one of the County Commissioners. He was not present, but in a letter written in 1879 and published in the Jackson County History, he says: "I know of my personal knowledge that they [Brown and his clan] were guilty of committing many crimes and misdemeanors and I justify the steps taken by the representative men of the county who drove them from our midst." John Howe was County Recorder at the time and John T. Sublett, County Treasurer, and both were participants—Sublett particularly active.

Mr. Berry's letter says that it was reported that every one of the grand jury summoned for the next term of court was acting with the "mob" except Brown and he was killed. This was probably very near the truth. We can find the names of David A. Bates, H. G. Magoon, Thos. J. Parks, Thos. Sublett, V. G. Smith, J. L. Kirkpatrick, John D. Bell, John Stickley, Nicholas Jefferson among those drawn upon juries about that time.

Thus it appears that within the ranks or aiding and abetting this "most infamous mob" of "brutish beasts," were legislators present and prospective of two territories and two states, three who helped frame constitutions for Iowa, the probate judge, sheriff, recorder, treasurer, clerk of courts, surveyor and coroner of the county, with two of the county commissioners advising and consenting, and nearly all of the panel of grand jurors. There were also two militia officers, one man who became probate judge, two who became sheriffs, a prospective recorder, clerk and county commissioner. Surely a body of men who did not need instruction from the hysterical Berry, nor even from the honorable Col. John King, postmaster and first chief justice of Dubuque county.

The brave men who lost their lives in their desperate effort to enforce obedience to the mandate of law, were all men of high character, respectable, honest, law-abiding citizens. Henderson Palmer and I think, John Brink, lived in Bellevue; John Maxwell, Andrew Farley and William Vaughn were farmers. The version given by Jo Henry of the part taken by Andrew Farley was a profound surprise, when published in 1897, to the people of the environment in which he had lived. The story of Capt. Warren (told from memory 35 years after the event) that Mr. Farley appeared in answer to a summons, was never questioned by his family or the pioneers of the Deep Creek neighborhood. I am inclined to believe, however, that, as Henry's version implies, he was overtaken by Warren, while on his way so mill at Bellevue, and that he was unarmed, but that he impressed Warren as being in entire sympathy with the movement. I regard it as doubtful whether the Deep Creek settlement was visited by either Cox or Warren, because from what we know of the character and sentiments of Col. Wycokoff, Samuel Carpenter, Lorin Sprague, David Swaney, Wm. L. Potts and

others of that settlement, I do not believe they would have allowed Andrew Farley to go to Bellevue alone if they had known of the call.

The desperate character of the conflict and the high grade of marksmanship displayed by the squirrel hunters on both sides, is well shown by the large number of casualties, especially on the part of the assailants. They received nearly as many bullet wounds in all as the number of Brown's forces. The statement of Henry that there were no more than ten men with Brown in the hotel is manifestly an error. There were three killed and thirteen captured, and Warren says that "Negro Brown and six others made their escape."

Capt. Warren wrote at least three accounts of the Bellevue War. The first was published in 1865 in the "Loyal West" by Henry Howe in Cincinnati. Extracts from it are given in a paper by F. Snyder then editor of the Jackson Sentinel, printed in the Annals of Iowa for April, 1869. Another very long account was published in the Bellevue Leader in 1875, and this is largely quoted, and partly condensed by the compilers of the Jackson County History published in 1879. Then in the same history is printed a communication from Capt. Warren written in the fall of 1879 in reply to one signed "Old Settler" of which Mr. Seeley makes mention. All of these were evidently written mainly from memory, and contain some discrepancies in details as Farmer Buckhorn points out.

We trust that this renewed discussion of that notable event in the history of Iowa Territory may bring out more light upon its obscure details. The Jackson County Historical Society will be glad to receive communications from any one knowing of facts regarding it.

Notes—On farther investigation I find enrolled as soldiers in Galena companies during the Black Hawk war, the names of Thomas Sublett, William Vance, James Beaty and John Stuckey, all of whom are named by Warren as participants in the attack on Brown's Hotel. William Vance was badly wounded, being shot in the thigh. Thos. Sublett and Vincent Smith are supposed to be the two whose bullets killed Brown, and it is a curious coincidence that they were comrades in Capt. Enoch Duncan's company of Colonel Henry Dodge's regiment in the Black Hawk war. J. L. Kirkpatrick was a lieutenant in the same company, John Foley a sergeant, and William Vance and William Jonas, privates. Another private was Loring Wheeler. afterwards an Iowa lawmaker from Dubuque and later from De Witt.

My authority for the names of those enrolled in the war is the "Record of the Services of Illinois Soldiers in the Black Hawk War," compiled by Adjutant General Isaac H. Elliott in 1882. The book was secured by the Boardman Library recently from a second hand book store in Chicago.

The Hon. Ebenezer Brigham, mentioned on page 63 and again on page 72 of Mr. Seeley's article, was a former Sangamon county friend and political associate of Colonel Cox. He had removed to the lead mines in 1827, and at the time of his visit to Bellevue was a resident of Blue Mounds, Dane county, Wisconsin Territory, and was a member of the Wisconsin Territorial Legislature. Capt. Warren was mistaken in supposing that Brigham and

Cox were in the legislature together. They were both territorial lawmakers but in different territories. The insinuation that Brigham "turned up at the right moment" to help Cox "fix up political fences" is hardly consistent with the good Farmer Buckhorn's usual fairness.

Warren, in writing from memory, must have been somewhat muddled on the date when the caucus was held in which Brown beat Cox out of the legislative nomination. It is hardly supposable that it was while the river was frozen over, since the election would not take place until August. Then Buckhorn's conjecture (Page 63) that the election occurred after Brown's death, does not accord with the statements of both Warren, and the writer signing himself "A Pioneer," (supposed to be the late William Y. Earle), in the Jackson County History, who both say that Cox ran as an independent candidate against Brown and beat him badly. It is very much to be regretted that no records exist of the votes cast in Jackson county earlier than 1857. We would much like to know who were the opposing candidates and what their votes at all of those early elections.

James C. Mitchell, the homicide, went to Council Bluffs at the time of the great California emigration in 1849 and became owner of two stores there, accumulating quite a fortune. We have the testimony of Warren's 1865 account, and again of the one written in 1879, corroborated by the letter of "A Pioneer," and by the memory of N. B. Butterworth, that Henderson Palmer was the first man killed in the fight; that he was shot down in the charge before the hotel was reached, and before Brown was shot. Warren's 1875 history reads as though the episode of Brown being called upon to surrender opened the battle, but he makes no mention of how Palmer met his death, so we must conclude that firing began from the hotel, as all of the other accounts state.



...Burton's settlement, to Edinburgh, the county seat of Jones county."

Note the old spelling of the name and that Maquoketa had not yet become Springfield even. It was known as Goodenow's Mills, and Shade Burton had not started his Buckhorn Tavern to give a name to his settlement.

Another memorial in the Third General Assembly was for the establishment of new post offices, and one clause in that reads:

"One on the military road in Jones county, where the said road crosses the Maquoketa river, to be called the _____ post office and that Wm. _____ be appointed postmaster."

The location thus specified was _____ the north east corner of Jones county. Curiosity to know who _____ guide in Iowa ever did bear the name of Maquoketa, prompted _____ address an inquiry to the post office department at Washington, _____ our good friend Congressman Lawson, asking as to that fact, and also for a list of the first post offices in Jackson county. A prompt reply was received from Hon. P. V. DeFraw, 4th Dist., P. M. General, who says:

"We can find no record of a post office named Maquoketa in Iowa, Jones county, neither can we locate the Mill Rock office."

Following is the list of names and dates given, some of which are very surprising:

Early Post Offices in Jackson County.

(Written for the Jackson County Historical Society by Harvey Reid.)

Among matters pertaining to the welfare of their budding commonwealth, there was nothing that the members of the early territorial legislatures took greater interest in than the establishment of post offices and post routes by the General Government. So every member at some time during each session would press the adoption by the legislature of memorials to Congress asking the establishment of new post offices and new post routes. These requests would generally be consolidated into one memorial on each subject and would always pass.

In a memorial adopted by the Second Territorial Assembly for the establishment of post routes we find this clause:

"From Charleston by Goodenoe's mills, by Burliston's settlement, by Elk ford to the point on the Territorial road where the said road crosses the Wabsepinea river and thence to the county seat of Linn county."

But evidently the memorial was not granted so far as that particular route was concerned, for we find that at the next session, that of 1840-1, another memorial was adopted asking for post routes which included:

"From Savannah, Illinois, via Charleston and Goodenoe's mills and Burrison's settlement, to Edinburgh, the county seat of Jones county."

Note the odd spelling of the names and that Maquoketa had not yet become Springfield even. It was known as Goodenow's Mills, and Shade Burlison had not started his Buckhorn Tavern to give a name to his settlement.

Another memorial in the Third General Assembly was for the establishment of new post offices, and one clause in that reads:

"One on the military road in Jones county, where the said road crosses the Makoketa river, to be called the Makoketa post office and that Wm. Clarke be appointed postmaster."

The location thus specified would be near the north east corner of Jones county. Curiosity to know whether a postoffice in Iowa ever did bear the name of Makoketa, prompted the writer to address an inquiry to the post office department at Washington, through our good friend Congressman Dawson, asking as to that fact, and also for a list of the first postoffices in Jackson county. A prompt reply was received from Hon. P. V. DeGraw, 4th Asst. P. M. General, who says:

"We can find no record of a post office named Makoketa in Iowa, Jones county, neither can we locate the Mill Rock office."

Following is the list of names and dates given, some of which are very surprising:

Bellevue, Jo Daviess County, Illinois, established March 17, 1836; John Bell, Postmaster. Office changed into Dubuque County, Wis., and changed into Jackson County, Iowa, Nov. 1, 1839, James K. Moss., Postmaster.

Silsbee established April 11, 1840, Obadiah Sawtell, Postmaster. Name changed to Andrew, October 26, 1841, Nathaniel Butterworth, Postmaster.

Fulton established June 19, 1851; William Marden, Postmaster.

Waterford established March 2, 1855. Fayette Mallard, Postmaster.

Higginsport established October 31, 1851; John G. Smith, Postmaster.

Sterling established June 3, 1852; C. S. Ferguson, Postmaster.

Springfield, Jackson County, established June 4, 1840, John E. Goodenow, Postmaster; J. B. Doane, July 2, 1841; J. E. Goodenow, Oct. 13, 1842; name changed to Maquoketa, March 13, 1844.

Bridgeport, established May 1, 1850, R. S. Dyas, Postmaster; W. C. Grant, Oct. 30, 1851.

It would be interesting to know where the ridiculous error was made of recording Bellevue as in Jo Daviess county, Illinois, in 1836. And did anybody know before that Andrew was not established as a new postoffice, but was removed from Sawtell's, in Richland township, and its name changed from Silsbee to Andrew? Inquiry as to Charleston brought particulars of an office of that name in some other part of the state established in 1850, instead of old Charleston, now Sabula. The first postmaster of our Charleston was Wm. H. Brown, appointed in the latter part of 1836 or early in 1837. The name was changed to Sabula in 1846.



Some time in February, 1840, J. C. Cox came through this part of the county trying to turn out and drive Brown and his gang, as he called them, but he got no help from these parts. Mr. Cox would have nothing to do with such a crowd. Brown would be a fool to surrender to a man who would have nothing to do with such a crowd. That he might be the next victim after him, and was quite largely made up of men from the bad mines near Genoa. He says that Tom Welch, the young man mentioned by Joseph Hunt who worked for Brown as stable boy, who was badly wounded in the fight on the 1st of April, 1840, and who Charlie Kilgore tried to finish by emptying all the barrels of his pepper box pistol into Tom while standing over him, and was saved at the intervention of Warner and Kirkpatrick and sent to friends in the forks, and afterwards lived with Mr. Wilson and gave him many particulars of the conflict. Mr. Wilson says the talk about so much crime being committed in the county at that time was greatly exaggerated. There were no horses stolen

A. H. Wilson on the Bellevue War.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

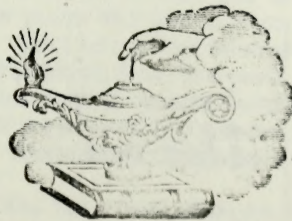
Anson H. Wilson, a pioneer of Maquoketa who came here in the spring of 1839 and the only person living who came here in the thirties, as a full grown man, is still hale and hearty though past ninety and is full of reminiscences of early days in the Maquoketa valley. In a conversation with him on the 23rd day of April, 1906, the writer asked him for his opinion of W. W. Brown, the principal victim of the Bellevue mob in April, 1840. Mr. Wilson said: "I knew Brown and his wife, well, I stopped at their hotel frequently on my trips to and from Galena. I helped build several mills and frequently went to Galena for supplies. Brown was a fine looking man, tall, well built, dark complected, of genial, pleasant manners, and a perfect gentleman in every way. Mrs. Brown was a small woman of neat appearance, with a winning way, that made her very popular, and a suitable helpmate for her husband. Brown was an all round hustler, conducted the best hotel in the country, some said on the Mississippi river, had a wood yard, a general store, and was interested in a meat market. He trusted everybody and gave everybody work that needed it. He employed a great many men to cut wood in the winter season, which he sold to the steamboat companies in the summer. I never heard that Brown was accused of committing any crime himself. The worst said about him was that he had a tough set of men about his hotel. I never knew of any one getting bad money at any of Brown's places of business. Brown always said if any one got bad money at his house or store he would make it good.

"Some time in February or March, 1840, Col. Cox came through this part of the county trying to get the people to turn out and drive Brown and his gang, as he called them, out of the country, but he got no help from these parts." Mr. Wilson says he told Cox that he would have nothing to do with such an undertaking and that he thought Brown would be a fool to surrender to a mob. He said Cox threatened him that he might be the next victim after Brown. He also thinks that the mob was quite largely made up of men from the lead mines near Galena. He says that Tom Welch, the young man mentioned by Joseph Henri who worked for Brown as stable boy, who was badly wounded in the fight on the 1st of April, 1840, and who Charley Kilgore tried to finish by emptying all the barrels of his pepper box pistol into Tom while standing over him, and was saved at the intercession of Warren and Kirkpatrick and sent to friends in the forks, and afterwards lived with Mr. Wilson and gave him many particulars of the conflict.

Mr. Wilson says the talk about so much crime being committed in the county at that time was greatly exaggerated. There were no horses stolen

in this county, and if Brown and his boarders were banded together to rob, steal horses, and pass counterfeit money they must have done their work in some other locality. Mr. Wilson was a warm friend to Col. Warren, but blamed him for his action in mobbing Brown, who considered Warren a true friend to him to the last. Mr. Wilson was quite familiar with the trials and troubles his neighbor, Shade Burleson, had in trying to settle the Brown estate, especially in his efforts to collect on notes and accounts. The probate judge had been Brown's worst enemy while living, and had been a leader in the mob that killed Brown, and nearly every man that was sued demanded a jury which was always largely composed of members of the mob and in every case a verdict was given for defendant. Mr. Wilson said, "I once asked Burleson why it was that he could not get a verdict against men of whom he held their promissory note? Burleson's answer was characteristic of the man. He said, 'If you sue the devil and have the trial in hell what show have you got for a favorable verdict?'"

Mr. Wilson says that the people of this side of the county were never friendly to Col. Cox, after the killing of Brown. That he never was invited nor attended any of the fourth of July celebrations or other public functions in this locality. He describes Col. Cox as being over 6 foot high, splendidly proportioned and altogether one of the finest specimens of physical manhood he ever met. Mr. Wilson said that when the capital was established at Iowa City through Col Cox's influence, a Mr. Ball of this county got a job of cutting the stone for ornamenting the new capitol, and his work was so well appreciated that Gov. Lucas secured him a job to work on an addition that was being built to the National capitol. The same Mr. Ball cut the stones to mark the graves of Mr. Wilson's first wife and daughter in Maquoketa cemetery.



Early Local History.

An Estimate of William C. Boardman.

(Written by Prof. D. A. Fletcher of Maquoketa, Iowa.)

Virginia has been called "The mother of Presidents." In like manner New England, more honorably, may be said to be the mother of men; for no part of the world has given birth to a higher type of man, in the best sense, than has New England. For business thrift and enterprise, and for a high standard of morality and practical piety, no other country has sent into the world in the past two hundred and fifty years, so large a proportion of the kind of men that make a nation substantial and truly great.

Critics may sneer at the days of the Salem witchcraft and the land of wooden nutmegs and wooden clocks, but those nutmegs were a myth, and those clocks and their successors of good brass, have been keeping time to the perfect satisfaction of their owners, not only over all America, but in all the confines of the civilized world. We must not forget that the battle of Lexington was fought on New England soil, and that the echoes of that bloody strife have ever since been rolling over some down-trodden people, and to-day are sounding with unabated solemnity in bureaucratic Russia.

William C. Boardman, the founder of the Boardman Institute Library, in whose honor we here meet, was born one hundred and two years ago to-day in honorable New England. In every sense of the word he was a "chip of the old block." Had he been born fifty years sooner, and in Massachusetts instead of in Vermont, no doubt he would have been at Lexington with his musket in his hand. He was of sturdy build, nearly six feet tall, endowed by nature with a good degree of health and strength and with his full share of Yankee diligence, thrift and foresight. No one could truthfully say of him that he ever asked for anything to which he was not entitled; or that he was ever guilty of a low or mean action, or that any stain ever rested on his honor. That he was the trusted employee and representative in the West of the Fairbanks Scale Company of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, then the pioneers and leading manufacturers in the world of platform and other scales, and for more than a quarter of a century, speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Boardman's integrity, diligence and honorable dealing.

Fifty years ago, come the latter part of April, this writer had the honor of coming to Maquoketa with Mr. Boardman for the first time. We first met by chance at DeWitt. If the mud, through which our hack slowly plowed its weary way, was ever deeper than it was that day, a record should be made of it. Maquoketa was even then a thrifty burg with great expectations, and something over twelve hundred inhabitants. A corps of railroad engineers made this their headquarters, and buildings for business and residences were going up on every part of the town plat.

Mr. Boardman was then and long had been a married man. His wife Mary Denton Boardman was here, and presided over his home with true New England "faculty." Whenever her name was mentioned by either of the pair, the Benton of it was made prominent. This was because the wife came of a Benton family, which on its native heath ranked among the "400" of that generation. Mrs. Boardman in intellect was in no respect behind the best of her family. As between her and her spouse, she was probably the ablest, and that could be said without in any manner derogating anything from Mr. Boardman as a man, in what he was or ought to be. Mrs. Benton Boardman was in fact, a magnificent specimen of a large, healthy, forcible and intellectual New England woman, gifted in every respect, except perhaps in striking personal beauty and except in having a family of children, of which she had none. And yet Mrs. Mary Benton Boardman was a great lover of children, and the children of the Sunday School all loved her. In her last sickness she mentioned a bottle of perfumery which one little member of her class had given her; a bottle she had never opened, for smells of such kind were not necessary in those days for her entrance into the best society our city afforded, a bottle which she had treasured as a keepsake for years. She had abundant time to carry out her plans, and she planned to instruct and delight the flock of little ones that crowded round her in the school, listening with open mouth to the words of wonder and of wisdom falling from her lips.

Mrs. Boardman never forgot the annual Christmas tree, nor the interest of her class in that joyful event. It is mentioned in Grecian fable that the goddess Aphrodite was born from the foam of the sea, springing from the waves full grown and beautiful; and so without any fable at all, Mrs. Boardman annually created legions of rabbits full grown and with wonderful pink eyes, from her supplies of cotton flannel, stuffed out to fatness, as rabbits ought to be, and white as snow; white like the rabbits in winter time of her dear New England forests, and not colored like the degenerate race of rabbits that gnaw off the bark of our apple trees in winter in our western orchards. It was lovely to see these rabbits disporting, as it were, among the branches of the Christmas tree, and every member of the class had one, warranted not to bite or gnaw anything. Mrs. Boardman died in 1878 at the age of sixty-eight years, a woman born to be a leader, and a leader in fact in the society in which she moved.

For a few years after his settling in this city, Mr. Boardman continued in the business of selling and locating platform scales. He laid the foundation of a substantial addition to his fortune by purchasing in 1855, over a thousand acres of wild land in western Iowa. At that time the best of government land could be bought for one dollar an acre. He personally inspected every forty of that land, and with keen foresight knew the coming value of what he was buying. The death of his wife was indeed a sad blow to the subject of this sketch. No children of his own growing up around him, he was in some respects a lonely man. He was now seventy-four years of age. By the prudence of his business life he was beyond the necessity of that active exertion that is a pleasure to those who are in their prime. He had been a consistent and valued member of the Congressional church, east

and west, for half a century, and his interest in the welfare of the church to which he belonged, spiritually and temporally, in no manner abated. In 1878 his church in Maquoketa were engaged in rebuilding their place of worship. They decided to have the windows of stained glass, but their funds admitted of the purchase of only the plainest kind. The windows came from the factory and Mr. Boardman saw them. He at once offered to procure richer windows if the society would return those they had already purchased. His offer was at once accepted, and to this generosity of Mr. Boardman we owe the windows, second to none in beauty in eastern Iowa, that adorn the building in which we are now gathered.

Up to the same time the Congregational Society of Maquoketa owned no parsonage. Mr. Boardman was born and reared in a part of the country that believed in churches and that a parsonage was the proper adjunct of a church, and the one almost as necessary as the other. He purchased a property for \$2100, and conveyed it to the society; and this he did, like his gift of the windows, with no thought of special publicity, with no thought of self glorification, but as a public service done for the public good, and a wise appropriation of the means with which God had blessed him in the service of his Master.

The last public act of Mr. Boardman was his best one. I refer to his endowment of the Boardman Institute Library. By his last will he set aside five thousand dollars, providing that if a corporation should be created for library purposes with a paid in capital of five hundred dollars, it should receive this endowment under sundry wise conditions for its perpetuation. Those conditions have been and are being faithfully complied with. Under arrangements made with the authorities of the city of Maquoketa, which are to continue for a long term of years, and I hope for ever, a library is being built up with accretions from year to year, destined to be of nothing but public benefit, the limit of which no one can measure. The Pharaohs of ancient Egypt devoted the lives of countless thousands of unhappy serfs and millions of treasure to the erection of pyramids, which at the best were only piles of stone. We do not now know with certainty whether they were intended to be merely the tombs of those monarchs, or landmarks indicating the points of the compass. They were of no valuable use and did not even have the merit of furnishing paid employment to laborers out of work, for they were built by the labor of slaves. Military heroes, in all ages of the world, have sacrificed the lives of their subjects and of other uncounted millions to their thirst for glory; and we who read of it, realize clearly that these sacrifices were only for base purposes, without the smallest element of good to anybody, and their authors are being rapidly consigned to the limbo of the forgotten past, except as a warning to the present and coming generations of the evil that men may do when their lives are not consecrated to high and noble purpose.

The life and doings of William C. Boardman were of a nobler type. He was a diligent man in things and ways that were good only; he was a pure man no one ever heard a word fall from his lips that might not be spoken in any presence; he was an economical and saving man who learned in his youth the lesson—often not learned—that one's expenditures should not ex-

ceed or even equal his income; he was a religious man, not warped by prejudice or filled with bigotry, who profoundly realized and showed by his daily life that man was created for the high purpose that he should contribute with his powers and talents to the great work of making the world better, he was an honest man, and his worldly possessions were acquired in doing that which was of benefit to others, and in strong contrast to the acquisitions of many magnates of the present day whose wealth has grown out of the oppression and wronging of others. He honestly earned every dollar he had.

Mr. Boardman made no pretensions to being a learned man or to literature. I am sure he never made a so-called speech in his life. He never wrote out even a humble essay, such as you are now listening to. It is not certain that he ever inquired whether Shakspeare was an Irishman or a Frenchman; or that he knew whether the beautiful extract "The quality of mercy is not strained but cometh like a gentle dew from heaven," was written by Milton or Burns; but he well knew what was for him more important and perhaps better. No one could with more eloquence of conviction explain the merits and value of Fairbanks platform scales than could he; no one was a higher past master in the science and art of properly setting those scales when once the eager customer had purchased them; and to crown all, when they were paid for, every cent of the purchase price that belonged to Fairbanks & Company went as straight into their till as Uncle Samuel's mails could carry the money—an event that does not always happen in these days.

From what I have said as to Mr. Boardman's critical knowledge in literary matters, one must not think that he despised or under valued education.; far from it. He gave a thousand dollars to the son of his pastor, a worthy graduate of our High School, to help him to a college education. He was not only the owner of a share of stock in our pioneer library association, but he and his family often drew out and read its books, and he paid for and he believed in the editorials of Horace Greeley and the New York Tribune.

The beneficence of Mr. Boardman in the founding of our library appeals to every young person especially, in our community, as an example of right doing. He might have left that five thousand dollars to relatives who did not need it; or he might have devoted it to a monument of bronze or marble: but he, as I think, wisely and nobly did otherwise. He consecrated it largely to the improvement of our young people of the present and coming generations, that reading what has been said and of what has been done in the past by the wise and good and truly great, they may acquire strength to discharge those duties which a free republic and a kind providence has laid upon their shoulders. God grant that they may see their opportunity and profit by it.

William C. Boardman died in Maquoketa nearly twenty-two years ago. The pupils in our public schools never saw him, except in his speaking likeness that hangs on the walls of our free public library: and most of the citizens who now throng our streets have known him only by name. But in the endowment of our library he erected to his honor that which will be more

enduring than the pyramids—in its usefulness expanding as the ages come—that which will bear richest fruitage for the higher being of our people, as long as men shall aspire to and revere that which is truly great in human character and conduct.

A Sketch of the Founder of the Burn's Settlement in Otter Creek Township, Jackson County.

(Written by Miss Mayme Slattery for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Zealotia, Iowa, March 24, 1908.

Mr. Jas. Ellis,

Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: I have been reading your account of early settlers in the Sentinel all winter and I think it is quite interesting, so thought I would send you these few items concerning Zachariah Burns, the founder of Burn's Settlement in Otter Creek township, if you would have it printed, but you may have read his history in the Jackson County History. I do not remember if it is in it or not, however, these items are correct as he gave them himself. He is living at present with his son-in-law, James Dugan, in Boone, Mo., and is very well and has a very clear memory for a man eighty-eight years old.

Yours and oblige,



MAYME SLATTERY

Zachariah Burns, the subject of this sketch, was born March 18, 1819, at St. Charles, St. Charles county, Mo., where he remained there until the fall of 1845 when he and his brother, Uriah, came to Jackson county, Iowa, (an overland trip) to see the country. They remained one night in Maquoketa in front of Goodenow's house. There were only two dwellings and a blacksmith shop there at that time.

There was no wagon road from Maquoketa to Otter Creek, and had to follow a path through the timber of which there was a great deal and of good quality. He and his brother intended putting up a sawmill on Otter Creek, so Zachariah left his brother there to get out the timber to build the mill and he went back to Missouri to bring his mother and rest of the family over, but the mill proved a failure as they could not get a dam that would work, so in the spring of 1846 they moved to Otter Creek township and bought the farm now owned by Thos. Ryan, a short distance west of Otter Creek church, from the government paying the regular price of \$1.25 per acre. He lived on this farm until 1853, when he sold it and moved to Adair county, Iowa, and bought another farm near Adita, his wife dying while they lived there in 1857. His mother died while they lived in Otter Creek, we do not know what year. In 1861, he moved to Oklahoma and lived there one year, returning to Adair county, where he remained two years. His daughter, Mary, died there in April, 1898, after which he broke up his property, sold his farm and has made his home with his daughters ever since, dividing his time among them. They are Edna, Mrs. Chas. Martin

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MISS MAYME SLATTERY.

Zachariah Burns, the subject of this sketch, was born March 15, 1818, in St. Charles, St. Charles county, Mo., living there until the fall of 1845 when he and his brother, Uriah, came to Jackson county, Iowa, (an overland trip) to see the country. They camped one night in Maquoketa in front of Goodenow's house. There were only two dwellings and a blacksmith shop there at that time.

There was no wagon road from Maquoketa to Otter Creek, and had to follow a path through the timber of which there was a great deal and of good quality. He and his brother intended putting up a sawmill on Otter Creek, so Zacharia left his brother there to get out the timber to build the mill and he went back to Missouri to bring his mother and rest of the family out, but the mill proved a failure as they could not get a dam that would hold, so in the spring of 1846 they moved to Otter Creek township and bought the farm now owned by Thos. Ryan, a short distance west of Otter Creek church, from the government paying the regular price of \$1.25 per acre. He lived on this farm until 1883, when he sold it and moved to Adair county, Iowa, and bought another farm near Anita, his wife dying while they lived there in 1887. His mother died while they lived in Otter Creek do not know what year. In 1893, he moved to Oklahoma and lived there one year, returning to Adair county, where he remained two years. His daughter, Mary, died there in April, 1898, after which he broke up housekeeping, sold his farm and has made his home with his daughters ever since, dividing his time among them. They are Edna, Mrs. Chas. Martin

of Shenandoah, Ia.; Ellen, Mrs. Jas. Degan of Benson, Neb., with whom Mr. Burns resides at the present time and Angelina, Mrs. Jas Brock of Council Bluffs. Mr. Burns has four sons also, Arthur of San Francisco, Cal.; John and Eustus of Missouri, and Wm. of Oklahoma.

Uriah farmed for a while in Otter Creek, sold out and removed to San Francisco, Cal., where he died some years ago. There was another brother, Timothy, who kept store on a corner of Zacharia's farm. He removed to Texas where he died a short time ago. Zach, as he was familiarly called, is only survivor of the founders of Burns' Settlement, and is hale and hearty, and has a very clear memory despite his eighty-eight years and can relate quite a few interesting incidents of the early history and settlement of Jackson county.

Uriah's office repaired to the house of Henry Jarret near Iron Mills, arrested Jarret with the intention of having him share the fate of Griford, whose confession had implicated Jarret in the murder of Ingles on the 25th of March. Jarret protested his innocence so loud and plead so hard for a trial that it was finally decided to take him before Elmer Mann, a justice of the peace, and give him a hearing, but it was intended to hang him just the same. During the trial of Jarret, the mob had a fire in the front yard, and was passing the time as pleasantly as possible while waiting for the end of the farce, as they considered the hearing. Finally as night was approaching the squire decided that the evidence was sufficient to hold Jarret to appear before the grand jury, but the question was how to hold him, it was very evident that as soon as the squire was through with him the mob would take charge of him. It was finally suggested that the officers, John Sagers and Ambrose Jones, try to get Jarret out at the back of the house which stood near a ravine and struggle him away from the mob. There was a back door which was not generally used, and Mrs. E. A. Turner, who is still living and who now resides in the house at the time says, there was a dish cupboard standing against the wall and this was removed without attracting the attention of the mob. The three men slipped out and into the hollow which concealed the back door, and at a distance from the house, but as they left the hollow to enter a ridge three men, Barker, Warner and McGee, who were sitting on stumps some little distance from the house saw them and one of them cried out to give an alarm, but one of his companions ordered him to shut up on pain of being knocked into a cocked hat. But the alarm was spread and the mob bounded out in pursuit like a pack of hounds and were about to overtake them when they reached the Martin Ferry on the North Fork and the pursued escaped by dropping over the bank where it was dark, supporting themselves by holding on to the bank with their hands to keep an upright position. It was said that some of the members of the mob stood on the banks of the pursued who did not dare move for fear of disclosing their hiding place. The mob decided that the pursued had gone to the other ferry and rushed on in that direction and as soon as they were gone the officers and their prisoner got a man to row them across the river and hastened on towards Bellevue as fast as possible, leaving Andrew to their right while the mob thinking the officers would take the prisoner to Andrew went on to that place, not very hastily as they felt sure of



Reminiscences of Mrs. E. A. Turner.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for Jackson County Historical Society.)

After the hanging of Alex Grifford by the Vigilance Committee, April 11th, 1857, the Committee repaired to the house of Henry Jarret near Iron Hills, arrested Jarret with the intention of having him share the fate of Grifford, whose confession had implicated Jarret in the murder of Ingles on the 27th of March. Jarret protested his innocence so hard and plead so hard for a trial that it was finally decided to take him before Eleazer Mann, a justice of the peace, and give him a hearing, but it was intended to hang him just the same. During the trial of Jarret, the mob had a fire in the front yard, and was passing the time as pleasantly as possible while waiting for the end of the farce, as they considered the hearing. Finally as night was approaching the squire decided that the evidence was sufficient to hold Jarret to appear before the grand jury, but the question was how to hold him, it was very evident that as soon as the squire was through with him the mob would take charge of him. It was finally suggested that the officers, John Sagers and Ambrose Jones, try to get Jarret out at the back of the house which stood near a ravine and smuggle him away from the mob. There was a back door which was not generally used, and Mrs. E. A. Turner, who is still living and who was in the house at the time says, there was a dish cupboard standing against the door, and this was removed without attracting the attention of the mob, and the three men slipped out and into the hollow which concealed them for quite a distance from the house, but as they left the hollow to cross a ridge three men, Parker, Warner and Waggoner, who were sitting on stumps some little distance from the house saw them and one of them cried out to give an alarm, but one of his companions ordered him to shut up on pain of being knocked into a cocked hat. But the alarm was spread and the mob bounded out in pursuit like a pack of hounds and were about to overtake them when they reached the Martin Ferry on the North Fork and the pursued escaped by dropping over the bank where it was dark, supporting themselves by holding on to the bank with their hands to keep an upright position. It was said that some of the members of the mob stood on the hands of the pursued who did not dare move for fear of disclosing their hiding place. The mob decided that the pursued had gone to the other ferry and rushed on in that direction and as soon as they were gone the officers and their prisoner got a man to set them across the river and hastened on towards Bellevue as fast as possible, leaving Andrew to their right while the mob thinking the officers would take the prisoner to Andrew went on to that place, not very hastily as they felt sure of

their prey, but not getting any trace of the parties at Andrew, hastened on towards Bellevue and some of them arrived in time to see Jarret taken on board of a steamboat which conveyed him to Fort Madison, where he was safe from pursuit.

He was afterwards brought back to Bellevue for trial but the excitement had died out and we believe there was no prosecution of his case attempted. Mrs. Turner says that her father John Mann, thought that he was very likely the innocent cause of the murder of Ingles. A few days before the murder, Mr. Ingles employed John Mann to haul up some fire wood for him. Ingles went into the timber and cut down trees and trimmed them up in shape for Mann to drag them up with oxen. The wood had to be hauled through a cleared field belonging to Dave McDonald, and when Mann came with the first load McDonald asked him who he was hauling the wood for, and on being told for Ingles, he was forbidden by McDonald to go across his land any more. Mann, however, plead with McDonald to let him go back and tell Ingles and haul one more load. McDonald consented for him to draw just one more load, but no more. Mann went back and told Ingles what McDonald had said and that he could only haul one more load. Ingles was quite angry and said among other things that McDonald had better have a care or he would tell something on him that would drive him out of the country quick. When Mr. John Mann was going home he met Eleazer Man and told him of his experience with the two men, and of the threat made by Ingles. The story got out and it was believed that Grifford was induced to kill Ingles to prevent him from telling what he had threatened to tell. McDonald escaped from the country and never came back.

Mrs. Turner was asked by members of the mob, why she did not warn them that the officers were spiriting Jarret away from them? She said the reason was that she liked the Jarret girls and would not for the world do anything to hurt them. Mrs. Turner's husband was present and witnessed the hanging of William P. Barger in Andrew by a mob in 1857, but had no part in it. He cut a limb from the tree at the time and carried home with him and kept it for more than 40 years in a little box with his private papers, said box never being opened by any one else until after his death. The relic is now in the writer's possession

Mr. John S. Thompson was also present at the preliminary trial of Henry Jarret, but only as a spectator.. He witnessed the escape of the constables with their prisoner and the mad chase of the mob in their endeavor to re-capture and execute him.

Benton, Kans., Dec. 20th, 1897.

J. W. Ellis, Esq.,
Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: I received yours dated 14th and I cannot recollect of any other letters from you. My folks received the papers all right and was pleased with them, but would have been better pleased if there had been more of them, respecting your 25 copies of papers I would like to have them and also your book when it is done. I hope you will give my best respects to Mr. and Mrs. John Goodenow, I would like they could visit me in the near future

that I could have the privilege of returning some of their kindness to me while I was at their place. Give my respects to Mr. Teeple, I would like to hear from him. The afternoon I left Mr. Teeple's place I was giving the horse a pail of water when a stitch took me in the back which I am not well of yet, but I suffered no more in the buggy than I would in an easy chair in the house. I stopped a few days in Cedar Rapids with my connection where I was well cared for. Stopped at Grand Junction next and stayed several days with Fletchjoy and his son, Henry, and others that were neighbors in Illinois. Stopped four miles west of Jefferson City with two old friends and at Beatrice, Nebr., and on my way there I stopped at a farm house over night with an old lady and her son and I am sorry that I did not take their names and address, I learned from the lady what became of Bill Fox, the man that helped kill Col. Davenport at Rock Island. She said that after Fox was taken prisoner he gave the posse that took him the slip and went to No Man's Land, Indiana, and died there. With many thanks for your favors and best wishes for my old friends there,

Respectfully,

JOSEPH HENRI.

The writer of the above, Joseph Henri, died at Eldorado, Kansas, November 18th, 1899, aged 90 years.

J. W. E.

Mt. Vernon, Iowa, January 25th, 1904.

Mr. Harry Littell.

Dear Friend: In replying to your favor of the 17 inst, will give you what I can think of that might possibly be of value to you. Father was born in Madison County, N. Y., in 1815; mother in Ashtabula County, Ohio, in the same year, where they were married in 1845. They commenced life for themselves in Wyoming County, N. Y., having purchased a timbered farm which he cleared off. He sold out there and moved to Monmouth Township, Jackson County, Iowa, in the summer of 1853, traveling as far as Rockford, Ill., by cars. He left his wife and three small boys at that place and came to Iowa to purchase. He secured 440 acres of land, partly timber at \$3.50 per acre. He then purchased a team of horses, one of Dr. Cook and one of P. Mitchell, merchant of Maquoketa, and rode one and led the other back to Rockford, where he completed the outfit for a trip overland the rest of the way. He had gone but a short distance when owing to the neckyoke breaking going down hill, the wagon was over turned and all the family caught under the load of goods, except the mother, who was so badly injured that it was necessary to carry her the rest of the way in a sling bed suspended from the bows of a covered wagon.

Mr. Watson found a hospitable neighborhood and all the assistance needed was forthcoming. At that time there had never been a school, Sunday school or religious meeting in the neighborhood and it was with some difficulty that a school was started, as the people would vote it down, and it was only by getting the district divided that a school was at last started.

Another son was added to the family in 1855, all of whom grew to manhood. Reid, the older, died at the age of 28, the remaining three are still living, Edgar, Leslie and Eugene. Mr. Watson died in 1889, his wife having preceded him by several years.

L. C. Watson.

Immigration and Population Jackson County in 1850. More About Crime in That Day.

It was in 1848 that a heavy immigration began to flow into Iowa, that continued uninterrupted for at least ten years. And in 1850 the population had already swelled to 193,000. And Jackson County in that census year was 7210 and these principally made up of those who came in during the rush between the years 1848 and of 1858. Although there were a number who came much earlier. So early that the writer can have no personal knowledge of the time of their arrival, except as they related to me after my arrival in 1850. But in those days there were no railroads west of Chicago and the emigrants come either by water down the Ohio and up the Mississippi rivers on steamers, or overland by teams. Some of them used horses, but for the most part oxen were used instead. 100 miles a week was about an average speed, and it often required 40 days or more to bring the emigrants to their destination, and there were many difficulties to overcome along the way. There were many streams to be crossed, but not many bridges in those early days. In some places there were ferry boats kept sufficiently large to carry a loaded wagon and team, but in other places on small streams the immigrant must either ford or swim; but it was very common for immigrants to go in gangs, sometimes 10 or more could be counted in one company and hardly without the precaution of having in the company a boat of sufficient capacity to carry at least a ton in weight. The boat was usually constructed so as to answer as a wagon bed and was about 16 ft. long. But the crossing was always a tedious job. All the wagons necessarily had to be unloaded and the goods ferried over and the wagons taken apart and taken over piecemeal, and last of all the teams and cows were driven in, to make their way over as best they could. And such a crossing when the train was large frequently occupied the greater part of a day. The immigrants that came into Iowa between 1848 and 1856 were largely from western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana and these were the years of Iowa's greatest boom. But the overland immigrant with all the difficulty by the way, was not altogether without his pleasures. The novelties of outdoor life has its charms with all its hardships. The experiences gained in making shifts, teaches payable lessons for use in after life. Many of the early settlers of Iowa were of a migratory disposition, who started in early days from Pennsylvania to Ohio and after a few years stay they resumed their journey westward to Indiana, thence to Illinois and finally to Iowa, thus following the frontier. And often were at middle age or, over before they arrived in the promised land, as it was then frequently called, but many of the settlers who were coming

in after 1840 had a disposition to dodge the eastern part of Jackson County, especially Bellevue and its vicinity. The Bellevue war was a detriment to the settling of that part of the county, and it was branded far and near as one of the dark places of earth, far beyond its merits long after the bandits and murderers were driven out to make room for peaceable and law abiding citizens.

It was about twelve years after the Bellevue war that one, Barger, killed his wife in the town of Bellevue and about two years later another foul murder was committed near Iron Hills, and this coupled with the mob-war at Bellevue cast a shadow over the entire county of Jackson. Although nearly 50 years have passed since the hanging of Barger and Griffith by the Iron Hills vigilance committee, the shadow still hangs over the county, and the farther we go from home and hear the opinion of strangers, the darker the picture becomes. It was nearly 10 years after the Bellevue war that the writer first came to Jackson County, Iowa, and it was in 1850 that I stopped for a while in Bellevue and in its vicinity. My opportunity was good to know how the public pulse beat in regard to the Bellevue tragedy. I found that by a large majority of the best citizens, the sympathies were with Warren's party and against the Brown gang. This I found after I arrived on the ground and talked with those who had the best opportunity of knowing the merits or demerits in the case, but now the question is again brought up with new testimony, such as would reverse the verdict that was rendered by the general public more than 50 years ago. I confess that I had some hesitancy in stopping in or settling in Bellevue or even in Jackson County, not that I was afraid of Warren and his party, but of Brown and his gang.

Although partially exterminated in the town of Bellevue at the time of the war; yet some of the gang survived and again become operative farther west in the big woods in the forks of the Maquoketa river. It was full 10 years after the Bellevue war that the place of their concealment was discovered in the caves in the rocks of Pine Creek, and from this secluded place and another branch on the north fork they did a systematic business of horse stealing, counterfeiting and in fact almost anything that could grow out of lawlessness. It was the lawless gang that provoked the formation of the Iron Hills vigilance committee that did the hanging of Barger and Griffith and it was soon after the hanging that a similar committee was formed at Emeline for the sole purpose of ferreting out the desperadoes and bringing them to justice, to protect the community against the bandits that remained of the Brown gang. Although these committees were in themselves not organized according to law and their acts therefore were unlawful. But the inability of the administrators of the law to cope with the situation, caused citizens for their own safety to take the law into their own hands in order to put away evil among them. I have already in a former communication spoke of these committees and would not again bring it to the front except for the reason of the recently published story of Joseph Henry. My personal acquaintance with Mr. Warren was but slight, but from his seemingly mild disposition and his apparent level headedness I

could scarcely believe him a desperado or that he would go off at half set or, that he would do a harsh act without justifiable provocation.

The history of the Bellevue war has been written and rewritten, not altogether without exhibiting more or less bias of the writer, but now that the question is again raised, it is of the highest importance that nothing but actual facts be made the base of revision without regard to our sympathies. There are yet many incidents connected with the Jackson County mobs of which I will speak later on, if occasion requires.

LEVI WAGONER.

Early Pioneers.

(Written by J. W. King for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

One of the very early pioneers of Jackson county was John Forbes, who came to Bellevue in the spring of 1835. He secured a ten-year charter for a ferry across the Mississippi at a point just below the mouth of Spruce Creek and operated a ferry there for several years. In 1838 he was appointed a justice of the peace for Bellevue by the governor of the territory. He was a quiet dignified scholarly gentleman and seemed a little out of place among the rough people who made up a large majority of the first settlers of the new Territory. He was born in Wilmington, Vermont, April 15th, 1800. Married Mary Trowbridge in the town of Freble, Cumberland county, N. Y. March 24th, 1829. She was a daughter of Daniel and Dorothy Trowbridge, born Nov. 18th, 1806, in the province of Lower Canada. Some time in the early fall the worthy couple removed to Newburgh, Ohio, and in 1831 came west to Chicago by way of the lakes on the Queen Charlotte, Commodore Perry's flagship, which had been sent to the battle of Erie, and had lain at the bottom of the lake 20 years, to join the older brother of Mr. Forbes, Stephen Van Rensselaer Forbes, who came to Chicago in 1829.

The Forbes genealogy has the following interesting sketch of Stephen Forbes: "Mr. Forbes first came to Chicago in the summer of 1829 and returned to Ohio in the ensuing fall. Came back to Chicago in the spring of 1830, taught school three months and then went to Ohio again, and returned to Chicago with Mrs. Forbes, in the month of September of that year. They lived in the Dean house so called just by the outlet of the Chicago river. The house was a block or timber built, being of logs hewn on two sides with two main rooms with an addition of one room. The school was kept in this house by Mrs. Forbes and her class occupying one room, and Mr. Forbes and the boys the other. The scholars were mostly French or half breeds, only one pupil coming from Fort Dearborn. Later in 1831, Mr. Forbes moved to where Riverside is now or near there, but returned to Chicago in 1833 in consequence of the Indian troubles. Mr. Forbes was elected the first sheriff of Cook county, Dec. 12th, 1836, and collected the first tax paid in that county. He died in Chicago, Feb. 11th, 1875."

John Forbes took a claim on the Desplains river, 15 miles west of Chicago, where he resided until the fall of 1834, when he removed to Havana, and from there to Bellevue in the spring of 1835. Their children were Dan-

al Webster, born in Preble, Courtland county, N. Y., March 5th, 1830, who married Susan Usher of Jackson county, Iowa; Henry Clay born on the Desplaines river, Cook county, Ill., May 25th, 1834, married Orpha Ann Waldo in Council Bluffs, Iowa; John Francis, born on the west bank of the Mississippi river in Jackson county, territory of Iowa, July 4th, 1841, married Ellen Eads in Jackson county, Iowa.

Some time in the early forties John Forbes removed to land he had bought about one mile east of Andrew and lived there several years, removing from there to a farm in section 28 Farmers Creek township, and about 1852 removed to Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he remained until he sailed for Central America, leaving 1200 acres of land near Council Bluffs, Iowa, which he had bought during Walker's filibustering expedition.

Early Pioneers.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

One of the very early pioneers of Jackson county was John Forbes, who came to Bellevue in the spring of 1836. He secured a ten-year charter for a ferry across the Mississippi at a point just below the mouth of Spruce Creek and operated a ferry there for several years. In 1838 he was appointed a justice of the peace for Bellevue by the governor of the territory. He was a quiet dignified scholarly gentleman and seemed a little out of place among the rough people who made up a large majority of the first settlers of the Iowa Territory. He was born in Wilmington, Vermont, April 14th, 1806. Married Mary Trowbridge in the town of Preble, Courtland county, N. Y., March 5th, 1829. She was a daughter of Daniel and Dorothy Trowbridge, born Nov. 18th, 1809, in the province of lower Canada. Some time in the early fall the worthy couple removed to Newburgh, Ohio, and in 1831 came west to Chicago by way of the lakes on the Queen Charlotte, Commodore Perry's flagship, which had been sunk in the battle of Erie, and had lain at the bottom of the lake 20 years, to join an older brother of Mr. Forbes, Stephen Van Rennseler Forbes, who came to Chicago in 1829.

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John Forbes took a claim on the Desplaines river, 12 miles west of Chicago, where he resided until the fall of 1834, when he removed to Galena, and from there to Bellevue in the spring of 1835. Their children were Dan-

Jel Webster, born in Preble, Courtland county, N. Y., March 5th, 1830, who married Susan Usher of Jackson county, Iowa; Henry Clay born on the Desplaines river, Cook county, Ill., May 26th, 1834, married Orpha Ann Waldo in Council Bluffs, Iowa; John Francis, born on the west bank of the Mississippi river in Jackson county, territory of Iowa, July 4th, 1841, married Ellen Eads in Jackson county, Iowa.

Some time in the early forties John Forbes removed to land he had bought about one mile east of Andrew and lived there several years, removing from there to a farm in section 26 Farmers Creek township, and about 1852 removed to Council Bluffs, and from there to Central America, securing 1200 acres of land near Greytown. He was there during Walker's filibustering expedition and the bombardment. Came back here on account of the disturbed condition of affairs expecting to return when peace was restored over there, but never did. He died in Davenport, Iowa, the 22nd of February, 1862. All three of his sons served as volunteers during the war of the Rebellion. Henry C., father of the writer's wife, served three years in Co. B 26th Iowa, was wounded in thigh during the Black river campaign. He died in Utah, January 2, 1878. Daniel W. died May 28th, 1894, at Ida Grove, and John Francis died Jan. 13th, 1904, at Redfield, Iowa. Mrs. John Forbes died at the home of the writer Jan. 5th, 1898, aged 90 years.

The father of this subject was also John Forbes, son of Stephen, Aaron, Thomas, Daniel, born April 1st, 1769, at Wilmington, Vermont. Married Anna Sawyer, daughter of a Captain Sawyer, born about the year 1748, who was a famous Indian fighter, and served with distinction in the revolutionary war, had a large grant of land along the Delaware river. Our Grandmother Forbes, who lived with us for many years, related many interesting anecdotes of old Captain Sawyer. She said that on account of some great injury done them by the old captain, a certain tribe of Indians hated him with an undying hatred. Long after these Indians had been driven to a remote distance from the settlement where the captain lived, a band of them returned to that locality penetrating a quite thickly settled country to get revenge on him. They did not disturb other white settlers except to compel one of his neighbors to guide them to the captain's cabin. The old captain had three grown up sons and two large savage dogs, and when the Indians approached the cabin the dogs were turned loose and created quite a panic among the red-skins, but were soon dispatched and a determined attack was made on the cabin which met with a stout resistance until the Indians succeeded in firing the house, and the family was obliged to surrender. The Indians assured Mrs. Sawyer they would not harm a hair of her head, but were determined to burn the captain alive. They burned and destroyed all of the captain's property and then set out for their country taking Mr. Sawyer and one other white man with them. The Indians made long and rapid marches and when they laid at night would make the prisoners lie down, and would cut branches from trees and lay across the whites, and an Indian would lay down on each side of the whites on the ends of the branches, so it would be impossible for the captives to move without disturbing their captors. As they approached the Indian towns

the Indians divided into small parties to deceive the whites in case they were pursued, all the time the old veteran had been watching for an opportunity to escape, each day they were allowed to step to one side together, ostensibly to pray, but in reality to exchange a few words in a whisper. They found that they could easily remove their bonds and they planned to attempt to escape on the last night before they would reach the Indian town, by slaying their guards, of which there were but four in the party. About midnight after a long weary march through the forest, the captain was assured by the heavy breathing of his captors that they were sleeping soundly, and carefully freeing his hand he secured a hatchet from one of the Indians. He soon found himself entirely free. He signaled to his fellow prisoner and found him awake. At one blow from the hatchet he dispatched one of the sleeping Indians and before the other recovered his feet he had buried the tomahawk in his brain. The Indians guarding the other prisoner whose courage failed him at the critical moment were awakened by the blows that had slain their companions, sprang to their feet to face the captain with uplifted and bloody axe. Not at all dismayed by the situation he attacked and killed one of them, while the other fled from the spot as though pursued by demons. The captain quickly released his less nerry companion, and securing the weapons of their late captors they started on their retrun to their homes, using all the stratagem of wood craft to cover their trail, and very much to the surprise of their friends returned to their homes just thirty days from the time of their capture.

For years afterwards the Indians hunted the settlement where the old captain lived, but he was always on his guard and was too wary for them. Finally during his last illness a band of Indians came to the captain's house and requested to see him. They were told that the captain was very sick and would soon be dead. The chief insisted on seeing him and was allowed to enter the room where his ancient enemy lay unconscious, emaciated and struggling for breath. The old chief stood and gazed on him for several minutes, then went out and joined his waiting warriors, making a short speech to them after which the band departed never to return to that section of the country again.

My grandmother had the story from her husband's mother, Anna Sawyer Forbes, a daughter of the old captain who also gave as a reason for the hatred of the Indians for her father, that on one occassion he had discovered an Indian in the act of stealing meat or something from an out house, and had fired his gun as he averred to frighten the thief, but in reality had fatally wounded a squaw, who had strength enough to crawl back to the band of Indians to which she belonged that were encamped near by and tell her story before she died. The feud engendered by the act of the captain cost the Indians many lives and only ended with the death of their hated foe.

How Iowa City Became the Territorial Capital—Colonel Thomas Cox of Jackson County an Important Factor in the Contest.

(Written by Harvey Reld for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

One of the important matters which Governor Lucas, in his first message, urged upon the attention of the legislature was the location of a permanent seat of government for the new Territory. He had, under the authority given him by the Organic Act, chosen Burlington as the temporary capital; but it was realized that, although settlements were as yet confined to a strip of territory closely contiguous to the Mississippi river, jurisdiction of the inchoate commonwealth extended over a vast domain to the westward, whose future population would demand a location more central than any town on the river could be. It was very difficult, however, to find any settlement at a distance from the river large enough to claim the distinction of being called a town. Then the rivalry of sections came in, as between north and south. The old county of "Des Moines" had an overwhelming majority of population, but it soon became evident that Bloomington (Muscatine) members were disposed to join forces with the representatives of the northern counties. Mount Pleasant, in Henry county, was the largest village in the Territory not situated on the Mississippi river. It was represented in the Assembly by two members of the Council and three of the House, one of whom was the Speaker; and they soon secured pledges from the southern members that seemed to make the selection of that town a certainty. The Burlington contingent seems to have given up pretensions for their own town early in the struggle; and, with two exceptions, supported Mt. Pleasant loyally, even when tempted by flattering propositions in their own favor. Bloomington, however, was recalcitrant, and its district had strong men to lend aid to their northern brethren, in the persons of General John Frierson, S. Clinton Hastings, Wm. L. Toole, and Levi Thornton in the House, and James M. Clark in the Council.

Record proceedings began on November fourteenth, when Colonel Cox moved that so much of the Governor's message as relates to the establishing of the seat of government be referred to the committee on Territorial Affairs. But there appears no report from that committee until the last day of the year, December 31, 1838, when they brought in a bill providing that Burlington should be the temporary capital for three years and that then Mt. Pleasant should be the permanent capital. The bill being considered in committee of the whole, the Burlington provision was adopted with

out much opposition. Then came motions to strike out Mt. Pleasant and insert something else. Twenty eight different places were thus tried. Mr. Cox moved to insert Black Hawk, Scott county; Mr. Nowlin moved to insert Bellevue; Mr. Summers moved to insert Camanche. And so the gamut was run. All the motions were lost and Mt. Pleasant emerged from the Committee of the Whole triumphant.

The question then came before the House on concurrence with the report of the committee of the whole, and the contest was renewed. The first attack was on the first section of the bill, and Colonel Cox, with six others, voted to substitute Fort Madison for Burlington as temporary capital. Then Colonel Cox came forward with an entirely new solution for the problem, drawn, evidently, from his personal share in a similar contest twenty years before. Controversies over the location of seats of government were interesting incidents in the early legislation of nearly all of the new commonwealths which the invasion of the West was bringing into the American Union. The usual and expected result of such contests had been the choice of an established town, or at least a regularly surveyed town site with the nucleus of a settlement. But there had been a notable exception when the first General Assembly of the State of Illinois, in 1818, had, through a Board of Commissioners, located its new state capital upon four sections of unoccupied government land, and had given it the name of Vandalia.

Thomas Cox was a senator in the first General Assembly of Illinois, and bore a part in the legislation which decreed that the seat of government should go into the wilderness, and the capital city be laid out into lots and sold to its future residents by the State. Government land stretched in almost illimitable vastness beyond the narrow fringe of settlements in Iowa Territory in 1838, as it had in Illinois in 1818; and, if a central capital be desired, take a leaf from the book of Illinois, choose your plat of land and make one. Such were the thoughts, doubtless, that prompted him to move to amend the second section of the bill as follows:

"Strike out Mount Pleasant, and insert 'Johuson, Linn, and Cedar Counties, and that commissioners be appointed to locate the seat of government at the most eligible place in either of those counties.'"

The motion received only eleven votes as against fourteen in opposition, but the idea was a fruitful one. It became clear that here was a rallying ground for all who were not entirely satisfied with Mount Pleasant, to defeat the aspirations of that place and also avoid favoring any other existing rival. Nothing more was done, however, in the House in furtherance of the scheme, but the struggle then proceeded on other lines. Mr. Hastings moved to strike out Burlington in the first section and insert Bloomington. Ten voted for it, including Cox.

Then a tempting bait was flung out to Burlington in Hardin Nowlin's motion to make Burlington the permanent capital. Some of the Burlington members were true to their Mt. Pleasant pledges and voted against this motion, but it received twelve votes, lacking one only of success. Another motion intervened, and then Hawkins Taylor, of Lee County, who had voted against Nowlin's motion, moved to reconsider that vote. The reconsidera-

tion carried, and the Nowlin amendment was adopted by fourteen to eleven. Let us glance at this vote and its geographical divisions. Ayes—for Burlington—Bankson, Cox, Nowlin, Swan (Dubuque); Roberts (Cedar); Frierson, Hastings, Toole, Thornton (Muscatine); Taylor (Lee); Bailey, Hall (Van Buren); Beeler, Blair (Des Moines). Noes—for Mt. Pleasant—Patterson, Brierly, Price (Lee); Parker (Van Buren); Delashmutt, Grimes, Temple (Des Moines); Summers, (Clinton and Scott); Coop, Porter, Wallace, the Speaker, (Henry).

The changes from the first vote on the Nowlin amendment were that Hawkins Taylor, of Lee, and James Hall, of Van Buren, now voted for it.

But the end was not yet. Mr. Taylor now moved that the bill be referred to a select committee of one from each electoral district, which motion was carried by fourteen to eleven. Mr. Cox voted aye, but the personnel of the vote was quite different from the former one. Colonel Bankson became the Dubuque Jackson representative on the select committee. The Legislature held its regular session on New Year's day, January first, 1839, and the select committee reported back the bill "with amendments". The Journal does not record what the amendments were, but the plain inference is that the committee, which had been appointed by Speaker Wallace, who was a Mt. Pleasant man reported back the original plan of Mt. Pleasant for permanent and Burlington for temporary capital. The report was adopted by thirteen to eleven, and then a motion to amend by making Burlington the permanent capital was rejected by the same vote. G. S. Bailey and James Hall, of Van Buren and George H. Beeler, of Des Moines, had repented over night and reversed their votes of the day before.

Other routine and dilatory motions followed until the bill finally passed by the same thirteen to eleven. Then Hardin Nowlin moved to amend the title of the bill to read: "A bill to establish two seats of government and to squander the appropriation for erecting public buildings." Six dilatory motions with three roll calls followed, then Nowlin's motion was lost by six to seventeen. The ayes were Cox, Hastings, Nowlin, Roberts, Taylor and Toole.

The contest was now transferred to the Council, and it became at once evident that the leaven of Colonel Cox's suggestion had worked its full effect on that body, and that a fully detailed plan had received the sanction of all except the members from Henry and Van Buren counties. On the morning of January second, the Council received a message from the House that it had passed, among other bills, "An act to locate the Seat of Government of the Territory of Iowa." Hon. James M. Clark of Louisa county (Muscatine district) and Hon. Stephen Hempstead of Dubuque assumed direction of the new plan, and it was first advanced by a motion of Mr. Clark's to strike out the second section of the bill. The vote on this motion disclosed the full strength of both factions in the Council, and was as follows: Yas, Clark (Muscatine district); Hempstead, Lewis (Dubuque); Hepner, Inghram, Ralston (Des Moines); Parkre (Scott); Whittlesey (Cedar, etc.); Browne (Lee), 9. Nays, Hughes, Payne (Henry); Heith, Swazy; (Van Buren, 4.

Then Mr. Hempstead moved to insert a new second section, which, after several verbal changes, read as follows:

"Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, that the commissioners hereinafter mentioned or a majority of them, shall, on the first day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, meet at the town of Napoleon and proceed to locate the seat of Government at the most eligible point within the present limits of Johnson county."

This was adopted by the same nine to four vote previously recorded. The section as first proposed by Mr. Hempstead provided that the location should be within twenty townships named, which would have included the southern tier of townships in Linn county. Mr. Clark moved to strike out the limits mentioned, and to insert "within the present limits of Johnson county," which was carried by ten to three, Mr. Hempstead himself voting for it, as did also Mr. Keith, one of the Mt. Pleasant adherents.

(Written by Harvey Reed for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

The Henry county members exhausted every parliamentary device and tested the endurance of the majority by roll calls on amendments at every stage of progress of the bill; but the "stalwart nine" held their ground without a break in their ranks, the bill was perfected to six sections, then referred to the Committee on Territorial Affairs and laid over until the next day. On January third, the committee reported back the bill with an additional section, which was concurred in. Other efforts were made by the Mt. Pleasant men to amend or delay its passage, but the final roll call secured ten votes, Mr. Keith of Van Buren having joined the majority.

The House took up the bill as amended by the Council on the same day, made some slight changes in verbiage, and then passed it by the bare majority of thirteen to twelve. As compared with the vote on January first, when Mt. Pleasant won by thirteen to nine, she now lost the votes of George Boeler of Des Moines and James H. Scott, and gained that of Wm. Patterson, of Lee, who had been absent on the first.



When the bill came to Governor Lucas for approval, he pointed out defects which he suggested could be cured by a supplementary act, and withheld his approval until the legislature should thus perfect their work. A "bill supplementary to an act to locate the seat of government for Iowa," was therefore introduced in the House on the fifteenth of January. It provided that, as soon as the place shall be selected and the consent of the United States obtained, the commissioners shall proceed to lay out a town; that, after a plat of the town shall have been recorded, the Governor shall direct a sale of lots to be held under direction of the commissioners. The proceeds of which shall go into the Territorial Treasury. It is expedient as may be directed by law; that the acting commissioner shall give bonds; that the Governor shall apply to Congress for a donation of four sections of land, and other provisions. During its consideration Colonel Cox moved to insert in the first section, after the word "town", the words, "to be called Iowa City", and the motion carried. Thus was Thomas Cox responsible not only for the idea which bore fruit in the selection of a site for the territorial capital upon unoccupied government land, but it was he, also, who gave the

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legislative bantling city a name. The supplementary act was passed by a vote of sixteen to nine, Cox in the negative. The opposition probably represented, to some extent, resentment towards the dictation of the Governor.

On the seventeenth of January; the two houses met in joint convention to elect the three locating commissioners, one from each judicial district. For the third district, Colonel Cox put in nomination his colleague, Chauncey Swan, of Dubuque, and he was elected by twenty-nine votes against nine scattering. For the second district, John Ronalds, of Louisa county, was elected on the first ballot. For the first district, five candidates were put in nomination. Four ballots were taken without result. The fifth ballot stood: Robert Ralston of Des Moines county, twenty-three votes, John Claypoole, thirteen, "Colonel Cox", one. The original and the supplementary acts were both finally approved by the Governor, January 21, 1839.

The lamented Dr. Theodore S. Parvin, to whom Iowa is more indebted than to any other individual for the preservation of facts relating to its early history, has made a singular error in writing about the part borne by Colonel Cox in this capital locating contest. Dr. Parvin, as a young man, was private secretary to Governor Lucas, and therefore present in Burlington during the session of that first Territorial Assembly, and familiar with its proceedings. The imbroglio of the Governor with Secretary Conway involved also a hostility on the part of the Secretary towards young Parvin, which was manifested in some reports made to the Legislature which afford some of the raciest reading that ever appeared in public documents. Colonel Cox was a bitter partisan in the controversy as a friend of Conway's, and therefore not at all friendly to the private secretary. That this obvious old time fact had any influence upon the memory of the venerable doctor of which he was at all conscious, we do not for a moment suppose; but we believe that it did prevent his having had, at the time, personal knowledge of Colonel Cox's ideas and efforts.

The first public utterance of Professor Parvin's on the subject was in an address before the Iowa Pioneer Lawmakers' Association in 1892, when he said: "His (Colonel Cox's) vote was the turning point in the location of the capitol at Iowa City, and the territory and state became indebted to him by whose vote the location was determined." Again, in an address before the same body in 1900, Dr. Parvin told a graphic story of the efforts made by the adherents and the opponents of Mt. Pleasant to gain votes. In this, he made the assertion that the result hung upon the vote of one man (without naming him), and that his vote was won and retained by sinister means in which the celebration of Jackson day (January 8th) bore a part. A letter written by Parvin to Reverend William Salter in November, 1900, which the present writer has been permitted to copy, tells the same story with Colonel Cox as its subject; and, by this letter, it appears that Honorable S. C. Hastings, then a member from Muscatine, was authority for the incidents upon which it was based.

Now the evidence of the House Journal has been carefully presented in detail in the text, and shows that the contest was all over and the last votes taken on the third of January. Jackson day had no part nor lot in it. The Journal shows, too, that, so far from the vote of Colonel Cox being an un-

certain factor to be competed for, he was, from the first, a leader of the forces arrayed against Mt. Pleasant, active, vigilant and resourceful. The wavering votes clearly show in the record, and it would be difficult to center the final result upon any one man.

In this connection, we would cite the assertion of Hon. Hawkins Taylor, who, in a letter to the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association of 1894, says that, during that first Territorial Assembly, he did not see a single member intoxicated. The Journal record demonstrates that it was a busy session: every member was on his mettle, intensely interested in his new duties and unwilling to allow extraneous pleasures to divert him therefrom.

It is due, however, to the venerable narrator whose tale we are endeavoring to combat, to say that internal evidence in the Journal of the session of 1839-40, of which Assembly, also, Colonel Cox and Mr. Hastings were both members, would indicate that a convivial observance of Jackson Day, 1840, is inherently probable. So we are compelled to believe that Clinton Hastings' story, filtered down through sixty years of the phenomenally retentive memory of Dr. Parvin, related to the second year of his joint service with Colonel Cox instead of the first, and that this territory and state did become indebted to Colonel Cox for the location of the capital at Iowa City, but in the wider sense of his having created the idea, rather than his having cast a reluctant ballot which determined such location.

of these books published. Ten years later, or in 1850, another book, The Jackson County Album, was published. This book consisted largely of biographies of persons who were able or willing to pay the price of \$15.00 for a copy of the book with a write-up of themselves or families. Naturally the price of these books placed them out of reach of a great many people who would appreciate the contents if they could afford to own them. But at best these books were but partial and imperfect histories of the county.

In 1867, I wrote a serial under title of "By Gone Days," that was published and ran through twenty-five numbers of the Maquoketa Record, and the publishers made something like 150 booklets containing the matter as it had run in the papers, and sold them for 25 cents each. The contents treated entirely of the criminal history of the county.

This Society desires to gather all historical matter that it is possible to gather at this late date, that may be of preservation, of men and events in the county, condense it as much as possible and publish it in book form on the installment plan, as it were, and make it easily in reach of all. The Society is now preparing the third number of its Annals, or quarterly publications, and its officers have been greatly encouraged in their work by the numerous favorable comments and complimentary notices received from public libraries, historical societies and prominent authors to whom we have sent copies of our publications.

In carrying out our purposes it will be necessary to republish something that has been published heretofore, for the reason stated above of getting a correct history of the county in book form for better preservation. For several reasons the matter prepared for our Annals under present arrangements will be first published in the Jackson Sentinel, and I would ad-



Aims and Purposes of the Jackson County Historical Society.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for Jackson County Historical Society.)

The main object of this Society is to preserve in as condensed form as possible the history and happenings of the people of this county without prejudice or coloring. In 1879, an enterprising firm published a book entitled, "The History of Jackson County, Iowa," which contained an account of the discovery and early settlement of Iowa and Jackson County, a partial history of the criminal proceedings, list of names of those who enlisted from this county during the Civil War, and a large space was devoted to very brief biographies of such persons or families as were willing to pay \$7.00 for a copy of the book. There was a very limited number of those books published. Ten years later, or in 1889, another book, The Jackson County Album, was published. This book consisted largely of biographies of persons who were able or willing to pay the price of \$15.00 for a copy of the book with a write-up of themselves or families. Naturally the price of these books placed them out of reach of a great many people who would appreciate the contents if they could afford to own them. But at best those books were but partial and imperfect histories of the county.

In 1897, I wrote a serial under title of "By Gone Days," that was published and ran through twenty-five numbers of the Maquoketa Record, and the publishers made something like 150 booklets containing the matter as it had run in the papers, and sold them for 25 cents each. The contents treated entirely of the criminal history of the county.

This Society desires to gather all of the historical matter that it is possible to gather at this late date, that is worthy of preservation, of men and events in the county, condense it as much as possible and publish it in book form on the installment plan, as it were, and make it easily in reach of all. The Society is now preparing the third number of its Annals, or quarterly publications, and its officers have been greatly encouraged in their work by the numerous favorable comments and complimentary letters received from public libraries, historical societies and prominent authors to whom we have sent copies of our publications.

In carrying out our purposes it will be necessary to republish something that has been published heretofore, for the reason stated above of getting a succinct history of the county in book form for better preservation. For economical reasons the matter prepared for our Annals under present arrangements will be first published in the Jackson Sentinel, and I would ad-

wise the patrons of that paper to preserve the numbers containing the historical matter. They will want to read it again.

One of the features in our future publications will be obituaries of our pioneers, and it is desired that members of the Society and others preserve copies of obituaries of pioneers and old settlers, and hand to the officers for publication in the Annals. The Society is incorporated under the laws of the state, and is authorized to receive donations and make contracts, and is acquiring a valuable collection of books and papers. We invite contributions of historical matter, reminiscences, anecdotes and tradition, but do not care for opinions. We especially desire assistance in locating the sites of the first cabins erected on any and all of the lands of this county, also dates as near as possible of first settlers on the lands.

The committee on distribution of our publications have decided that where no acknowledgement is received from those to whom the books are sent such persons or societies shall be dropped from our mailing list.



More About the Iron Hills Vigilantes.

(Re-Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

There was one episode in connection with the Iron Hills vigilance committee which I believe has never been published; away back in the early fifties there lived in the vicinity of Iron Hills a man by the name of Wilcox, who was a gay Lothario. His attention to some of his neighbors wives was the talk of the neighborhood, and his conduct became so flagrant and outrageous indecent, that the neighbors were prompted to resort to harsh measures, and while the lesson or punishment was quite severe, it had the desired effect. Our informant who was an eye witness to the punishment of Wilcox, was a boy at the time, and lived on the banks of the North Fork, between Fulton and Iron Hills. He says that a neighbor came to him one evening and wanted to know if his folks had any loose faethers; upon making inquiries at his house he ascertained that his mother had some chicken feathers. The neighbor said that would do, in fact were just what he wanted. He made arrangements with the boy to take the faethers in a sack across the river, which was spanned by a foot bridge, and conceal them in a certain place near where John Hute's house now stands. The boy carried the feathers to the place agreed upon and his curiosity being excited he was determined to satisfy it, so he concealed himself and awaited events. Some time after dark men whom he recognized as neighbors began to arrive in twos and threes, and engage in conversation, carried on in low tones. Finally a party of five or six arrived with a prisoner, in whom the boy recognized the gay and seductive old Wilcox.

After some parleying and pleading on the part of the prisoner, he was stripped naked and covered from head to feet with tar, after which the various colored chicken feathers were applied, making one of the most grotesque figures ever seen. When the crowd had sufficiently enjoyed the discomfiture of their victim, they warned him to leave the country within a given time, and went their way, leaving him alone in his agony. Our friend says, Wilcox gave a groan of such bitter agony that he shall remember to the last day. "My God," he said, "I am ruined, body and soul." He put his hands against his body and began pushing off the horrible clinging substance, removing great flakes which our friend says, could be seen there six months afterwards. The terribly punished man lost no time in shaking the dust of Iron Hills off his feet forever. Although fifty years have passed since the Wilcox episode, there are several people living in this locality who recollect the incident, and some who participated in it.

Counterfeiter Redeemed by Patriotism.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for Jackson County Historical Society.)

As far back as the territorial days that part of the county bordering on Brandon and Monmouth townships was believed to be infested with an organized band of counterfeiters. In the fall of 1858, one E. S. Washburn was arrested, and not only counterfeit money was found on his person but dies were also found for making such money. On the 17th of March, 1858, the grand jury brought in an indictment charging Washburn with having counterfeited money in his possession, with the intent to pass the same, and on the 18th brought in another indictment charging him with having dies in his possession for making counterfeit money. On the 25th of March, 1859, Washburn was brought into court and arraigned and plead not guilty. A jury was empaneled which heard the case, but could not agree, and was discharged. We believe but one of these jurors is alive today, and that is Thomas Frazer of Woodbury County. On the 23rd of December, 1859, the case came on for trial again, with the followning jurors; Chas. Harrington, Dan Waggoner, R. L. Brit, Thomas Dugan, T. H. Davis, A. G. Fisher, J. T. Hutchins, R. B. Felton, A. Hurd, John Keef and A. J. Able, who, after hearing the evidence and arguments of council, brought in the verdict of guilty as charged, and recommended the defendant to the mercy of the court. The sentence of court was that defendant be confined in the penitentiary at hard labor for one year, from which he appealed to the supreme court and was admitted to bail pending time for the trial. The sequel of the case we give in the version of our old friend Myron Collins in his own language. Dictated in 1897.

E. Washburn was indicted for manufacturing and passing counterfeit gold dollars near Canton, this county, indicted by the grand jury and put on trial, convicted and sentenced to penitentiary for one year. A number of his neighbors thought him innocent. At the time of the trial I was bailiff under James Watkins, sheriff, had charge of Washburn and two Farringtons, when the county seat was in Bellevue. The prisoners were brought from Andrew and had to be guarded while in Bellevue, and I became very well acquainted with Washburn, and after his conviction he wanted to take an appeal to the supreme court. He had to furnish a bond in the sum of \$500 in order to take the appeal. Myself with seven others went on the bond. The Supreme court was to meet in Davenport in the spring; in the mean

time Washburn had moved to Bellevue with his family and lived there. He took a boat in the spring as he said to go to Davenport to attend the Supreme court, he did not appear at the supreme court but left the country.

Coming to investigate the bond, there were only two responsible parties on the bond and they were Mathew T. Diamond of Monmouth township and myself. The county did not enforce the collection of the bond against Diamond and myself; they wished to give us ample time to catch the defendant. We heard nothing of him until after the battle of Pea Ridge. A few days after that battle I received a letter from one of the Farringtons, whom I had guarded at the same time I did Washburn at the jail, who was then in the 9th Iowa Infantry which had participated in the battle of Pea Ridge, stating that Washburn was Major of the 24th Missouri Cavalry. In a few days afterwards I got another letter from William Seward stating the same thing. I then went and saw Mathew T. Diamond and made arrangements with him to get a requisition, and for me to go and get Washburn; Governor Kirkwood of Iowa issued the requisition upon the provincial Governor of Arkansas. I took my requisition and started, when I got to Carroll I could not have got down the river without a pass, but having my requisition I was passed through the lines. Governor Phelps was provincial governor of Arkansas. I went to him and gave my requisition; he looked over the papers and pronounced them correct. At that time Washburn was going under the assumed name of E. S. Weston, as I was informed by the parties who had informed me as to his whereabouts. After Governor Phelps had perused the papers and had found them correct, he said that he would prefer before issuing the warrant, to confer with General Curtis, who was in command and who had been in command at the battle of Pea Ridge. He called in a negro servant and ordered him to get his carriage. He and I went to General Curtis' headquarters; he was quartered in a very fine mansion in Helena, Arkansas, and Gov. Phelps introduced me to Gen. Curtis as Mr. Curlins from Iowa, who had requisition from Governor Kirkwood of Iowa, duly authenticated for the arrest and return of E. S. Weston alias E. S. Washburn. Gen. Curtis appeared very much surprised, after reading the requisition over Gen. Curtis said to me, that he would rather spare any other officer in his command, that he questioned very much whether they could have won the day at the battle at Pea Ridge had it not been for the gallant services of Major Washburn, that Washburn had been through the Mexican war and he was well disciplined and a daring and noble officer, and he would much prefer that some arrangements could be made whereby Major Washburn, alias Weston could remain in the service. He sent an orderly after the Major, he then informed me that he would have to excuse me as he had business of great importance on hand. I went out and sat in the Governor's carriage, which was standing at the entrance to Gen. Curtis' headquarters, while I was sitting in the carriage, Major Washburn came along with the orderly who had notified him that he was summoned before Gen. Curtis, when Washburn turned into the gate to go into Curtis' headquarters I says to him "Hello, Washburn," he turned around and looked at me several moments before he spoke, he then remarked "Great God, is that you Collins?" I suppose the jig is all up with me, "I remarked to him, I

thought it was, he then says, "I suppose you are after me;" I remarked that he guessed correctly. We talked a few moments. He then said I would have to excuse him, that he had been summoned before Gen. Curtis, probably half an hour after Washburn had gone in to report to Gen. Curtis an orderly came out to me and said I had a summons to appear before Gen. Curtis, Gov. Phelps and Gen. Curtis had been in consultation during my absence. I went in and reported to Gen. Curtis, He said to me that he was very anxious that some arrangement could be made whereby the Major could be retained in the service. He made a proposition of this kind that he would appoint two of his staff officers and those officers and Major and me should get together and see if we couldn't arrive at some conclusion whereby the Major could remain in the army. We went into a room up stairs over the Generals headquarters, after a long consultation among ourselves, we made this arrangement: That the Major should pay all my traveling expenses, both going and coming and a reasonable compensation for my time to me, and deposit \$500 with Gov. Phelps, that being the amount of the bond, and that we would get up a petition to Gov. Kirkwood of Iowa, setting forth the gallant services of the Major at the battle of Pea Ridge and elsewhere, asking the Governor of Iowa to pardon him and that this petition was to be signed by Gen. Curtis and Gov. Phelps, and all of the Curtis staff officers and that I should take the petition and come to the Governor of Iowa; and in the event that the pardon was not granted by Gov. Kirkwood, Gov. Phelps was to send the money to me, and if the pardon was granted he was to pay it to the Major. The Major was at that time acting provo-marshal. I informed the Major, that I would like to go out and visit the 9th Iowa, who were quartered there nine miles back from Helena. The Major sent an orderly for horse and equipments, told me I could go out to the 9th Iowa and stay as long as I had a mind to. I went out to the 9th and I met a very large number of acquaintances as there was a company went from Bellevue and Andrew which were in the Regt. Met the parties there, Farrington and Seward, who had informed me of the whereabouts of Washburn, stayed two days with the 9th: was treated like a King; came back to Helena, turned my horse over to the Major; bade him good bye and took a steamboat to Cairo; came home and went to Des Moines and saw the Governor; gave him my petition; he granted a pardon out with any hesitancy saying to me that we needed every man in the army who could do any good; there was no doubt that Washburn was worth more there than he would be in the penitentiary.

Washburn informed me that while at Helena and after leaving Bellevue, that he went to a town in Southern Missouri and went to practicing medicine and met with the best of success, and when the war broke out he got up a company and the company was attached to the 24th Missouri Cavalry and they elected him Major; that he drilled the regiment and had the most of the command during the campaign. Washburn's family knew nothing of his whereabouts, until I informed them after my return from Helena; they went as quickly as possible down to Helena and I have never heard anything of Washburn since. At the next session of the legislature, a bill was passed relieving all liability on the bond of \$500.

Some of the Criminal History of Jackson County.

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ellis, Curator)

I have previously stated in my early history writings, that the first settlers of the county were largely made up of rough if not lawless people, and I think that a perusal of the old territorial dockets will convince the most skeptical that my statement was justified: homicides were frequent in the early days, and have continued up to within a few years. I would almost hazard the assertion that there has been more murders committed in Jackson county since the county was organized, in 1838, than there were of Jackson county soldiers killed in the war of the rebellion. At the first term of court held in Jackson county, William Sublett was indicted for murder and at the April term 1839 Samuel Groff was indicted for the deliberate murder of his neighbor Thomas S. Davis, and at the same term Conrad Hite was indicted for an attempt to kill, and Robert Carey was indicted for assault with intent to kill. In the same year Zopher Perkins and Calvin Perkins were charged with assault with intent to kill, and were put under bonds to keep the peace with J. S. Mallard. On the 8th day of January, 1840, James C. Mitchell shot and instantly killed James Thompson and on the first day of April, 1840, there was a factional fight in the village of Bellevue, in which seven men were shot to death and seven more sorely wounded. In 1854 William P. Barger shot his wife to death in Bellevue and three years later was hanged by a mob in Andrew. In 1842 Joseph Jackson killed Zenaphon Perkins on the Maquoketa river at a point about 6 miles above the town of Maquoketa. In 1852 Ab Montgomery killed Andrew M. Brown, a few rods west of the W. St. line of the town of Maquoketa. In 1856 Mrs. Conklin and sons killed the husband and father Wm. Conklin in the north part of Farmers Creek township and in the spring of 1857 Alex Grifford shot and killed John Ingles near Iron Hills. In August 1856 one Micheal Carroll stabbed and instantly killed a young German by the name of Heitman near Lamotte. In January 1867 Samuel S. Cronk was murdered near Cottonville for the money he was supposed to have with him. In 1881 Charles Towne shot Thomas Keithly to death in the street of Bellevue, and in 1885 David Seeley shot William Horan to death with a pistol on the street of the same city. Some time later Herman Ellinghouse was indicted for kicking the life out of Patsy Cook in Bellevue and, still later Henry Weston shot and killed High Hoover at Harmony park just outside of Bellevue and on the 4th day of July, 1896, Christian Eckerliebe shot and beat to death his neighbors daughter, Minnie Keil, some six miles from Bellevue. In April, 1897, Deb Roland was clubbed to death in front of his home 6 miles west of Maquoketa by George Morehead. The above is a partial list of the homicides that are known to have been committed in this county while there has been quite a number of cases where persons have disappeared from the places that had known them, for ever, and was believed to have been made away with. The writer will review the criminal history of the county not because we enjoy that kind of work, but for the reason that this society desires to preserve the bad as well as the good history in a condensed and tangible form.

Ninetieth Birthday Anniversary.

Last Sunday was the ninetieth birthday anniversary of Anson H. Wilson, the oldest living pioneer of the Maquoketa valley, who came here of his own accord as a full grown man. Quite a number of friends and neighbors assembled at his home to help celebrate in a fitting manner so important an event. The writer secured the following names of persons present with date of their coming to Iowa.

A. H. Wilson,	came to Iowa,	1839.
A. J. Phillips,	" "	1837.
J. N. Nims,	" "	1846.
Mrs. J. N. Nims,	" "	1861.
Nelson Current,	" "	1851.
Mrs. N. Current,	" "	—.
William Current,	" "	1845.
David Gish,	" "	1851.
J. W. Ellis,	" "	1852.
Mrs. J. W. Ellis,	" "	1853.
W. P. Dunlap,	" "	1858.
Mrs. W. P. Dunlap,	" "	1841.
Charles Noir	" "	1865.
Mrs. Charles Noir	" "	1862.
William Botkin	" "	1868.
Mrs. William Botkin	" "	1868.
Wellington Current	" "	1856.
Mrs. W. Current	" "	1843.
Volney Wilson	" "	1850.
Mrs. Volney Wilson	" "	1858.
John B. Phillips	" "	1861.
Mrs. John B. Miller	" "	1869.

A great many old pioneers and old settlers were deterred from attending on account of the cold rainy, disagreeable day, but those present had a very enjoyable time listening to Mr. Wilson's reminiscence of the early days in the Maquoketa valley. Uncle Anse, as his friends call him, was feeling fine for a man ninety years old, and seemed to enjoy the occasion quite as much as his visitors. Col. Dunlap, Bill Botkin and Nott Nims also had something to say when they could get the floor. A splendid banquet was served which Uncle Anse said was in contrast to the first meal he ate in the valley which consisted of mush and sweetened water. All who were present expressed the wish that he might reach the 100 mark and his appearance indicated that he might do so.

J. W. ELLIS.

Groff Commits Murder and is Acquitted.

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ellis, Curator.)

In 1838-39 there was living near the North Fork of the Maquoketa, on what later became section one South Fork township, a man by the name of Samuel Groff. His cabin stood about 40 rods from where Mrs. Fitch now resides. In the same neighborhood about one mile north lived one Thomas Davis. Both men had families and were very good friends until some time in the spring of 1839. In those days there were no bridges and the fords at crossing places of the streams were named for the nearest resident to the said fords. Davis lived about half a mile from the ford used by people going from the forks to Fulton and the crossing was known for many years as the Davis Ford. Davis was an energetic kind of man and stood well among the people of his acquaintance. Groff was also an active, prominent man and especially prominent in the Methodist church and being an exhorter in that persuasion had an extensive acquaintance throughout the county.

Davis, at one time, had a fine yoke of cattle which he was fattening for market, driven off in the night. The oxen were tracked to the vicinity of Bellevue and with the assistance of the sheriff and other parties were finally located in a ravine near Mill Creek. Davis was told that his neighbor Groff and another party by the name of Troft had driven his cattle off and brought them to that vicinity. Davis at first could not believe that his neighbor Groff for whom he had a friendly feeling could be guilty of such a despicable crime. But on his return home he called upon Groff and informed him that he had recovered his cattle, and from Groff's actions he became convinced that Groff was guilty, and at once charged him with the crime. Groff denied any knowledge of the matter and the neighbors had hot words, and parted bitter enemies. Some time after this a party came from Illinois looking for a stolen horse, and Davis sent them to search Groff's premises, sending his son with them. The horse was not found there, but this incident helped to widen the breach between the neighbors. Davis took every opportunity to denounce Groff as a thief, and the fact that Davis held possession of a piece of land which Groff claimed and that the settlement of the claim was pending in April, 1839, and was to be tried in "Squire Forbes" Justice court increased the enmity. The same day that the term of the district court was to begin in Bellevue, April 9th, Squire Forbes, who was personally acquainted with both men, was doing all in his power to get the men to settle their difficulty. Finally Davis said if it was not settled it would not be his fault.

The Squire went home to make some change in his attire before the

time to call the case. In the meantime Groff had borrowed a gun and loaded it and was heard to say that the bullet he loaded it with would be the death of Davis. Davis was told of these threats, but said Groff was too big a coward to shoot unless he could shoot a man in the back. But Groff made his word good. He watched for an opportunity and it came. Davis was seen walking along the street, and Groff rested the rifle on a picket fence and shot Davis in the back the ball passing near the heart, and killing him in a few minutes. Groff walked coolly down to where his victim lay, and was arrested by Shade Burelson and turned over to the sheriff. He expressed no regret but claimed that Davis tormented him so, and made his life a burden, and he had to kill him.

The grand jury indicted Groff on the same day of the murder, and a special term of court was set for the first Monday in May. In the meantime, Groff was heavily ironed and guarded by volunteers until the time for trial came. J. V. Berry was United States district attorney and R. D. Parker was Groff's attorney. The case came on for hearing the 6th of May and a jury was empanelled on the 7th. The evidence on the part of the United States was overwhelming but Groff's attorney took the ground that his client was insane, and proved up several of Groff's acts that indicated that he was insane. The jury was charged on the 9th day of May, 1839, and were out but a short time before they agreed upon a verdict. The court room was crowded when the jury returned, and it is safe to say that nine out of ten expected a verdict of guilty of murder, and it was like throwing a wet blanket on the audience when the foreman announced that the jury had found the defendant not guilty. The district attorney had the clerk call the names of the jurors and each one answered thereto that it was his verdict. He then denounced them as a set of perjured villians, and wanted the verdict set aside but the prisoner was ordered discharged.

That night the people of Bellevue hung the jurors in effigy. The county was too hot for Groff to stay in, and according to W. A. Warren he went to Minnesota and was soon after killed by the Indians. Absalom Montgomery, one of the jurors, afterwards killed Brown near Maquoketa. A friend of the writer who himself was an old pioneer, said that he saw Groff in California since the war, and that he was then or had been a Mormon bishop. So that would, or should show conclusively, that he was not killed by Indians. The Davis family had left the forks prior to 1850.

The Only Legal Execution of the Death Penalty in Jackson County.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for Jackson County Historical Society.)

Although there has been several sentences passed by the courts of Jackson county, there has never been but one carried out up to this time, and that was the case of Joseph T. Jackson for the killing of Xenophon Perkins in the winter or spring of 1842. Xenophon Perkins and Zopher Perkins were living, as far back as 1839, on the south fork of the Maquoketa in section 13 Monmouth township, and Joseph T. Jackson was living in a cabin that belonged to the Perkins on the opposite side of the river.

Jackson and Zopher Perkins were great friends at one time, working together and hunting together, on one occasion they went to Dubuque with a team and wagon or sled, and on their homeward journey they passed a place where a quantity of pig-lead had been hauled to the top of the hill from the smelter for shipment. There was no one near to watch the property and Perkins proposed to Jackson that they take a pig of the lead home with them for bullets. The proposition meeting with Jackson's approval, they took the lead.

Some time after March, Jackson and Zopher fell out over some trivial matters, and in order to even up things with Jackson, Perkins filed an information accusing Jackson of the crime of larceny in the stealing the lead from the Dubuque parties and notifying the Dubuque people. At the trial of the case before a justice of the peace, Thomas Coffee, Zopher testified that Jackson stole the lead and Xenophon Perkins swore that Jackson told him that he (Jackson) had stolen the lead, and that Zopher had nothing to do with the stealing of it. Jackson was terribly incensed at the treachery and false swearing of his former friends, and especially at Xenophon, to whom he said: "Xen. Perkins, you have sworn to a lie, and you know it; now mark my words I'll kill you for it."

The next morning after the trial the Perkins brothers had occasion to pass the cabin of Jackson as part of their feed was stored on that side of the river, and they kept some stock over there. The river was frozen, and they crossed on the ice. As they passed Jackson's cabin they taunted him with being a thief, and dared him out of the house. Jackson was in bed and did not get up at first, but when they came back from feeding, and repeated their insults, he hurried into his clothes and seizing a small pistol from over the door rushed out. When the Perkins saw the pistol they ran for home pursued by Jackson. Just as they reached the opposite bank of the river, Zoph Perkins, who was behind, turned on Jackson and struck

him on the head with a club making an ugly wound which partially stunned him. Jackson pointed the gun at Xenophon, who was twelve or fifteen steps distant, and fired inflicting a wound which caused his death in a few days. Jackson went back to his cabin and Zoph went up to Shade Burleson's on horseback and called for a gun, telling Burleson that Jackson had shot his brother and that he wanted a gun to defend himself with. The gun was loaned him and Burleson and his son, William, went across through the woods to Perkins' cabin. Zopher's wife had helped Xen. into the house and a doctor was sent for.

Zopher Perkins reached the cabin just ahead of the Burlesons and leaned the gun against the fence. Burlesons' arrived a minute later and could hear the groans of the wounded man in the cabin and heard Zopher say, "I can't stand this, I must have revenge." Shade Burleson picked up the gun and fired it off, the report bringing Zopher to the door and he demanded why Burleson had fired off the gun? Burleson said to him, "You stay here and take care of your brother, if you attempt to cross the river Jackson is armed and will kill you."

The Burlesons started across the river to Jackson's cabin, but were challenged by Jackson, who demanded to know whether they came as friends or enemies. Shade responded that they were friends, and Jackson admitted them. Burleson asked Jackson why he didn't get on a horse and fly, from the country; told him that the fact of his killing Perkins after making the threat he had the day before would be against him, and advised him to fly while there was time. But Jackson insisted that he had only acted in self defense, and would not run away.

Jackson was arrested and kept in custody of the sheriff, there being no county jail, until the June term of court, when he was indicted by the grand jury on the 7th day of the month. A special term of court for the trial was convened on the 13th of June, and a jury was empanelled on that day, and the trial of the case begun. The jury was charged on the 16th and brought in a verdict of guilty of murder. A motion was made to set aside the verdict and grant a new trial. Judge Wilson set the 18th for argument on the motion for a new trial. After hearing the arguments on that day he overruled the motion and passed judgement as follows: "That the defendant, Joseph T. Jackson, be taken hence, and remain in the close custody of the sheriff of the county until the 15th day of July next, on which day it is further ordered by the court that the said Joseph T. Jackson shall be taken from the place of confinement by the said sheriff, between the hours of ten of the clock a. m. and two of the clock p. m., to some place within the town of Andrew, Jackson county, Iowa Territory, and hanged by the neck until he shall be dead."

There was a general feeling of sympathy for Jackson, and some went so far as to say, that he done a good deed in ridding the country of Perkins, as the Perkins' were a bad lot, but there had been a perfect holocaust of murders committed in the county, and no atonement, and it was felt that some one must be made an example of. Samuel Groff had shot his neighbor, Thomas Davis, to death on the streets of Bellevue, and was cleared by a jury. James Mitchell had killed James Thompson on the streets of the

same town, and was found not guilty at the same term of court at which Jackson was convicted. The fight between the factions in which a dozen men were killed or seriously wounded, and those of the victorious faction not only exonerated for their part in the strife, but were made heroes by the pen of the wily sheriff, W. A. Warren.

On the 15th day of July, 1842, the little town of Anrew was thronged with men and women from far and near to witness a public execution, Capt. Mallard's company of United States Volunteers were present to preserve order. The prisoner was confined in the upper story of Butterworth's log hotel from which he was taken after dinner, and escorted by the volunteers to the place of execution. There was no provision made by the county commissioners for the expense of a scaffold, and the sheriff had to utilize a tree from which a rope was suspended with a noose. Jackson was placed on a box in a wagon under the tree, the rope was adjusted around his neck, and the wagon pulled from under him. Jackson had been told that if his neck was not broken the doctor would resuscitate him; that he would be cut down in thirty minutes and the doctor would take charge of him and bring him back to life. With this idea in his mind Jackson laid his head back in the rope in away to prevent there being any slack, and of course his neck was not broken but the sheriff let him hang more than thirty minutes and until such time as he was dead, in accordance with the sentence of the court.

The execution of Jackson took place nearly 64 years ago, but there are some people living in Maquoketa now who witnessed it. Calvin Teeple was first lieutenant and commanded the company of soldiers who participated in this hanging. Mrs. Joel Higgins of Dubuque county was also an eye witness, and has a vivid recollection of the tragic scene as did E. D. Shinkle, and there are doubtless many more in the county.

Xenophon Perkins had entered the land on which S. N. Crane lived and prospered for so many years, but in entering land those days the person had to swear that they were obtaining it for their own use, and had not bargained nor sold it; but it appeared he had sold this claim and others claimed it and a lawsuit was the result. The case was tried in Dubuque, and the papers sent on to Washington. Before judgment was rendered Perkins was killed. The department decided that Perkins forfeited the claim and the money that he had paid for it, consequently the government got \$2.50 per acre for that quarter section. Henry Mallard we believe entered that land, and on one occasion Mallard and Calvin Teeple and Vosburg began breaking on the claim with cattle. Teeple was driving the cattle, and while passing near a clump of bushes the report of a rifle rang out, and the bullet struck one of the oxen back of the shoulder, passing through the backbone as the shot was almost in line with where Teeple was walking there was little doubt but what the shot was intended for him. When the plowmen got to the end of the land, Mallard sat down by the water pail and said to Teeple and Vosburg, "I'll take care of the water and you go and see who fired the shot."

A glance over the old district court dockets in those territorial days convinces one that human life was held very cheap at that time. Judge Thos. S.

Wilson was the presiding judge for many years and his docket would be a fortune for a relic hunter. At nearly every term of court some one would be indicted for murder or assault with intent to kill. The party indicted would be called into court and enter into a recognizance to appear at the next term, and after the case had been continued a few time, the defendant by his attorney, would move the court that the indictment be quashed, and the court would order and adjudge that the case be quashed, and the defendant went forth free. Of all the men indicted for murder while Wilson was on the bench, poor Jackson was the only one to suffer for his crime, and Jackson had neither friends or money. When he had abandoned all hope of reprieve or executive interference he made the following confession which the writer copied from the Andrew Courier, a paper published in Andrew at that time.

"I Joseph T. Jackson, being of sound health, both in body and mind, do in view of the shortness of the time I have to live, make the following confession, as the last act of my life, whatever is stated here is substantially correct, perhaps there may be a slight variation in date of some of the early transactions of my life, but the substance matter is correct and written by my particular request.

"I was born on the 28th of November, 1 01, in Madison county, Kentucky, and raised in the county of Bourbon, 10 miles east of Paris, 1½ miles north o North Middleton, and was engaged in transacting business and droving in and from the last mentioned county for Lindsey and Hutchcraft. While I lived in Kentucky I lived a peaceable life, and nothing was ever alleged against me there that I know of. In 1825 I was married to Nancy Neal. In 1828 we moved to Sangamon county, Illinois, where I followed my above business for A. Heredith and A. G. Slow & Company of Alton. I also done business for myself in driving stock to the mines. There we lived in peace and contentment for several years, and then meeting with several losses of property and through the interferences of the friends of my wife caused her and I to live a disagreeable life, she claiming a divorce from me, and after claiming it a number of times we mutually agreed to part. I then removed to Wisconsin and after being there some time made an agreement with Mary Ambler to marry her but never could from the fact that I had never been divorced from my former wife. I then with Mary Ambler removed to Iowa Territory calculating at the spring term of court to get a divorce from my former wife and marry the said Mary Ambler. 'Twas then the commencement of my misfortune took place. The misfortune referred to I will here enumerate.

"On the 30th of November, Zopher Perkins and myself were coming from Dubuque, and at the foot of Hamilton hill the said Perkins stole a pig of lead. I endeavored to dissuade him from retaining it. He persisted in keeping it and hid it in his sleigh until he got within a half mile or such a matter of home. He then hid it in the hollow of a log. I then feeling dissatisfied about the matter, inasmuch as I was in company with him, mentioned it to Mary Ambler. She advised me on account of his wife and family to say nothing about it as it would injure the character of his daughters who were grown up. On the 4th day of December I showed Isaac Dye

and Jorasley Crawford where Perkins put the lead he had stolen. I then inquired of them what I should do in such a case, they replied that they would say nothing about it on account of his family. I then from the advice of the three above named persons concluded to say nothing about it. Some days after that time Mr. David Scott and myself were going to Dubuque, and I still not feeling satisfied about the lead affair I named it to him, and advised with him as to what he would do in such a case. He replied that on account of Zopher Perkins family he would let it alone a while. I then advised him to say nothing about it, fearing that Perkins would take advantage of it.

Scott, however, afterwards told it to Joshua Beer, and he meeting Perkins asked Beer where he had been. Beer told him that he had been to Goerge Long's to see who it was that followed Perkins and myself from Dubuque. Perkins asked Beer what for. Beer told him something about a piece of lead, then Perkins drove his team on to Thomas Coffee's turned out his cattle, and went back home to get another yoke of cattle. He came back that night bringing no other cattle with him, and went off to Squire Taylor's and filed an affidavit against me for having stolen property in my possession. I appeared on trial and finding there was no signature on the affidavit plead for non suit, the justice refused to grant it, saying the signature to affidavit was not necessary. I told him that was the law desiring him to refer to it which he refused to do. He gave judgment against me requiring me to give security or go to jail. I gave security and then told Squire Taylor that Zopher Perkins was the man that stole the lead, and demanded a writ against him which Taylor refused to give. I then went to Squire Nathan Sade and filed an affidavit demanding a writ against Zopher Perkins for stealing the lead. He was brought before the aforesaid justice and succeeded in having the trial put off seven days, on account of the absence of his brother which he wanted for a witness. On the 7th day we appeared for trial, judgment was rendered against Zopher Perkins for stealing the lead, and at the instance of the magistrate he was bound over to keep the peace.

The next morning after this trial Zopher and Xenophon Perkins came over to my house before daylight cursing and swearing, saying Jackson and his wife had sworn to so many damn lies they are holed up and dare not come out. The family being aroused by the noise awakened me. I got up put on my clothes and went out and told Zopher Perkins he was doing wrong, to recollect that last night he was bound over to keep the peace, he said g—d the peace, and then called out, Xen. come and attend to Jackson, I told him he need not call to Xen. for I did not want any fuss with them. I turned to go into the house when Xen. came running around the yard fence. I passed him going into the house and just as I raised my foot to step over the yard fence Xen. threw something and struck me in the back. I then whirled and pitched at him. Then Zopher and Xenophon both ran. In pitching after them down the steep bank of the river I went with such force onto the ice that I could not stop myself until I got onto the opposite bank. I then turned and walked two or three steps back from them towards my own house. After I had turned I

turned my face back towards them to see where they were and they both struck me with clubs over the head which knocked me blind. I drew my pistol out of my pocket and fired with a view of scaring them away until I could get out of their reach, having no intention of killing either of them when I fired my pistol. As for Zopher Perkins stating that I took deliberate aim, it is false. I do not believe that the lapse of time exceeded five minutes from the time of the conversation between them and myself and the end of the affray. I will now give a statement of the evidence adduced which was incorrect.

"Zopher Perkins stated that they came over to my house peaceably; this was false which you may see from the former statement above made by me. He also stated that I said Zopher Perkins g—d your soul, did I not tell you not to cross the river. This is also false. Three or four other times previous to that morning they came over to my house to raise a quarrel, at which times I went out of the way and would have went out that morning had I been out of bed. To Mrs. Dutell's evidence it is false; as there never was any conversation between her and myself on the subject, having conversed with Peter Dutell previous to the trial he told me that Zopher Perkins was such a liar that he could not be believed, and was a very low character, and his oath should not be taken and now when he was on this trial stated that Perkins was a good character; one of his statements must have been false. Henry G. Mallard came to me personally himself at Corbett's and stated that he was summoned as a witness in my case; he stated to me that neither of the Perkins' could be believed under oath, and that he should have to swear that at the trial, and requested me to tell my lawyer how to put the question to him. He also stated that they were very low characters, but when called on at the trial his evidence was that he would have to believe them, one or the other of his statements must have been wrong. I take the testimony of Elizabeth Perkins to be entirely false from the fact that I believe it impossible that she could see anything of the affray from where she said she stood.

"As my time is short I must come to a close, and in conclusion I give my religious sentiments. My present belief is that all mankind shall be happy hereafter. But I wish to have the public distinctly understand that whatever I have done that is wrong in the sad affair that has brought me to my unfortunate condition, or may have done in other respects, is not to be ascribed to my belief, and I would say most solemnly and in the presence of God that I am sorry for these wrongs, and would make all the restitution in my power. I have not been a member of a Universalist church or society, nor has my life been such in all respects as that of a Universalist."

Iowa's First Grist Mill a Primitive Affair.

(Written by Farmer Buckhorn for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

When the very first settlers came into the Black Hawk purchase, there was nothing here but the wild sod and wild game. Their rifles and fishing tackle was their main means of subsistence until the wild sod could be turned and a sod crop raised of corn and potatoes. Potatoes were dropped in the furrow and the next furrow the plow made covered them. Corn was planted by chopping into the edge of the furrows, the corn dropped into the opening and covered by closing the opening by stepping the foot upon it. In that way a little crop without cultivation was gathered the first season. As wheat flour was an unknown quantity, corn bread had to be depended upon. As there was no kind of a mill in the whole territory some device had to be resorted to in order to reduce the whole corn to meal. In many instances only the primitive mortar and pestle of the Indians was used. The first improvement over the Indian method of which there seems to be any account was constructed by Benjamin W. Clark in the fall of 1833. According to Capt. W. L. Clark of Buffalo, his father cut a butt off a log about three foot across, hollowed out a mortar by chipping and burning that would hold half a bushel or less of corn. A smallish pole several feet long was bound at one end with a ring and that end driven full of iron wedges of some kind. A hole was bored through near that end and a wooden pin some two or three feet long inserted, the other end of the pole-pestle was fastened aloft to the end of a sweep making a contrivance very much like the old fashioned well sweep that carried the "old oaken bucket." Corn was placed into the hollowed out end of the log but, then two men would take hold of the ends of the wooden pin and work the heavy pestle, by the aid of the sweep, up and down on the grain soon reducing a quantity to meal. (This was about the same mill the Bible spekas of where two women were "grinding at the mill and one was taken and the other left.")

This mill was undoubtedly the nearest approach to a grist mill within the present bounds of Iowa in 1833, and was in use over a year until a small motor mill was built on Crow creek by two men, Davis and Haskell. It shows to what straits the earliest settlers were put, in order to subsist.

Excitement Over Jackson County Gold Finds in 1859.

It was in 1859 that rain was so abundant that farmers found it very difficult to plant their crops. It rained nearly every day for more than three months. The streams and even the dry ravines were full of water most all the time, and were so thoroughly washed that the water was clear instead of being riled with mud. And this constant washing brought out many specimens of lead mineral which might readily be found in the beds of the ravines. These specimens were most abundant in the vicinity of Canton and especially along Black Hawk creek, one mile east of Canton, on and around the site where the warrior, Black Hawk, camped in the winter prior to his subsequent defeat in Jones county.

The finding of the float mineral in these parts in such abundance created a good deal of interest among the sanguine prospectors, and it was two years later in 1861 at the breaking out of the war, that I left Canton late in the evening with my team, that I overtook an old neighbor, a cooper by trade, who I asked to ride with me. His name was Johnson. When we came to the old Black Hawk camp for the road run through it, Mr. Johnson called a halt and said to me, "Wagoner, I want to tell you a secret if you promise not to give it away." I told him that nothing could induce me to betray confidence unless it would be to uncover crime. But Mr. Johnson told me "there is no crime to cover or uncover, but it is covered lead mineral, which I covered two years ago not 40 rods from here, that was washed bare in 1859, and exists in large and solid quantities." Now said Johnson, "If you will agree to furnish the means to buy 40 acres of the land that is so rich in mineral which can now be bought for less than \$300 dollars, I will show you the place at any time that you will go with me. And I will agree to make you an equal partner in the profits in the mine."

I told Mr. Johnson if the prospect was as good as he represented it, I would furnish the means to buy the land. But this great secret, is still a secret. It was at this time that the government made a call for 300,000 volunteer to crush the rebellion, that Johnson enlisted entered the army, and I never saw him again, for he died in the service in the same year. But not only was float mineral found in many places but gold dust was also found in the sands washed down the through the gulches that same year, while the wet weather lasted and I saw a large number of specimens that were washed by prospectors who used milk pans for separating the shining particles, and on one occasion I met G. W. Martin engaged in washing for gold near Black Hawk creek. I watched him a little while and I saw him wash

from one pan of sand three particles as large as a grain of sand. He then showed me a vial in which he had 33 specimens that he had washed out that day in his milk pan. These particles were large enough to rattle the vial when shaken. I afterward procured a specimen found by one John Sinkey that he found between some flat stones that were in the bed of Black Hawk creek, which he raised with a stone pick. I paid him a dollar for the sample. It was as large as a small grain of wheat and its intrinsic value about 35 cents. I sent this sample to my brother who was then living in Pittsburg, Pa. The Pittsburg papers at that time were already full of wild stories of the marvelous finds of gold and lead mineral in Jackson county, Iowa, and many of these stories were magnified by the reporters from mole hill to mountain.

My brother took the specimen I sent him to a silversmith who tried its purity and pronounced it a genuine article of pure gold. This nugget as the reporters afterward called it, the jeweler kept in his store on exhibition, one of the reports gave the intrinsic value of the nugget at \$5.00, and this put all Pittsburg in an uproar and the newspapers were filled with marvelous stories of the finds in the newly discovered gold regions of Jackson county, Iowa. But the breaking out of the war quashed the gold excitement and it has lain dormant ever since. But these new gold regions were afterwards examined by practical returned miners from California who said that it was impossible to make a fair test by the clumsy process of the milk pan and that it would require the use of the Long Tom.

This is a device consisting of a sluice box about 100 feet long, one foot wide and six inches or more in depth. In the bottom there are creases cut crosswise which catch the heavier material as it passes through the Tom and lodges in the creases. This process requires an abundant supply of water, and is worked similar to the slacking of lime for plastering purposes. After the day's washing is done through the Long Tom, the miner now gathers his day's work by thoroughly scraping the sand and gold dust out of the creases and by a process in which quick silver is used, separates the gold from the sand. In California where water is not abundant the miners frequently cart the dirt for miles to some stream where water can be procured.

It is the opinion of the writer as well as some others that if the above described process were tried that gold in paying quantities could be obtained along Black Hawk creek in the western part of Jackson county, Iowa.

LEVI WAGONER.

TERRITORIAL PIONEERS.

The Rev. Charles E. Brown Who Came to the Forks of the Maquoketa as Baptist Missionary in 1842.

(Written by Farmer Buckhorn for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

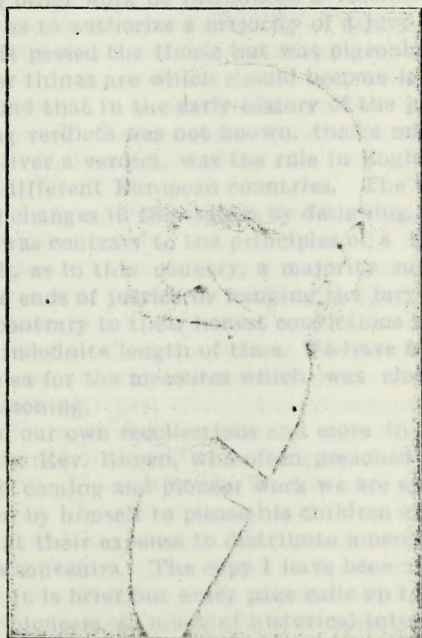
When, in writing the past of some prominent man, it becomes necessary as is sometimes the case, to expose only the delightful views as seen on life's Broadway screening the alleys with silent lies, it is not a pleasant duty to perform. It is a positive delight to turn to such a man as Charles Edwin Brown, whose whole eventful busy life was as an open book with each side of every leaf turned a clean page. At his own request he was appointed missionary to Iowa territory in 1842. He left the comforts of an older community, and brought the gospel into the sparsely settled region of the Maquoketa valley, and spread it into distant wilderness parts, going on foot or by rude conveyances many miles over trackless prairies, through forests and across bridgeless waters, sometimes swimming swollen streams.

He organized and became the pastor of the first Baptist church of the Maquoketa region, which was also the first in the territory embraced in Jackson, Clinton and Jones counties. This church was organized at the house of Wm. Y. Earle, three miles southwest of Maquoketa. He organized the first Sunday school in Clinton county. His labors were not wholly confined to spiritual needs for he was intensely interested in educational matters. With his own hands he helped fell the trees and hew the logs and erect the first school house in Jackson and Clinton counties near Wright's corners. He went east to York state to seek aid in building the first academy at Maquoketa, and was one of its trustees. His good wife and others, among them Mrs. J. E. Goodenow and Mrs. Sophia Shaw, boarded free of charge the workmen who worked on the structure in order to curtail expenses of building.

His coming meant much for eastern Iowa, and especially Jackson county, as undoubtedly it pointed the way to others who became life long residents of these parts and reared families of useful citizens and ornaments to society, and some have become prominent. We believe that neither C. E. Brown's parents, nor brothers, ever came here to reside as his father and

several of his brothers were ministers of the gospel laboring in other fields. His wife, Frances Lyon-Brown, however, was a sister of Mrs. Truman A. N. Walker, a lifelong and respected resident near Maquoketa.

Their son, Nelson Walker, in company with George D. Lyon, brother of Mrs. Brown, was in the mercantile business in Maquoketa in an early day and died there at the home of C. E. Brown. Another son George Walker, in later years was a member of the Washington state legislature and had the honor of naming Idaho. Mrs. Brown was also the sister of Mrs. James O. DeGrush another pioneer and lifelong resident near Maquoketa, mother of Fred DeGrush, Civil war veteran and a lifelong worker here as an



REV. C. E. BROWN.

educator. Mrs. Brown was also the sister of Mrs. Stephen W. Brown (not related to the pastor) of Little Falls, N. Y., who was the mother of the late Mrs. Julia Dunham of Maquoketa.

In the Rev. Brown's own family there were those who like their father became distinguished and useful to the world giving the lie to that old saw, "for a devil give us a preacher's son." Two of his sons served their country during the Civil war. After the war Charles P. Brown was many years a faithful and successful revenue agent and is now a successful business man of Ottumwa, Iowa. James D. Brown was for many years a trusted, respected agent of the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Co. at Lime Springs, Iowa.

W. C. Brown commenced as telegraph operator and by perseverance rose to be General Superintendent of all the Burlington lines of railroad in Iowa, and is now vice-president and general manager of the New York Central Railway. These sons of the Rev. Brown had no backing only their own efforts and noble qualities inherited and instilled into them by their parents.

Though Maquoketa was the Rev. Brown's first field of labor in Iowa, it was not his only one. He spent several years at Davenport and did much work there and at Rock Island and LeClaire, and afterwards at Vernon and Lime Springs in Howard county. From that county in 1877, he was elected to represent the county in the 17th general assembly of Iowa. In the session following among other work he introduced a resolution to amend the state constitution so as to authorize a majority of a jury to bring in a verdict in civil cases. It passed the House but was pigeonholed in the Senate, as a great many other things are which should become law.

He took the ground that in the early history of the jury system the unanimity rule governing verdicts was not known, that a majority of the jury was competent to deliver a verdict, was the rule in England for many years and still the rule in different European countries. The unanimity rule was the result of gradual changes in the system by designing self interest to protract litigation and was contrary to the principles of a republican form of government in which, as in this country, a majority must of right rule. It often defeated the ends of justice by hanging the jury or by leading men to return a verdict contrary to their honest convictions rather than be kept virtual prisoners an indefinite length of time. We have not space here to reproduce the entire plea for the measures which was eloquent and fraught with much sound reasoning.

There is much in our own recollections and more in that of other old settlers to eulogize the Rev. Brown, who often preached here at Buckhorn. For the details of his coming and pioneer work we are especially aided by a brief account written by himself to please his children and a few copies published in book form at their expense to distribute among immediate members of the family as souvenirs. The copy I have been allowed to use is in the Walker family. It is brief but every page calls up to intelligent minds so much endured by pioneers, so much of historical interest not only to the student of theological history but civil as well, that volumes seem passing before the mental vision. It is a modest, simple description of a noble life's work, and is of great value to those interested in early religious and civil history of eastern Iowa and reads like romance. If it was twice as long it would be well worth a place in the Annals of Jackson County. We will copy mostly from it as it is much better compiled than one like me can do, who only received a little "oil of hickory" and district school education with grammar entirely left out as a not to be endured affliction.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES WRITTEN BY REV. CHARLES BROWN 1813-1893

"To the memory of my beloved wife, Frances Lyon Brown, who for nearly half a century shared with me the trials and hardships of pioneer life, whose loving, cheerful presence made the frontier cabin the happiest of

homes, and whose happy hopeful disposition found a silver lining to every cloud, however dark, these reminiscences are lovingly inscribed.

I write this at the solicitation of my children and commence it this 23d day of February, 1893, the 80th anniversary of my birth. For several considerations I am admonished to be brief. I was born the 23d of February, 1813, in the town of Augusta, Oneida county, N. Y. My father, the Rev. Phillip Perry Brown, was born in the town of Bennington, Vt., and died September 1876, at Madison, Madison Co., N. Y., aged 86. For over fifty years he was a successful pastor of Baptist churches in central New York. My mother, Betsy Dickey, born in Weathersfield, Vt., was a descendant of the Scotch-Irish Dickey, who emigrated from Londonderry, north of Ireland and settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire, before the Revolutionary war. My good mother died in Hamilton, N. Y., April, 1862, aged 74. I am the second of nine children—six sons and three daughters. The two youngest and myself are the only ones now living (1893). Two brothers are buried at Port Byron, Rock Island Co., Ill., one brother at St. Louis, Mo., one in Newport, Herkimer Co., N. Y., one sister in Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., one sister at Lime Springs, Howard Co., Ia. My parents are buried at Madison, Madison Co., N. Y.

Before my recollection my parents moved to Smithfield, Madison county, N. Y., a new country heavily timbered. In the midst of poverty, or very limited means, and the hardships incident to such a new country I lived until past 18 years of age. Our sugar was made from the sap of the maple. Our luxuries were the flour short cake, the nut cake and the sweetened Johnnie cake, luxuries not often indulged in. In the fall, we were favored with sump and milk—sometimes had a mess of brook trout. Our youthful sports consisted in apple parings, snap and catch buttons, drop the handkerchief and like sports, sliding down hills and attending spelling schools. Our school books consisted of Webster's spelling book, the English reader, and Daboll's arithmetic. The family was blessed with good health the physician was seldom called. My father became pastor of the Baptist Church in Augusta in the fall of 1829. During the summer and fall of 1831 I worked as a farm hand for a farmer by the name of Danford Armour.

The Armour farm was at the summit of what was known as the "mile hill," the grade commencing at Lelands Tavern afterwards known as the "Five Chimney House," near the top of the "mile hill" the road forked the main road for quite a distance running southwest then south the other running due west.

The Armour farm lay along the west side of this west road, and was bounded on the east by the main road, then called the "Peterboro turnpike." The house was a small one, being one and a half story and unpainted. A small kitchen and two small rooms below and a kind of a store room and one small bed room above. An old-fashioned chimney and fireplace in the south end, with a ladder leading to the chamber standing at the side of the fireplace.

Two little boys in dresses, named Simeon and Watson, and a little girl baby in the mothers arms together with the father and mother made up

the family. The following year a third boy was born, called Phillip D. the home was a very happy though an humble one.

The parents of Danford Armour came at an early date from New England to New York, which at that time was "out west". Many years later Danford returned to Connecticut to find a helpmate who was Miss Julia A. Brooks, a daughter of a thrifty well-to-do Yankee farmer. I feel the incidents are especially worth notice when I realize the influence for good throughout the west which the three little boys above mentioned have exerted during the last twenty-five years. Phillip D., Simeon B. and A. W. Armour have honored the name they bear and the place that gave them birth and are an honor to the sturdy New England stock from which they sprang. When I left the employ of Mr. Armour there was due me for four months work \$32.00, which was paid me in cash.

Within a week from the time I received this money, I met an acquaintance, who knew of the amount I had received, and who wanted to borrow just that amount. He plead so earnestly and made such fair promises to pay in a short time I let him have the money. It has been on interest ever since. I went to Augusta late in the fall to learn the tanning, currying and shoe making business with Hazzard Wilber, a deacon of my father's church. In the month of September, 1832, in a three days' revival meeting, became a christian with many others and was baptized by my father, and was soon impressed with the conviction it was my duty to preach the gospel and in a few weeks entered Hamilton literary and theological seminary, now Colgate University. In the spring of 1833 Prof. Daniel Haskell, started a manual labor school at Florence Oneida county, for the benefit of poor young men. I entered that school. During term time out of school hours my roommate joined me in chopping down the big trees and preparing them for logging. During vacation, with a hired yoke of oxen, we logged and cleared the land, and thus paid a part of the expense of our education. Three winters I taught school, in the winter of 1834-35, I taught in Pittston at the head of the Wyoming Valley in Luzern county, Pa., in sight of Pittston across the Susquehanna river the Wyoming Massacre of the settlers by the British Tories and Indians occurred July, 1778.

Among the little girls carried away by the Indians was Francois Slocum. One of my pupils, a young lady, was a niece of this Francis Slocum. Fifty seven years had passed and no intelligence had ever been received of Francis Slocum. Some eight or ten years after this she was found among the remnants of a tribe of Indians in Indiana, the wife of an Indian, and the mother of grown up children. A brother and sister from Pennsylvania visited her at her Indian home and tried to induce her to go and spend the small balance of her life with them, but she declined preferring to remain with her children.

In 1838 I held revival meetings in the township of Frankfort, Herkimer county four or five miles west of Frankfort village. A good helper in these meetings was old Father Harvey, a licensed preacher 104 years old. His wife (second marriage) was so much younger than himself, her family opposed the marriage for the reasons she would soon have a helpless old man on her hands to care for. She had become old and feeble and Father Harvey

being much the smarter and more active had a feeble old lady on his hands to care for which he did with the utmost tenderness and love. After this Father Harvey preached in Utica and other places.

In rising in the pulpit, as in his younger days, the first thing was to take off his coat. I love to think of these school house revivals, with the minds eye, I can see Father Harvey in his chair in front of the school house desk. With the minds ear, I can hear Father Harvey's tender and heart moving voice in prayer and exhortation. During the months of April and May of 1838, preached for the Baptist church in Frankfort. At this time my father, then pastor in Litchfield eight miles south of Utica, was engaged in revival meetings at Little Falls twelve miles below Frankfort on the Mohawk river. The meetings were interesting and powerful. I went down to witness the display of God's saving mercy and help in the good work. From Frankfort (bridge over the Mohawk) to Little Falls, was my first ride on a railroad. The rails were made of wood with a strap of iron about the width and thickness of a cart tire on top. The passenger coaches consisted of two apartments, each having cross seats facing each other. The passenger on one seat riding backwards. The conductor, while collecting tickets, walked on a plank outside and held onto an iron rail under the eaves of the coach. Arriving at Little Falls, I went directly to the church where the meetings were held. After the services I was taken to the home of Mr. Stephen M. Brown, sheriff of Herkimer county for entertainment and with the understanding it would be my home while I remained in the place. Though of the same name we were entire strangers and that was my first visit at Little Falls. Meeting with a cordial reception, I very soon felt at home. Mr. Brown's family, consisted of himself and wife, Francis Lyon and George D. Lyon brother and sister of Mrs. Brown. ("It was this chance meeting of Francis Lyon that eventually done so much for Iowa.") George had been a member of the Baptist church for some time. Francis, then twenty-five years of age, was a bright, decided and interesting convert of the revival then in progress. Rev. J. W. Omestead so long the editor of the Watchman was pastor of the church at this time.

With a class of about twenty-five, I finished the course at Hamilton July 15th, 1838. Through the agency of my brother William then pastor of the Baptist church at Newport, Herkimer county. I was invited to visit the church at Norway, four miles from Newport, with the view of a settlement as pastor. The visit resulted in a call to the pastorate of that church to commence the following November. The 20th of September at Litchfield, where my father was pastor, I was ordained to the work of preaching the gospel. The 26th of the same month, in the Baptist church at Little Falls, I was married to Francis Lyon, Rev. Augustus Beech officiating. The good providence of God, so distinctly marked, made no mistake in the selection of a most worthy and suitable helpmate for the young pastor.

Early the following November, we commenced housekeeping in the parsonage at Norway and also the untried and inexperienced work and responsibility of pastoral work, on a salary of \$275 per annum and the use of the parsonage. We were both poor but through the kind generosity of Mr. and

Mrs. Brown we had a very plain but sufficient outfit for keeping house. From this date I will associate my wife in my labors and as a general thing use the pronoun we.

For reasons that for the time seemed sufficient we remained in Norway but eighteen months. We found two of the deacons were working against us because the pastor quite often used the same text in the morning and in the afternoon presenting different branches of the same subject, this was done to avoid preaching long sermons. Not knowing what might be the outcome we quietly resigned leaving the church in peace and harmony, so that when we returned in 1851 from the missionary work in Iowa, to repair lost health we received a very cordial call to a second pastorate of the Norway church, one of the best we have ever labored with. During our residence in Norway our first child—a little boy—was born in July, 1839, whom we named Benjamin Perry.

I was appointed by the association to visit the Morehouseville church twenty miles north of Norway, far away in the dense wilderness. During our first pastorate at Norway we made a Missionary tour into the wilderness twenty miles beyond Morehouseville to a new settlement at the head of Peseca lake.

On leaving Norway our next field of labor was Warren, one of the southern towns in Herkimer Co., entering the work April, 1840. During the first year but little could be accomplished on account of the all absorbing political campaign of "log cabin hard cider, Tippecanoe and Tyler too," which resulted in the election of William Henry Harrison as president and John Tyler as vice-president. The second year manifested a good deal of religious interest. Our increasing interest in and love for missionary work directed our thoughts to some field in the distant west. In October, 1840 in Warren, our second son, Chas. P. Brown, was born.

In October of that year, 1841, our wish was laid before the Board of the New York State Missionary Convention at the annual meeting held at Whitesborough. In the application nothing was said about salary or any local field, only send us to Iowa Territory. The convention endorsed the application and recommended an appointment by the Board of the A. M. Baptist Home Mission Society. In due time the appointment came, designating the Forks of the Maquoketa, Jackson county, Territory of Iowa, as the field, on a salary of one hundred dollars per annum and seventy-five dollars for traveling expenses to the field.

As household goods could not be transported so far, we sold all except clothing, bedding, a common table and stand, which could be conveniently packed in boxes, and a kitchen rocking chair, for the comfort and convenience of the mother in caring for the children on the journey. We also bought a cook stove of small size, which we took to pieces and packed in straw. Our goods, well packed in boxes, weighed about 1,600 pounds. Monday, May 2, 1842 we left Utica on a canal line boat for Iowa. These boats had a comfortable cabin with berths in the bow for passengers and a good cook and dining cabin in stern and the space mid-ship for freight and baggage. The fare, with board and lodging, was two cents a mile, and no charge for young children. We had good traveling company, the board,

clean and nice, the captain and hands pleasant, sober and accommodating, so that the trip from Utica to Buffalo,—200 miles—was comfortable and pleasant. We arrived at Tonawanda, twelve miles from Buffalo at twelve o'clock Saturday night, and as the boat did not run on Sunday we lay by until 12 o'clock Sunday night arriving at Buffalo just at daylight Monday morning.

Our goods were transferred from the canal boat to the steamboat Great Western Captain Walker, which was to leave for Chicago that evening. We felt that we were fortunate. The fare from Buffalo to Chicago had just been reduced by reason of competition, from \$20 to \$18. The freight on our goods from Buffalo to Chicago was \$18. When the time arrived for leaving the harbor there were some 800 passengers on board probably not fifty of them had ever been on the water before and nearly all going to Illinois, Wisconsin and regions beyond. It was nearly dark when the great steamer was fairly out upon the dark but quiet waters of Lake Erie with ominous clouds gathering in the west. The cabin passengers were very generally gathered on the promenade deck some looking back upon the lights of the city and towards the homes and loved ones there, some looking out sadly upon the dark waters, others looking anxiously upon the gathering and threatening clouds in the west, and very many with tearful eyes. It was one of the most intensely interesting, solemn scenes we ever witnessed and took part in. We retired to our state room, but I guess not to sleep much. The storm came down upon us in the night, but our noble steamer met and faced it bravely, and brought us safely into the harbor at Cleveland. The effects of the storm upon the stomachs of the passengers were readily inferred by the slim attendance at the breakfast table. We lay at Cleveland a few hours for the wind to subside. Except having the same thing repeated on Lake Huron, which compelled us to lay by at Presque Isle four hours, we had pleasant sailing to Chicago, where we arrived Sunday at 1 p. m., and put up at a small two-story tavern called the New York house. In the evening we attended meeting at the Baptist church, and heard Elder Thomas Powell preach. The house stood on the lot now occupied by the Chamber of Commerce building.

This church building was built by boards and battens up and down, with no ceiling except naked collar beams, rafters and roof boards. The court house close by enclosed by a common fence and ornamented with forest shade trees, looked like a five acre lot with a brick court house way to the north side of it.

Monday we hired a man from Rockford, who had been in with a load to take us and our goods to Savanna on the Mississippi river. It was a lumber wagon. After loading the boxes, the rocking chair we had brought from our New York home was fastened on top of one of the boxes, a little chair purchased at one of the furniture store was fastened beside the rocker. My good wife cheerfully mounted and took her seat in the rocking chair with the youngest child in her lap and the other one by her side remarking: "Now this is first rate." I took a seat beside the driver with our feet resting on the whippetrees ready for a trip of 200 miles to our future home in Iowa Territory.

We were fortunate in having a dry spring and did not have to use the poles in the streets of Chicago to pry us out of the mud. We stopped the first night twelve miles out on the Elgin road. Second night stopped at a log tavern sixteen or eighteen miles west of Elgin at Pigeon Woods. Here a ravenous appetite was destroyed by badly tainted ham and in consequence of two stage loads of passengers to provide for our bed was on the floor. Early next morning we proceeded on our journey and got breakfast at a small cabin tavern at or near where Marengo now stands. At noon were at Belvidere where we enjoyed a short visit with Prof. S. S. Whitman, one of our former teachers at Hamilton. Here too, we visited the public square and looked upon the stakes then standing of the burying place of an Indian chief. The Indian was gone but the upright poles and a few remnants of his burial dress yet remained—a sad memorial of the past. That evening at 9 o'clock we arrived at the west side tavern at Rockford. Our driver went to his home in the little village, and we to supper and rest expecting to resume our journey in the morning. To our disappointment our driver had been subpoenaed in a suit to come off that week and could not resume the journey until the next Monday. While tarrying we found a good home and kind friends in the family of Rev. Solomon Knapp, pastor of the Baptist church. We preached for Elder K., the following Sunday—our first sermon in the west.

Monday morning we started in good health and good spirits on the Galena stage road to twelve mile grove, then directly west toward the Mississippi river—good day, smooth roads and brought up at Mr. Crane's cabin in Crane's Grove about sundown and there we stopped for the night as it was eighteen miles to the next grove. Mrs. Crane, a woman in middle life, had just come in from the stable yard with a pail of milk. She was a Kentuckian. In reply to the inquiry, if she could keep us over night, she replied, "O I reckon though I'm mighty tired. The old cow gives a right smart of milk, nigh onto a half a bushel." Next morning the teamster found one of his horses dead—had over fed with grain. We hired Mr. Crane to take us eighteen miles to Cherry Grove. We stopped over night with a farmer, Mr. Gardner, a brother-in-law of Mr. Crane, who took us next morning to Savanna. We crossed over with our goods that night to Charleston—now Sabula—and put up at the tavern. Next morning we hired a man to take us twenty-five or thirty miles to our journey's end. In consequence of rain we did not get a very early start. At noon we stopped at a log cabin on the west side of Deep creek for dinner. The woman had nothing but eleven eggs. These we boiled, but the children would not eat them and we passed no other human habitation until long after dark and the children had cried themselves to sleep. At midnight we dove up to the cabin of Mr. C. M. Doolittle, the end of our long journey. The good folks got up, gave us our supper, then gave us their bed and the teamster a settee in the room for his bed and Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle and the children, who had been in bed with them retired to the loft.

Tired and worn by the long journey, especially the last 200 miles in a lumber wagon, we retired to rest four in a bed and rested sweetly with no unpleasant dreams. Our stopping place was about one mile south of where

Maquoketa now stands, close by the old ford at the head of McCloy's mill pond. The country around which we could not see by reason of darkness, we could not see the next morning by reason of a fog. As we were poor and our support, except the \$100 pledged by the missionary board, was to come from the field, we made some inquiry about the church with which we were to labor. But to our surprise there was no church and the settlement was new with only a few Baptist members scattered over a large territory. The prospects that morning were not only foggy but somewhat blue, a feeling however, we deemed best to conceal. Our good wife did the same thing, made no complaint, nor expressed a word of regret. In the morning in company with the brother of the log cabin, we called on some families two or three miles west or northwest. In our walk the wind breezed up took all the fog away, and with it went all our blue feelings for a most charming prairie landscape was spread out to the south and southwest with the Maquoketa timber for a background on the north. The only drawback to my good feelings was the thought, But how does my dear wife feel about the prospects? This troublesome doubt was very soon relieved, for on my return the good woman met me several rods from the door with her bright cheerful face, and her words of greeting were, "Charles we have come to Iowa to do good and will stay and trust in the Lord."

We met a cordial reception not only by the Baptist families, but by the settlers generally. We arrived on our field May 26, 1842, having been twenty-four days on our journey. An appointment had been arranged by the Des Moines association for a meeting at Iowa City commencing June 3rd, for the purpose of organizing a territorial missionary convention. As Brother Doolittle had a large family our temporary home was moved to Brother Levi Decker's, a mile east of Wright's corners. Sister Decker very kindly offered to take care of the children and thus enable Mrs. Brown to go with me to the Iowa City meeting. We were furnished by Brother Doolittle with horse and wagon, a kind of half and half vehicle between a buggy and a lumber wagon.

We started June 1st, and was directed to take a trail at the west side of Reuben Riggs field which would take us to Bergoonsford on the Wapsipicon river—no inhabitants on the route. We missed the trail but having a pretty correct idea of the direction did not get lost.

When in sight of the Wapsie settlement we came up to one of those peculiar brooks from three to five feet wide and from three to four feet deep with perpendicular banks. We tried to persuade the horse to jump but there was no go. He was willing to go back or in any direction rather than jump the chasm. But we were not to be balked in that—twenty miles on our road and an uninhabited prairie. So I got Mrs. Brown across and the baggage, then starting far enough away to get the horse on a fast trot gave him a smart blow with the whip on nearing the chasm and over we went. While the seat and some other things left in the wagon took various directions. But mind you, the parson took the precaution to be on his feet when that run was made.

We got over and stopped at the first house for dinner. We left an appointment for preaching Tuesday of the next week on our return, and pro-

ceeded on our journey and stopped for the night at Tipton, the county seat of Cedar county, where we left an appointment to preach on the following Monday evening. There was a log court house and a log tavern.

The next day Tuesday we arrived at Iowa City. There were no railroads then west of the state of New York. The western boundary of lands opened for settlement then was about 18 miles west of Iowa City, and the western border counties beginning at the south were Van Buren, Jefferson, Washington, Johnson, Linn, Buchanan, Fayette with Clayton on the north. On returning we were on time to meet our appointment at Tipton on Monday evening and the Wapsie appointment on Tuesday, arriving home late at night and found all well.

The next important temporal matter was to select a location and build a log house. Log houses were all the go in that region then as there were plenty of logs but no saw mills. Having become acquainted with the neighbors about Wright's corners, two and one half miles south of where some years later was located the village of Maquoketa, we concluded to locate there. Nobody need ask for better neighbors than we found in the families of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Decker, Mr. and Mrs. John Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. David Bentley and others.

The settlers very generally and generously turned out, with teams and axes, and went five or six miles west to a small grove and cut and hauled logs for a house about twelve by sixteen or eighteen feet. In a week or two the body of the house was up, logs hewed on two sides. My neighbor, Mr. John Riggs, wishing some lumber, joined me in going up the Maquoketa river eighteen miles, for some sawed lumber must be had even for a log house. As we must raft the lumber down the river, we went on foot, made our purchase, and started down the river the next day, in the afternoon, with a steering oar in front and one at the stern. The river, at that time, ran through a dense wilderness with a thick underbrush, with two or three cleared patches in the whole distance. The river was low, and we had much trouble and hard work by reason of snag sand bars, frequently having to jump into the water to pry the raft off these obstructions. About sundown we came to a small cleared patch where an old hermit by the name of Lodge lived. We called at his cabin to see what the chances were for stopping over night, as the next clearing was several miles below. The cabin was eight by ten or twelve feet with a crib made of poles for a bed, and a chicken pen in one corner of the room. We discovered at once there was no show for us there, and we must try to get down to the next clearing or camp out. The night was cold, for the season and we tired and hungry. Darkness in that dense forest, was coming on rapidly and we finally concluded to risk a run on the river, and if we suffered shipwreck we could not be any worse off. So we cut loose and let her drive, for it was not long before the darkness was so dense the stern man could not see the oar one at the front. The raft kept going while every moment we expected to run foul of snags, or on to a sand bar. But, to our surprise, it reached the clearing about 10 or 11 o'clock without any mishap whatever. We concluded our good fortune was because it was so dark we couldn't see to steer it on to

logs and sand bars. We could see neither house nor house light, and calling obtained a response from a cabin some distance towards the north side bluff. We found a comfortable cabin with an old fashioned fireplace, with a good, cheerful fire; but the inmates were in bed, except the man who got up to answer our call. He gave us some bread and milk for supper, and then we began to cast about for a place to sleep. There were two beds in the small room on bedsteads with three persons in one and three in the other, when the man should return to bed; and there was a bed on the floor in the corner by the fireplace, and two men in that. The men very kindly proposed to wheel and lie across the bed, and thus make room for two more. Tired as we were, we had a good sleep and a pretty good rest. The next day we very easily completed the river part of our homeward journey. From the river landing we had to haul the lumber three miles to Wright's corner. Wright's corners were on the line between Jackson and Clinton counties, and our house was fifteen or twenty rods in Clinton county on the east side of the road running north and south, and the east fork of Prairie creek in front on the west—the road between the house and the creek. With rough, loose boards for lower and chamber floors, we moved in without doors or windows. I had to go to Dubuque, forty miles, for stove pipe. But we were happy when we were settled in our own home, although without furniture except table, stand, stove, rocking and a little chair, and a few dishes, all of which we brought with us.

Our first bedstead was made of hickory poles. We fortunately brought a few carpenter tools along with which we could make such needful articles of furniture. With one of our boxes we made shelves for dishes; with another we made a cupboard for books, etc.; with another we made a place for the oldest little boy to sleep. We, including neighbors, went right to work and put up a log school house. This was located a few rods south of our house, and before there were any floor, door or windows, we started a Sunday school with Thomas Flathers, superintendent. This was the first school house built either in Clinton or Jackson counties, and this was the first Sunday school organized in Clinton county. This schoolhouse furnished a place for one of my preaching appointments. Bro. Earl's house, five or six miles west of my house, was another. Bro. Earl's house was just a shell of a frame—a lower floor in part—no stove or fireplace—the fire for cooking and warming was on the ground near the center with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. But it did not all go out and the congregation were quite frequently in tears.

Another one of my appointments was at a private house twelve miles up in the timber on the ridge. A day or two previous to one of my appointments the owner of the house killed a monster panther near by. It was trying to catch one of his hogs. The first sermon I preached in Iowa was in Mr. John Shaw's unfinished log house where Maquoketa now is, the second at Iowa City; the third at Tipton, the fourth at Bagoons on the Wapsie, the fifth at the M. E. quarterly meeting in their log meeting house over in the timber. The house had no floor and I think no windows. The light came in through openings between the logs. My preaching place where Maquoketa now is was in a sod covered log cabin built for a blacksmith

shop. During that summer I preached in Rock Island once, Davenport four times, Marion three times, Tipton once, Andrew twice.

In running our raft down the Maquoketa river we passed the clearing where Jackson murdered Perkins: He had his trial at Andrew that summer and was convicted and hung from the limb of an oak tree near the court house at that place. The cash receipts on salary was confined exclusively to the \$100 pledged by the missionary society and a heavy draft on our cash was postage of 25c on nearly every letter received, and if some friend inclosed a \$1 bill the postage was double. In a short time after moving in our cabin was Bloomfield postoffice and Elder Brown was postmaster, and received all his letters free. Yes, free. How good to get a letter from the old home without taking the last quarter to pay postage. We had a mail each way on horse back once a week.

On Aug. 31st, a meeting was held at the house of Brother Earl for the purpose of organizing a Baptist church. The organization was effected and embraced the following members: C. M. Doolittle and wife, Jason Pangborn and wife, Wm. Y. Earl and wife, Levi Decker and wife, Elder C. E. Brown and wife, Esquire Taylor and wife, Mrs. Eliza Mallard, Mrs. Mitchell. The following are names of other Baptist members living in the region: Ebenezer Wilcox and wife living on Bear creek, Mr. Woodworth living twelve miles up in the timber. Mrs. John Wilcox living at South Grove, Mrs. David Bentley living at Wright's corners, old Mr. and Mrs. Clark living a mile east of where Maquokta now is, Mrs. Esquire Palmer living at Andrew.

Brother Jason Pangborn came from northeastern New York. Sister P., a refined excellent Christian, was perfectly blind—became so before leaving the eastern home. When we called on the family they were living in a small log cabin located at the extreme northeast corner of the quarter section on which the Midland depot is now located and very near where the house now stands in which brother and sister Pangborn died. In that little cabin without the first comfort or convenience with herself husband and four small children to care for, this good woman with no word of complaint was with extended hands feeling her toilsome way in total darkness, caring for loved ones. Several years afterwards we attended the funeral of her little boy. She had never seen his face. At the close of the service she wished to be led to the unclosed coffin. There she stood for a few minutes tenderly and lovingly with the tears fast dropping from her sightless eyes, passing her hands over the cold face of the dear little one saying, "I have never seen my dear child's face, I must get an impression of how he looks." The dear mother has gone where she can see.

At the meeting in June at Iowa City arrangements were made for a meeting the 16th of the next September at Davenport, for the purpose of organizing an association embracing all the churches on and north of the Iowa river. When the time came to go to Davenport, our good brother Doolittle would furnish us a horse, but the wagon we had for the trip to Iowa City had left the settlement. The horse I could ride but that would not fill the bill. All were anxious that Mrs. Brown should go, so I secured the loan of the hind wheels and axletree of a hoosier lumber wagon, went

to the fence and got poles suitable for thills, and with a board on wooden pegs were soon ready for the forty mile trip. We had a bundle of oats for a cushion and enjoyed the ride across the prairies and through groves unmarred by the vandalism of man. The first human habitation we saw was at Point Pleasant, where we crossed the Wapsie river at Kirtley's ford.

Although road carts were not as common and popular as now, we felt no embarrassment in riding along the main streets of that young city—Davenport—and in driving up in front of the residence of Dr. Witherwax. The meetings were held in the chamber of a small frame building on Front street. The following churches were represented (the first organized in the territory): Bath—now LeClaire, organized June, 1839, with six members; Davenport organized September, 1839, seven members; Dubuque organized Aug. 1840, eleven members; Bloomington—now Muscatine, organized Oct. 1840 five members; Iowa City, organized, June 1841 eleven members; Forks of the Maquoketa, organized Aug. 1842 with 14 members; also the church of Rock Island, Ill. Every church north of the Iowa river were represented except one on the line between Jones and Delaware counties.

The following winter the longest and coldest, set in early in November by a heavy fall of snow. Our log house away out on the bleak prairie in an unfinished condition, was unsuitable to winter in. So, with the consent of the missionary board, we moved to Davenport with the expectation of moving back to Maquoketa in the spring. We at once engaged in the good work with the churches at Davenport and Rock Island.

To save space and cost of printing in the Annals of Jackson County, we must leave the interesting details of the Reverend's life work outside of his Maquoketa field, and only follow with an historical outline. For some reason he did not come back to the Forks of the Maquoketa except at intervals for five years. In the summer of 1843 he made several missionary trips up the river and organized a church at Port Byron, Ill., and another at Camanche. In that year he went to Dubuque—80 miles—by land to attend the first annual meeting of the Davenport association. In one place he states: "Captain Wilson ran the ferry between Davenport and Rock Island and during the summer of 1843 substituted the horse boat in place of the little scow and yawl, a very great improvement."

His next field of labor was at LeClaire, where he moved in 1844. In June of that year we find him going with two others (James Turner and Wm. Palmer) by horse and wagon to Mt. Pleasant to attend the second annual Territorial Missionary convention. On account of high water in a stream they had to devise an impromptu ferry out of the wagon bed and with a grape vine as anchor line run the wagon and their clothes across after which the men and horse swam. The Elder Brown had swam across first to land the ferry and its several cargoes. The elder said: "Swim we must or go back; to go back was no part of the programme." From another place we quote: "During our stay at LeClaire, a comfortable meeting house was built with a stone basement. The credit so far as human agency was concerned, for this house was due largely to Mrs. Brown. We spent the

winter of 1844-5 in New York state and during our stay Mrs. Brown collected nearly enough to make a good beginning, and encourage the church to build. The pastor quarried the rock and tended the mason. In the summer of 1845 Elder J. N. Seeley, pastor of the church at Muscatine, with a man and horse, towed a large river lighter, or scowboat, fifty miles up the river to Port Byron opposite Le Claire for lime to build a house of worship at Muscatine. I gave him lumber for doors and windows. That was the way meeting houses were built in Iowa in early days." (The reader must not mistake the pastor, J. N. Seeley, for J. O. Seely who is only "Farmer Buckhorn" and not so much of a pastor as he is a pasture where newspaper publishers and historical societies too poor to buy literary grass can graze free.)

In 1847 we find Elder Brown moving back to his early field of the Forks of Maquoketa where he built a house on land donated to him by J. E. Goodenow the same being the southwest corner of Platt and Eliza streets. While living there Nelson Walker (before spoken of) died at his house and on June 9, 1848, the nine-year-old son of the Rev. Brown was drowned in the Maquoketa river. While here his appointments covered Lamotte twenty miles toward Dubuque; Pence's school house 9 miles west on Bear creek, formerly known as Shake Rag schoolhouse now south edge of Baldwin; Burleson's or Buckhorn six miles west; south settlement; Andrew and Cascade. Wouldn't that circuit wilt the collars off some of our brick pavement preachers?

It was at this time we find the Rev. Brown and wife doing noble work in behalf of the Maquoketa academy, and going to York State to solicit funds to aid in the enterprise. In 1850 the nearest stage route to Chicago was either Galena or Rock Island. In June, 1850, he went to take J. O. DeGrush and wife, who had been out to make them a visit to Rock Island and went with a lumber wagon so as to bring back a load of goods for some merchant and coming home was on the road the most of the night. There being a heavy dew and cold for the time of year he contracted inflammatory rheumatism which laid him up many months.

In 1851 he concluded to return to Herkimer Co., N. Y. to recruit his health among his old friends and relatives. After some time health improved, he accepted charge of the church at Norway his earliest pastorate, where he and Mrs. Brown first set up housekeeping. Here he brought order out of chaos, created by a former pastor's preaching too much anti-slavery doctrine from the pulpit. Elder Brown never mixed politics with his sermons. He was at heart, however, a strong anti-slavery man, and we find him in a 4th of July oration delivered at Le Claire, July 4th, 1845, making an eloquent argument against slavery.

In the spring of 1857, he was sent by the Home Missionary society to find a new field of labor in northeastern Iowa. "Glad indeed," he says, "to return to our beloved Iowa." He left Buffalo, Tuesday evening, July 14th, 1857, on the steamboat, "Southern Michigan," for Toledo. Arrived at Toledo 2 p. m. the next day. Left Toledo that evening on Michigan Southern railroad, arriving at Chicago 8 a. m. next day. Mrs. Brown and children went by railroad to DeWitt, Iowa, and he waited in Chicago for his

horse and buggy which was shipped by freight at Toledo. They arrived at 4 a. m. next day. Drove his horse from Chicago to Maquoketa where he found Mrs. Brown and the children well and happy. After visiting relatives and friends at Maquoketa eight or ten days, and leaving the family he started for northeastern Iowa, July 30th, 1857, via Dubuque and stopped at Dubuque the first night. From Dubuque for forty miles traveled over the same road he traveled in company with Elder B. F. Brabrook in 1848 to Garnavillo, Clayton county, to be at a meeting on Pony Creek, or in Pony Hollow, and assist in organizing a Baptist church. This was about three miles north of Elkader, Clayton county. To attend this meeting Elder Brabrook traveled from Davenport, one hundred and twenty miles, and Elder Brown traveled from Maquoketa, eighty miles. Pony Hollow was one of Elder Ira Blanchard's preaching stations. After leaving Dubuque he traveled to Rossville, Alamakee Co., where he found Elder James Schofield with whom the missionary board had directed him to take council as to a field of labor. But the Rev. Schofield not being acquainted with the country west left it to the Rev. Brown's own judgment. He went to Winneshek county.

Next we find him helping to organize a church at Vernon, Howard Co. Next we find him at Strawberrry Point helping to dedicate a church after which he traveled 65 miles back to Vernon where he had concluded to make his home. He says after arriving at Vernon the next two days he helped Elder Whitman stack oats and on Sunday preached twice to two good congregations, and Monday mowed hay. Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, started with two teams for Lansing on the river for his goods. Saturday 4 p. m. he got back to Vernon and Sunday preached there. The next Wednesday he started with a one horse wagon for Maquoketa, 150 miles, for his family, where they had spent the time while he was looking up his field of labor. Friday, Sept. 11th, he arrived at Maquoketa, Saturday he rested and Sunday preached for the pastor, Elder Holms (another good old man after Elder Brown's own heart, the writer knew them both well and Elder Holms died in Buckhorn where he often preached.)

The next Tuesday the Rev. Brown started with his family of five with his one horse rig for Howard county and reached there the next Monday evening. In that vicinity we find him living and laboring the most of thirty years. In 1858 he was elected County Superintendent of public schools, serving in that capacity for three years at a salary of \$1.50 per day and pay his own traveling expenses. We also find him teaching several terms of the Vernon district school at a salary of \$18 and \$20 per month and still going on with his pastoral work. In July, 1858, he organized the Lime Springs Baptist church. In 1863, he moved to Carroll County, Ill., where he remained two years pastor of the York Baptist church, returning to Lime Springs, Howard Co., Iowa, in 1870, and lived at Lime Springs old town. In the spring of 1870 a Baptist church was built at Lime Springs and he and an old Brother Baptist called "Father" Buckland, 80 years of age, quarried the rock for the foundation, then made a bee to get them hauled.

In 1871 he built himself a house at Lime Springs. In 1875 he and Mrs. Brown spent a year at the old New York home returning in 1876 and again

became pastor of the Lime Springs church. In 1877 he built another and his last house at Lime Springs twenty rods south of the depot. In that house his dear companion died June the 12th, 1887.

In October, 1877, as we have before stated, he was elected state representative to the 17th general assembly from Howard Co. He was 74 when Mrs. Brown died after which he spent some time in his home keeping every thing as near like she left it as possible but finally went to his children dividing his time between them and occasionally preaching here and there. He preached several sermons in Maquoketa and Nashville after he was 80 years old. We do not know how it is with the readers but we have followed the history of the old man's life work with interest and satisfaction.

(His Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society)

Maquoketa, Iowa, July 1st, 1906.

Mr. James Ellis, Curator of the Jackson County Historical Society,

Dear Sir: I wish you would grant me space in Annals No. 3 to to correct and offer an excuse for a misstatement made in No. 2. In my paper on Shadrach Burleson I claimed the government land in this section did not come into market until 1845. I had not looked the record up, but based my claim on the statement of the historian who compiled the history of Jackson county, published in 1879, supposing, as he inferred, he gained his information from the records. Having occasion to visit the records lately I found out he abstract of the U. S. land sales for the Dubuque land office one or two instances of land sales to Jackson county parties in 1839, and many in 1840 and intervening years before 1845 which proves conclusively my statement was an error and that the only way to get facts is to get them.

I have concluded as a source of historical facts, the 1879 history is about as reliable a medium as a "blood and thunder" dime novel, and was written partly to sell unsight and unseen. But largely to excuse the Bellevue mob for killing W. W. Brown and others. The basis of that write-up was the contention that Brown was the leader of desperate band of outlaws who could not be convicted because every time they were brought to trial they proved an alibi. The Jackson county criminal docket proves just as conclusively that claim was false as it does that the government land of Iowa did not come into market until 1845. It is my desire what little history I write for you should be as near the truth as possible, although it may not eulogize the departed great (?). Yours truly,

FARMER BUCKHORN.

Killing of Andrew M. Brown by Absalom Montgomery, Near Maquoketa in 1852.

(Re-Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Some time prior to the year 1852, one Dr. Rhodes of Maquoketa, had entered forty acres of timber land on the Maquoketa river a short distance below Pinhook. The land was valuable only for the timber, as it consisted of bluffs and bottom land liable to overflow. Absalom Montgomery, who had figured quite conspicuously in the court records of Jackson county since 1838, lived at the time, near where Wesner's house stands, and owned 80 acres of the fine land between there and the city, and 40 acres across the road which extended down to the river and adjoined the land entered by Dr. Rhodes which he, Montgomery, claimed and warned all persons against trespassing on the land. It was claimed by Montgomery's friends that an offer had been made to Mr. Rhodes to reimburse him for the money that he had expended in entering the land as well as his expenses in going to the land office, but that the doctor had refused, the offer. On the other hand a son of the doctor who still resided in Maquoketa maintains that the doctor offered to surrender his interest on payment of the money that the land had cost him. At all events Montgomery warned Dr. Rhodes that he would kill him or any one who attempted to haul wood from the land. The doctor had a son-in-law, one Andrew M. Brown, who was living at that time where Hench's old mill now stands. On the morning of the 30th of April, 1852, Brown took Dr. Rhodes team and started for the lands in dispute to get a load of wood. Brown was fully advised of the threat made by Montgomery, but said he was not afraid and set out for the timber. Wm. Y. Earl then lived in a house a few rods west of Strubles nursery, and the road leading to the timber turned north and run past Earls house. About the time Brown reached the woods, Montgomery was seen by some members of the Earl family going in that direction with a gun. Just what took place in the woods that day will never be known, but it is well known that Brown was shot with a rifle, the ball entering his stomach near the breast bone. Brown fell down in the bottom of the box and lay there helpless and dying. The team, frightened doubtless by the report of the gun whirled and went in the direction of town. When the team reached the Earl place, Mrs. Earl heard some one calling from the wagon and thought it was some one intoxicated, but finally ventured out and discovered Brown in the wagon, and he lived long enough to tell her Montgomery had shot him. Mrs.

Earl sent some of the children to town for help, Mr. Earl being from home at the time. On the day of the murder Erastus Gordon, who later lived in Maquoketa was plowing a piece of ground, on Montgomery's farm for oats, having rented 5 acres of ground for that purpose, Gordon had been dickering with Montgomery for a young horse, had offered him \$75 for the animal, but Montgomery wanted more. On that day Montgomery came to the field and told Gordon if he wanted the colt for \$75 to get out his money. Gordon shelled out the money very promptly well pleased with his bargain. Some time after Montgomery's visit to the field, T. E. Cannell came to Gordon and told him that Montgomery had killed Brown and he wanted him to go and help hunt Montgomery, Gordon tied one horse to the fence and mounting the other went with the others, in the direction they had heard Montgomery had gone, which was west. When the party reached the hill where the school house formerly stood in the Buck Horn district and could see over in the valley where Shade Burleson lived, they recognized Montgomery in Burleson's yard. Gordon was told to remain with the horses behind the school house, and the other men went down to the house, and in some way communicated with Burleson without letting Montgomery see them. Burleson managed to get both of Montgomery's guns out of his reach and the men stepped in and arrested him. He was taken back to Maquoketa and guarded in the upper story of the Goodenow hotel by Gordon and others for several weeks. He was indicted by the grand jury for murder. The following is an exact copy of the indictment:

May term of the District Court of Jackson County, A. D., 1852, State of Iowa vs. Absalom Montgomery—Indictment for Murder. A True Bill.

DAVID SEARS.

Foreman of the within mentioned Grand Jury.

Witnesses names—Peter Conover, Erastus Gordon, Hanna Battles, Thomas E. Cannell, Achilles Gordon, Judson Earl, Archibald Lambertson, John McCollum, Miss Amelia Earl, Shadrach Burleson, Fayette Mallard, William Ellis, Dr. P. L. Lake, Francis B. Rhodes.

Presented in open court in presence of the Grand Jury by the foreman and filed this 18th day of May, A. D. 1852. H. SCARBOROUGH, Clerk.

State of Iowa, }
Jackson County, } ss:

In the district court of said county, of May term thereof, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.

The grand jurors legally convoked, empaneled and sworn in open court to inquire into indictable offences committed within the body of the county of Jackson aforesaid, in the name and by the authority of the state of Iowa, upon their oath present: That Absalom Montgomery, late of the county of Jackson, aforesaid on the 30th day of April, in the year of Our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and fifty-two, with force and arms at and in the county aforesaid in and upon the body of one, Andrew M. Brown, in the peace of said state, then and there being, feloniously, willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault; and that he, the said Absalom Montgomery, a certain gun, called a rifle gun, then and there charged with gun powder, and one leaden bullet, which said

rifle gun, he, the said Absalom Montgomery, in his hands then and there, feloniously, willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, and of his malice aforethought did discharge and shoot off too, and against, and upon the said Andrew M. Brown; and that the said Absalom Montgomery with the leaden bullet aforesaid out of the rifle gun aforesaid, then and there by force of the gun powder aforesaid by the said Absalom Montgomery, discharged and shot off as aforesaid, then and there feloniously, willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly and of his malice aforethought, did strike, penetrate and wound him, the said Andrew M. Brown, in and upon the stomach of him, the said Andrew M. Brown, giving to him the said Andrew M. Brown, then and there with the leaden bullet aforesaid, so as aforesaid discharged, and shot out of the rifle gun aforesaid by the said Absalom Montgomery in and upon the stomach of him, the said Andrew M. Brown, one mortal wound of the depth of six inches and of the breadth of half an inch, of which the said mortal wound he, the said Andrew M. Brown then and there died. And the jurors aforesaid do say that the said Absalom Montgomery him, the said Andrew M. Brown in the manner and by the means aforesaid, feloniously, willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly and of his malice aforethought, did kill and murder, contrary to the statute in such case, made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state of Iowa.

JOSEPH KELSO, Prosecuting Attorney for said County.

And the jurors aforesaid upon their oath aforesaid, do further present: That Absalom Montgomery, late of the county of Jackson, aforesaid laborer, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigations of the devil, on the 30th day of April in the year of Our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and fifty-two, with force and arms at and in the county aforesaid, in and upon one Andrew M. Brown, in the peace of God and the said state, then and there being feloniously, willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault; and that the said Absalom Montgomery, a certain gun the value of \$5.00 then and there loaded and charged with gun powder, and one leader bullet, which gun he, the said Absalom Montgomery, his hand had and held, to, against, and upon the said Andrew M. Brown, then and there feloniously, willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, and of his malice aforethought, did shoot and discharge; and that the said Absalom Montgomery, with and bullet aforesaid, then and there by force of gun powder and shot sent forth as aforesaid, the said Absalom Montgomery in and upon the left side of the belly of him, the said Andrew M. Brown, in the region of the stomach and median line of him, the said Andrew M. Brown, then and there feloniously, willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, and of his malice aforethought, did strike, penetrate and wound, giving to the said Andrew M. Brown, then and there with the leaden bullet aforesaid, so as aforesaid shot, discharged and sent forth out of the gun aforesaid, by the said Absalom Montgomery in and upon the said left side of the belly of him, the said Andrew M. Brown, one mortal wound of the depth of six inches and of the breadth of half an inch, of which said mortal wound he, said Andrew M. Brown then and there immediately died. And so the jurors aforesaid, upon their oath aforesaid do say, that the said Absalom Montgomery, him the

said Andrew M. Brown, in the manner and by the means aforesaid, feloniously, willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, and of his malice aforethought, did kill and murder, contrary to the statute in such case made and proved, and against the peace and dignity of the state of Iowa.

JOSEPH KELSO, Prosecuting Attorney.

Montgomery was tried at the June term of court, commencing the 23rd day and on the 25th the jury charged by the court, and returned a verdict of "murder in the first degree." The attorneys for the defendant moved for a new trial, and got it on a writ of error, and took a change of venue to Delaware county. The case was tried at Delhi in 1853, and the defendant was acquitted. Montgomery owned a fine farm, but Platt Smith got it for defending him. The property finally went into the possession of the notorious Piper, who erected the finest mansion that the county afforded, at that time and it was generally believed that he burned it for insurance.

Montgomery's victim, Andrew M. Brown, who was about 28 years at the time of his death, left a wife, Jane Brown, who has remained true to his memory all these years, and a son, W. F. Brown, a cripple from childhood, born after his father's death, who lives with his mother in Maquoketa. Those who knew Montgomery well, say of him, that he never did much work, that he drank a good deal of whiskey, done much talking and was away from home a large share of his time.

Few, if any, persons had any doubt about his guilt, but he had means, and when a man has plenty of means the lawyers do not allow him to suffer anything more serious than the depletion of his bank account, or the proceeds of the sale of his farm. Platt Smith, who defended Montgomery and cleared him, had prosecuted the unfortunate Joseph T. Jackson and hanged him, said afterward that he had done wrong in both cases, that Jackson ought to have been cleared and Montgomery ought to have hanged.

On the 27th day of July, 1906, the writer visited Mrs. Brown at her cosy home in the First ward, and gleaned some facts in relation to the murder of her husband that I did not formerly know of. She said that about a week before her husband's murder, he brought a letter from the postoffice for her father with whom they lived at the time. The letter was from Montgomery and warned Rhodes or any member of his family against trespassing on certain land that Rhodes had bought and from which Montgomery had been getting his fire wood. Mrs. Brown said that her husband remarked that barking dogs never bite, and knowing Montgomery to be a hard drinker, was not afraid of him. Mrs. Brown is a very sprightly lady for her age, being 78 past, is a little below medium height, her hair as white as snow, but her faculties as clear as ever. She thinks her husband was shot about two o'clock p. m., but lived until six p. m., was carried into Mr. Earl's house, where his team had taken him and died there.

—
FORTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.
—

Items Clipped by J. W. Ellis from a Copy of a Sentinel
Dated August 26th, 1858.

CITY DIRECTORY—Jonas Clark, Mayor; Alderman of Wards—First ward, O. D. Cowles, R. B. Clancey; Second ward, R. S. Hadley, T. Lyman; Third ward, Benjamin Spencer, D. H. Case; Fourth ward, Harry Farr, J. Pangborn; Municipal officers—Wilson O'Brien, marshal; I. C. Hall, assessor; A. Fellows, recorder; J. E. Goodenow, street commissioner.

An advertisement for new coal oil lamps is as follows: Light, more light! at less than half the usual cost. Our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. Joseph Willey, presented us one day last week with a new style of lamp called the kerosene or coal oil lamp. They are a most beautiful and economical lamp. The burner as proprietor says, can at slightest expense be adapted to any ordinary lamp and burns at an expense of one quarter of one cent per hour and gives the light of three candles. For economy and brilliancy and cleanliness these lamps are unsurpassed. Another good feature is their unexplosive qualities. The oil when spilled will not burn upon the application of a lighted match. They are sold at from one dollar and ten cents up to five dollars, owing to safe finish and size of lamp. The oil is retailed at \$1.50 per gallon and the expense for one evening would not exceed one cent and a half.

Mr. John Teeple, who lives eight miles west, lost a son on Sunday last aged 11 years and 2 months from the effects of a rattle snake bite. It appears the boy was in company with his mother and several others picking blackberries when they were attracted by his screams and upon repairing to where he was they found that he had been bitten in the ankle. Every remedy was applied but to no effect he died on Sunday last after suffering a most excruciating pain.

Destructive Fire—

Mr. Editor—Sir: While I am writing there is 22 acres of our wheat in nine ricks burning, without doubt the work of incendiary. The wheat was of new ground first crop and considered by all who came in the field during harvest the best wheat in the neighborhood. But to the circumstances. Last night three work hands were hay making within 15 or 20 rods of said ricks and they say all was as usual—no smoke nor smell, or anything indicating fire. Again one of the three were within full view of them at 9 o'clock p. m. and there was no appearance of fire at that time and at 12 o'clock

—the night was calm and very pleasant—the whole of them was burning, and each of them felt perfectly solid to within 15 or 18 inches of the outside, therefore the conviction is inevitable as above hinted. Four acres were ricked without any rain falling after cut, the balance was thoroughly examined and any that were damp was dried out thoroughly before ricking. Moreover on last Monday I examined every rick and all was perfectly cool. I was induced by a number of our neighbors saying that apparently some of their ricks would heat—so much sir for civilization. I have resided in this neighborhood when horse thieves stole horses for their value, and passed counterfeit money for their game; but now people steal horses and cut their throat out of revenge, and my ricks are on the same track. Nineteen years ago, we could go to sleep with the doors open without fear, but then there was some honor amongst thieves, but now in A. D. 1858 no person is safe, neither in person nor in property amongst such honest men as this neighborhood is partly composed.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN HOLROYD,

Fairfield Jackson Co., Iowa, Aug 19, 1858.

In the same column was a U. S. marshal's sale wherein Laurel Summers U. S. Marshal of Iowa advertised No. 3 Union block for sale on a judgment against S. D. and T. Lyman.

On the same page county officers were shown to be as follows:

Bellevue County Seat. Honorable Joseph Kelso, county judge; R. B. Wyckoff, treasurer and recorder; J. M. Brokey, clerk; J. Watkins, sheriff; F. Bangs, prosecuting attorney; Dr. J. W. Eckles, coroner Thomas C. Darling, surveyor; L. L. Martin, deputy surveyor; W. Y. Earle, school fund commissioner; N. T. Wynkoop, drainage commissioner; J. P. Eddie, Supt. common schools; W. C. Bell, assessor.

Under this was a notice of Maquoketa academy, Mr. C. G. Mead, principal, and the price of tuition ranged from \$4 to \$10.

Notice to the Public—

The electors of Jackson county, state of Iowa, are hereby notified that a petition is signed by a majority of legal voters of Jackson county, state of Iowa, as shown in the last census, will be presented to the county court of said county and state at the next September term, asking for the removal of the county seat from the town of Bellevue, Jackson county, state of Iowa, to the city of Maquoketa, Jackson county and state aforesaid, and that it be voted upon at the next April election or legal election held for such purpose.

J. E. GOODENOW,

S. D. TUBBS,

A. G. HENDERSON.

Maquoketa, July 15th, 1858.

In that year P. B. Bradley was chairman of the Democratic County Central Committee and Wm. E. Leblingwell was candidate for congress.

In the same issue was a copy of Queen Victoria's message of congratulations to President Buchanan for the successful laying of the Atlantic cable and connection of the United States of America with Great Britain also the president's reply.

More About the Thrilling Crimes in Pioneer Days.

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ellis, Curator)

One of the early pioneers of Jackson county, who led a checkered life made a great deal of expense for the county, and died an ignominious death, was William P. Barger. Prior to 1850 Barger with his wife and three children were living on a claim in section 13 Brandon township, Jackson county, but in 1851 Barger got the gold fever and went to California with Honorable William Morden, and others. Fortune did not smile on him however, he had a long run of fever and nothing but hard luck and it was three years before he was enabled to return to his home, in the meantime he had been reported dead. During his absence his wife Delia had been living with or cohabiting with one David McDonald, and we have been informed by those who were neighbors of the Barger's at the time, that there was a child born to Mrs. Barger during the absence of the said William P. Barger which was a bone of contention between the couple after Barger's return. At all events Mr. and Mrs. Barger could not get along together after his return, and at the April term of court 1854, Delia Barger petitioned for a divorce from W. P. Barger and F. Seabrough was appointed to take evidence in the case.

At that time Barger was under indictment for assault with intent to do great bodily injury, we presume on Mrs. Barger, and at the above named term of court gave bond for his appearance and got change of venue to Jones county. At the September term of court, 1854, the divorce case came up for trial and a jury was empaneled which gave Mrs. Barger a divorce and custody of all the children except the oldest who was at that time seventeen years old. Barger was enraged at the action of the court and threatened to kill Delia. He was arrested for malicious threats and the same being proven he was held to keep the peace, but as he could not give bond of \$500 the amount stipulated, was put in charge of the sheriff. The sheriff had confidence in Barger and allowed him to come and go where ever he pleased. A short time after and during the same month the divorce was granted, Barger went squirrel hunting with the Sheriff's rifle but instead of returning that evening he concealed himself in a lot opposite to Rev. Kirkpatrick's place in Bellevue where Mrs. Barger was staying at the time. The lot had a high board fence near the street. Through one of the boards Barger cut a hole with his knife through which he could put the rifle and remained there with the stoicism of an Indian. Mrs. Barger was warned by her brother-in-law Kirkpatrick not to go outside the door, but said she was not afraid, and in the early morning stepped out to wash when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard and the woman fell with a bullet hole

through the heart. Barger dropped the gun and fled but was seen and recognized by Kirkpatrick. He was arrested and tried for murder but the matchless skill of Leffingwell baffled the prosecution and at the April term of court 1856 he was granted a change of venue to Clinton county, and was transferred to the jail in DeWitt where we will leave him for the present and take up other murder cases in Jackson county which so inflamed the people that they took the law in their own hands and brought retribution to at least two cold blooded murders.

On or about the 23rd of August 1856, George Wilson of Lamotte was threshing grain for Michael Carroll on his farm in section 27 Prairie Springs township, Jackson county. Carroll was cutting bands and a boy by name of Christopher Heidman was pitching bundles or sheafs. The machine stopped for some cause and Carroll found fault with young Heidman something about the work. Hot words passed back and forth. Carroll was sharpening the butcher knife with which he had been cutting bands, when he flew into a rage and rushing at the boy he struck him in the breast with the knife cutting through a rib and through one of the main arteries causing his death almost immediately. Carroll was indicted at the September term of court 1856 arraigned and sent to Clinton county on account of insecure jail in Jackson county. There we will leave him with Barger for the present.

In 1856 there was living on the banks and near the mouth of Lyties creek in Farmers Creek township a family by name of Conklin, consisting of William Conklin, his wife and a large family of children, several of them grown up. Conklin was a rough man and had the reputation of being a hard drinker. Mrs. Conklin was a large muscular woman of the amazonian type and the progeny of the couple with two exceptions were a hard lot. On or about the 1st day of October, 1856, the neighborhood was thrown into consternation and excitement by the report that Conklin had been murdered by his wife, assisted by his sons, Aminadab and Elijah. The accused parties were arrested and indicted by the grand jury for the crime of murder. We will insert a copy herein of the indictment to show how such instruments were drawn fifty years ago.

State of Iowa vs Esther Conklin, Aminadab Conklin, Elijah Conklin.
Indictment for murder. A true bill.

A. D. PALMER,

Foreman of the Grand Jury.

Witnesses: Esther Malinda Conlin, Whiliam Conklin, Ira Edwards, Jesse Said, James H. Said, Ann Wallace.

Presented by the foreman of the grand jury in presence of said grand jury in open court, and filed by me in open court, in presence of said grand jury this 11th day of July, 1857.

I. M. BRAKEY, Clerk.

STATE OF IOWA,)
County of Jackson.) ss.

In the district court of said county at a special term thereof, begun and holden on the first Monday in July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty seven.

The grand jurors within and for the county of Jackson and State of

Iowa, being first legally convoked empaneled and sworn in open court to inquire into indictable offenses committed within the body of the county of Jackson, aforesaid in the name and by the authority of the State of Iowa upon their oaths present:

That Esther Conklin, Aminadab Conklin, and Elijah Conklin, late of the County of Jackson aforesaid, on the first day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, at and in the county of Jackson aforesaid, with force and arms in and upon one William Conklin, in the peace of God and said state, then and there being feloniously, wilfully, and with their malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that the said Esther Conklin, with a certain knife of the value of 10 cents which she, the said Esther Conklin, in her right hand then and there, had and held the throat of him, the said William Conklin, feloniously, wilfully and of the malice aforethought, did strike, stab and cut and that the said Esther Conklin, with the knife aforesaid, with the striking, stabbing, cutting, aforesaid, did then and there give to him, the said William Conklin, in and upon the said throat of him, the said William Conklin, one mortal wound, of the length of two inches and the depth of four inches, of which said mortal wound, he the said William Conklin at and in the county aforesaid, instantly died. That Aminadab and Elijah Conklin, of the county of Jackson, aforesaid, on the day and year last aforesaid, at the county aforesaid, feloniously and wilfully, and of their malice, aforethought were present aiding and abetting the said Esther Conklin the felony last aforesaid to do and commit And so the jurors aforesaid, do say that the said Esther Conklin, Aminadab Conklin and Elijah Conklin, him the said William Conklin, in the manner and form aforesaid, then and there feloniously, wilfully and of their malice aforethought, did kill and murder contrary to form of the statute in such cases made an provided and against the peace and dignity of the state of Iowa.

R. S. HADLEY,

Special Prosecuting Attorney of Jackson County, Iowa.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original indictment on file in my office.

I. M. BRAKEY, Clerk.

July 11th, 1857, the case of the Conklins came on for hearing at the July term of the district court. R. S. Hadley was appointed special prosecuting attorney and W. E. Leffingwell defended the Conklins. The following answer to the indictment was filed by the defendants attorney: And now comes the defendant in her own proper person and pleads "Not Guilty" in manner and form as alleged, and of this she puts herself upon the county.

signed,

W. E. Leffingwell, Attorney for Defendant.

The witnesses with one exception were members of the Conklin family, or related to the Conklins, and their evidence made it appear that the old lady was acting in self defence when she struck the fatal blow. It was claimed by the Conklins that the old man attempted to assault the old lady with a butcher knife, but that she wrested the knife from him and struck him in the neck, inflicting a mortal wound. The verdict of the jury was as follows:

We the jurors find the defendant not guilty as charged in the indict-

ment. S. Burleson, Milton Godard, George Hay, N. T. Wynkoop, D. W. Garlett, H. Noble, B. L. Stuckey, H. Thompson, Daniel Potter, Enoch Smith, John Gilmore, V. Harrington.

With the acquittal of Esther Conklin, the indictments against Aminadab and Elijah Conklin were quashed.

The old lady and some of the younger boys were residing at Farmers Creek township about thirty years ago, but they never prospered; the stigma of the murder of the old man clung to them, and they were generally regarded with distrust. The boys were engaged in several escapades which cost the county a good many dollars, and it was a good job for old Jackson when they shook her dust from their feet. William Conklin, Jr., was well respected by his neighbors, as was Phoebe, who married Thomas Said, and lived on the old Conklin farm until recently. It was said that little Tom Conklin, who could not talk very plain at that time, was being questioned about the killing of his father, and he said "Minadab held dad by the hair while man cut his throat.

Away back in the early fifties when the territory lying between the north and south branches of the Maquoketa was covered with a dense growth of primeval forest, the chief industry of the country was coopering, and almost every settler was engaged in that business. The timber consisted largely of oak. The red oak timber was converted into flour barrels, and the white oak into whiskey barrels, and pork barrels, and the principal market for this product was Galena. Living in the vicinity of Iorn Hills in 1856-7 were four or five men whose names became very prominent in the history of Jackson county. One of these, Henry Jarrett, a French Canadian, lived a few rods northwest of where George Hute now lives, and to use a common phrase, run a cooper shop. Residing with Jarrett and working for him was Alex Grifford, a nephew aged about 21, also a French Canadian, a man by the name of John Ingalls was working for Jarrett in 1856, but Ingalls and Jarrett fell out and Ingalls moved on the farm owned by David McDonald, now owned by Ceph. Clark. McDonald was a professional horse trader and was very intimately associated with Jarrett and Ingalls and it was generally believed by the neighbors, that they were engaged in counterfeiting. Although Jarrett and Ingalls, had frequent violent quarrels they still remained on visiting terms. On the 27th of March, 1857, Jarrett and his wife and young Grifford went to Ingles place ostensibly to see Mrs. Ingles who was sick at the time. McDonald was also present as were some other neighbors. The men as was quite customary in those days engaged in the pastime of shooting at a mark. Finally Alex Grifford suggested to Ingles that they go into the woods and kill a rabbit for Mrs. Ingles. Ingles consented and took an axe and Jarrett's dog and Grifford borrowed a gun, counting the bullets before starting and they set out in their quest for game. An hour later Grifford returned saying that he saw nothing to shoot, but that Ingles had gone on with the dog. He returned the gun with the five bullets, the exact number that he started with and McDonald fired off the gun. John Ingles never returned and three days after his disappearance a search party found him lying dead in the woods with a bullet hole in his head and Jarrett's little dog lying across his breast. He had been shot from behind and fell

dead with his head resting on a log, and his axe lay near him just as it had fallen when he was shot. Grifford was arrested on suspicion, as it was well known he had gone to the woods with Ingles on the day of his disappearance, and sufficient evidence was produced at the inquest to hold him, and he was confined in the old jail at Andrew, to await the action of the grand jury at the next term of court. The neighborhood was very much excited over the cold blooded murder and the people determined that Ingles' blood should be atoned for. J. K. Landis, a bold, determined man, who was postmaster at Iron Hills at the time, with the aid of James Green, a man equally bold and determined, organized a vigilance committee, and the 11th day of April, 1857, marched into Andrew and after procuring a rope and a black cloth from Levi Keck, who was clerking in a store there, proceeded to the jail and demanded the keys, which were refused.

They were prepared for refusal, however, and forced an entrance with sledge hammers, placing the rope around Grifford's neck they led him to an old crooked tree which stood near the old Cobb hotel. After passing the rope over the tree the prisoner was given a chance to make a statement, but he claimed that he was innocent. The rope was tightened sufficient to choke him and he was again exhorted to confess. Refusing again he was pulled up several feet from the ground and held for some time, when he was let down and resuscitated and promised a trial if he would make a confession. With the hope of relieve the miserable young man confessed to the killing of Ingles, and said that he was promised \$150 by Jarrett and Dave McDonald for putting Ingles out of their way. He had shot Ingles with a pistol. He also said that he had tried to kill Mary Saudy, a young girl then, who is now the widow of Wm. Bowling. Mary had refused to dance with him on some occasion and he laid in wait for her and fired a bullet through her mother's bonnet while she was milking, mistaking the old lady for the daughter. After hearing the confession, a majority of the mob was in favor of hanging him immediately, although they had promised to spare his life for the present and Capt. Landis gave the word and the soul of Alexander Grifford was launched into the great beyond. When David McDonald learned of the arrest of young Grifford he fled from the country and never returned. He last was heard from in Kansas as a preacher, and a few years ago as an elder in the Mormon church at Salt Lake. The next morning after the lynching of Grifford, the mob surrounded the house of Jarrett, who had barricaded his house and could not be taken. John Sagers, who was a constable, was sent for by the mob and was requested by the leader to arrest Jarrett, Sagers told them if they would pledge themselves not to interfere with him while the prisoner was in his custody, he would make the arrest. The pledge was given and the constable arrested Jarrett and took him to Eleazser Mann, J. P., for hearing. During the hearing the mob amused themselves as best they could and it was claimed by some who were present, that in addition to the fire in the front yard they had a big jug of whiskey and had a tree picked out near by on which they intended to hang the prisoner, when the trial was over, regardless of the ending of the court. But their plans were destined to miscarry. The squire's office and dwelling stood near a ravine and unknown to the vigi-

lances, there was a back door covered by a blanket and through this door Constable Sagers and Ambrose Jones hurried the prisoner into the darkness of as dark a night as ever fell in that locality. They made all possible speed in the direction of Fulton, and when missed were pursued by the mob like a pack of blood hounds, they were overtaken at Casteel's ford, but the darkness saved them, and when the mob hurried away to the other ford, Mr. Casteel was roused up, and he set them across the river. They went to Bellevue, there they took a boat for Davenport, placing Jarrett in the Scott county jail. The mob followed as far as Keisterts' place, between Andrew and Bellevue, where they were told that Jarrett had been taken to Fort Madison, when Landis concluded that his crowd was not enough to march on Fort Madison and they gave up the hunt. Jarrett was living a few years ago in Minnesota.

There is an old tradition about the disappearance of a peddler in the vicinity of Iron Hills in 1856, and of a well on Jarrett's place, having been filled up in the night, and some of the old settlers still insist that if that old well was cleaned out, that the bones of the peddler would be found at the bottom. It was thought by some of the old residents, that John Ingles knew the fate of the peddler, and had threatened to divulge what he knew about that and other matters, and his life was taken to insure his silence. Grifford was a hot headed, violent tempered man and was generally distrusted. On one occasion when out alone with Fielding Bowling, a mere boy and small for his age, he attacked the boy and beat and kicked him into insensibility, and he was found by his friends in that condition. In his last confession Grifford said there were four other persons whom he wanted and intended to kill. The family of Ingles, the murdered man, was left entirely destitute and the children were taken by different persons to raise. One of them, Jerome, was taken by Captain Sheffield and went to school with the writer in the old Eaton school house in what is known now as the Hurstville district.

After the hanging of Alex Grifford the vigilance committee effected a close and complete organization each member signing an article of agreement binding themselves to see to the enforcement of the law, in regard to punishment of criminals and to stand together in case of any attempt at prosecution for any of their acts as a body.

On the 28th of May, 1857, the committee, sixty-five strong in wagons and on horse-back, made their way to DeWitt and with the aid of sledges wielded by Jim Green and others, soon found themselves inside the jail. Carroll made no resistance and was quietly led out and put in a wagon, but Barger called upon the sheriff for protection and refused to leave the cell; but when the powerful grasp of James Green fastened upon him he changed his mind and was hustled into a wagon, some resistance being offered by the sheriff. Having secured the two men the crowd headed for Andrew, the prisoners being hauled by a pair of mules, driven by Mart Keister. Such supper as could be had was partaken of at Goff's tavern two or three miles north of DeWitt and breakfast was eaten at old Welton and Wrights corners. The procession passed through main street, Maquoketa, without any fear of hindrance. Jerry Jenkins who was Justice of the Peace at that time had

threatened to take the prisoners from the mob. On hearing of this James Green coiled the rope around his shoulders and walked into Jenkin's office and said to him: "Yonder is Barger, do you want to take him" One glance at the grim visage of the executioner and his formidable following convinced Jerry that he hadn't lost any prisoners. Arriving at Andrew they proceeded to the same old crooked tree on which Grifford had been hanged a short time previous, and which seemed to have grown for that express purpose. The end of the rope was adjusted around Barger's neck and William Bowling climbed the tree and passed the other end of the rope over the tree and down to the men below where willing hands grasped it. The doomed man was given a few minutes to say what ever he wished to say. He made an appeal to see his children, which was denied him. The last words he said were: 'If you hang me it will be the meanest thing ever done in Jackson county.' Landis gave orders for every man to get hold of the rope calling young Bowling from the tree for that purpose, a black cloth was put over Barger's face and at a word from the chief, the miserable old man was jerked into the air, where his body was whirled around and around by the twist of the rope and was held there until life was extinct. When the body was taken down the Irishman who had witnessed the tragedy was told to take the position beneath the tree, but he was so weak that he could not move. At this point Hon. P. B. Bradley appealed to Landis to go no further, that they had done enough bloody work for one day and prevailed upon him to submit the matter to a vote. Whether Carroll should be then hanged or turned over to the sheriff for a trial, as it was urged that he had not yet had a trial, a bare majority was in favor of letting the law take its course, turning the prisoner over to the authorities, the committee disbanded and returned to their homes. The organization was kept up for some time, but they never had occasion to step in and enforce the law again in Jackson county.

Barger was buried near the scene of his death, during the night some heartless wretches, took him up, placed him in a sulky, put the body in an upright position and left the outfit in front of the old Cobb place. There in the early morning was discovered the grim form sitting bolt upright and holding in his hand a piece of paper calling for a drink. Let us remark here, that the vigilants have always been exonerated from this disgusting piece of work. That Barger was guilty of murder, cold-blooded and foul, there is no doubt but it was claimed by some who were in a position to know, that his provocation was very great, that his wife was not only faithless in her marriage vows, during his absence, but subverted the means sent her by him to her own individual use, by buying property in her own name and then refusing to share it with him. Nathan Said had secured a judgement against Barger for \$1,000 for damage, or defamation of character, and was in a fair way to get the farm in Brandon township. William Graham had secured a tax title to said farm and W. E. Lettingwell had several hundred dollars charged up to Barger for legal services rendered in the several trials, and it seemed improbable, after the demise of his client, that he would be able to collect any part of his bill. But Lettingwell was a man of resources;

he induced Graham to let him have the tax title and so got him out of the way. He then knocked Said's claims out by establishing the fact that the farm belonged to Mrs. Barger. He afterwards got a decree to sell the property and got over \$1,200 for it, \$800 of this was for defending the rights of the children against Said's claims, but as his fees used up the estate the children got nothing. If this was not a travesty on justice and a burlesque on law, we can find no other name to cover the transaction.

Levi Keck has an interesting reminiscence of the Grifford lynching. In 1857 he was clerking in a store in Andrew, he was fifty years younger than he is now and had only been in the county a few months. He says that on the afternoon of April 11th, 1857, he was in the store alone, when, without warning, the store was filled with armed men. He admits that he was badly frightened, and when some of the men called for some rope he was very prompt to respond to their requirements. He pointed out the different coils of rope and asked what they wanted and how much. One of the men took the end of a rope and went out into the street with it, while another showed him where to cut it off. A piece of black cloth was then called for which Levi furnished, and the crowd hurried away to the jail. Levi says he has never yet received pay for the goods delivered to those timber fellows on that memorable day. Mr. Keck has an old diary which contains the following entries: "Alexander Grifford hanged April 11, 1857, at 4 p. m." "William Barger hanged May 27, 1857 at 10 o'clock and ten minutes, by a mob."

he had been warned time and again, not to sell to a certain old man over twenty years old, who on different occasions had staggered from the saloon in so almost helpless condition from intoxication, and would have perished from cold only for the watchful care of kind neighbors.

Finding that Scurlock turned a deaf ear to all requests not to sell liquor to the old man and feeling that forbearance seemed to be a virtue, one rising lady, Miss Amanda Breeden, now the wife of James P. Brown, of Naguaketa, concluded to try another remedy that occurred to her, and at once set out to raise a vigilance committee to try to break up the saloon, and succeeded in getting eight volunteers. A day was set and place for meeting at one Philip Sarker's house, but the appointed time it was learned that four of the volunteers had been asked and failed to show up at the rendezvous. However, the other four, Amanda Breeden, captain, Mrs. Jane Stedler, Mrs. Mary J. Breeden and Mrs. Curvin Breeden shouldered arms and marched to the scene of battle. Arrived at Scurlock's place they found the doors locked and barricaded, they demanded admittance but were promptly refused. They at once attacked the door with axe and stone hammer with which they came provided and demolished the lock and began to push their way in. Scurlock threatened to knock down the first one that entered, but threats had no effect on the ladies and they crowded in and were after the liquid poison, of which they found two barrels in his place of business. When they undertook to demolish the barrels, Scurlock would catch them and pull them back to break the force of the blows of the axe. Finally two of the ladies clinched and held Scurlock, while the others pried the axe and soon had the barrels emptied. Just as they finished their work two old chaps came up with jugs, but had to take them away as empty as

The First Vigilance Committee in Jackson County.

(Compiled by J. W. Ellis for Jackson County Historical Society.)

The following letter from an old pioneer of Jackson county explains itself.

Mr. J. W. Ellis,

Sir:—Reading your article on Early History of Jackson county and especially of the happenings of the early fifties, many of which I was an eye witness too. I am reminded that there is one little episode that was quite interesting to the people of the locality that I never saw in print. About the year 1855, a man by the name, of Scurlock was keeping a grocery, as it was called in those days, but his stock in trade was principally whiskey, tobacco and cigars, in Dog Town, a village in Farmers Creek township, a little over one mile in a westerly direction from Fulton. Scurlock dispensed his beverages to all who came with the price, regardless of the fact that he had been warned time and again, not to sell to a certain old man over seventy years old, who on different occasions had staggered from the saloon in an almost helpless condition from intoxication, and would have perished from cold only for the watchful care of kind neighbors.

Finding that Scurlock turned a deaf ear to all requests not to sell liquor to the old man and feeling that forbearance ceased to be a virtue, one young lady, Miss Amanda Breeden, now the wife of James P. Brown, of Maquoketa, concluded to try another remedy that occurred to her, and at once set out to raise a vigilance committee to try to break up the saloon, and succeeded in getting eight volunteers. A day was set and place for meeting at one Phillip Sarber's house, but the appointed time it was learned that four of the volunteers had weakened and failed to show up at the rendezvous. However, the other four, Amanda Breeden, captain, Mrs. Jane Stalder, Mrs. Mary J. Breeden and Mrs. Calvin Breeden shouldered arms and marched to the scene of battle. Arrived at Scurlock's place they found the doors locked and barricaded, they demanded admittance but were promptly refused. They at once attacked the door with axe and stone hammer with which they came provided and demolished the lock and began to push their way in. Scurlock threatened to knock down the first one that entered, but threats had no effect on the ladies and they crowded in and went after the liquid poison, of which they found two barrels in his place of business. When they undertook to demolish the barrels, Scurlock would catch them and pull them back to break the force of the blows of the axe. Finally two of the ladies clinched and held Scurlock, while the others plied the axe and soon had the barrels emptied. Just as they finished their work four old chaps came up with jugs, but had to take them away as empty as

they came. This broke up Scurlock's business for a long time, and when he did open again he was careful who he sold to. Ex-Sheriff Watkins, who kept a store in Fulton at that time, presented each of the ladies, who participated in the mob with a nice dress pattern, a token of his appreciation of thier good work.

On the night of Feb. 12th, 1865, there were several men in the bar room of the Grant House in Bellevue, among whom were Charles Robinson, T. Clancy and John Collins. From the evidence before the coroner, Collins was quite drunk and Robinson and Clancy were drinking pretty heavily. Robinson had treated and Clancy had treated, and Robinson wanted Collins to treat to the oysters. Finally Robinson set out two cans of oysters and the crowd ate them, and then Robinson demanded of Collins that he pay two dollars for the two cans of oysters. Collins denied taht he had ordered the oysters or agreed to pay for them, and declined to pay the claim. Robinson choked Collins and slapped his face and finally threw him on a settee and left him for a time; later going back and insisting again that Collins pay for the oysters. Collins still maintained that he never ordered the oysters; Robinson beat, choked and slapped Collins, and was assisted by Clancy, who kicked the drunken man, who offered no resistance whatever, and who as soon as Robinson let go his hold fell over against the settee and died. The men who had been beating and abusing him tried to restore him, but their efforts were in vain. The coroner's jury found that Collin's death was caused by blows and kicks of Robinson and Clancy. The old docket of that year shows that Robinson and Clancy were indicted for the killing of Collins and the docket also shows that there was a continuance of the case to next term of court, and the entry at the next term of court shows further continuance and that defendants had not been arrested. Collins probably had no friends to insist on the prosecution of the case and it was dropped from the records.

With my best respects to all the officers and members of the Jackson County Historical Society,
 Very sincerely yours,
 WILLIAM FAULKNER

Washington, Aug. 10th, 1894.

Rev. Wm. Salter Offers Regrets.

Mr. J. W. Ellis,

Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir: I thank you for your favor of the 3rd inst. and for the invitation to the meeting of the Old Settlers on the 22nd, and am sorry that I must send my regrets that I shall be unable to attend. After now more than sixty years since I left Maquoketa, my mind still often reverts to the experiences of my life there with fond recollection. It gave me the greatest pleasure that I was permitted to be with you at the interesting ceremonies you had on the 4th of July, 1905, and especially that I then met again my venerable and beloved friends, Mrs. Goodenow and Mr. Anson H. Wilson, and the children of others of the friends of my youth, and also enjoyed the great courtesy and kindness of so many enlightened and noble people who came a little later into the inheritance of your beautiful county.

I thank you my dear Mr. Ellis for sending me the two numbers of the Annals of Jackson County you have published. They are replete with information. Your notice of Joseph McElroy has recalled to me my meeting with his father, Hugh McElroy, at Charleston (Sabula) in March, 1844. The old gentleman on learning that I was from New York, asked me if I knew Dr. Joseph McElroy, pastor of the Grand Street Presbyterian church in that city. I told him that I had heard him preach, and admired him for his eloquence and vigor of mind. He is my brother and I have not seen him for thirty years." said the old gentleman and I thought I saw a resemblance in their features. He told me that he lived in Clinton county, some nine miles from Charleston; had a large family of eight children; had lost a daughter the previous year. I put those things down in a diary I then kept of my ministry. I have just now been looking over that diary and may possibly pick some extracts or reminiscence from it for Mr. Aldrich's Annals of Iowa.

With my best respects to all the officers and members of the Jackson County Historical Society.

Very sincerely yours,

Burlington, Aug. 13th, 1906.

WILLIAM SALTER.

PIONEERS AND OLD SETTLERS GATHER

Interesting and Enjoyable Program on the Greenward and in the Cool Shade of Second Ward Park. Big Picnic Dinner.

Wednesday, Aug. 22nd the Pioneers and Old Settlers of Jackson county held their annual meeting in Second ward park Maquoketa. Notwithstanding the day was extremely warm there was a good attendance. A bountiful picnic dinner was spread on the long tables and a speaker's stand accommodated the officers, distinguished visitors and those who participated in the fine program. There was plenty of good music by Lew Anderson's martial band. The Sentinel reports all it was able to put in type before going to press on the day of the event. Hon. Geo. L. Mitchell presided at the meeting and Jas. W. Ellis acted as secretary.

Program Old Settlers' Meeting Aug. 22nd, 1906.

From 10 to 12 o'clock m. entertainment by orchestra at grounds while registering.

12 M.—Dinner.

1:30—Called to order by President of the Day.

Overture.....Orchestra

Invocation.....Rev. Lockard

National Anthem.....Audience

Solo—Under the Old Oak Tree.....Clec Nickerson

Orchestra—

Early Day Law Courts.....Hon. Wm. Graham

Duet—Piano.....Nelia Collins and Trula Freeman

Bygone Days.....Mrs. Mary Goodenow-Anderson

Original Poem.....Will Cundill

Old Time Fiddling.....Lewis Anderson

The Old Swimming Hole (by request).....Dr. C. M. Collins

Reminiscence.....Chas. Weykoff

Reading—Bridge Keeper's Daughter.....Laura Dahling

Pioneering.....J. O. Seeley
Reading of letters from Old Settlers from a Distance.
Secretary's Report.
Election of Officers.
Song—Auld Lang Syne.....Audience

Officers elected.—Anson H. Wilson, persident; Geo. L. Mitchell, vice-president; J. W. Ellis, secretary and treasurer.

A vote of thanks was given the officers for the excellent program and success of the meeting.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 19th, 1906.

Mr. J. W. Ellis.

Dear Sir and Friend:—Your letter of a few days since received and in reply will say that I would dearly love to be present at the old settlers picnic and shake hands with so many dear old boys and girls whom I have not seen for many, many long years. I surely enjoy these meetings so much, there are so many I have not seen for some forty years or more. How the time flies; when I close my eyes and think back over the road which I have traveled and of the bumps I have withstood, I can hardly believe myself, but when I look in the glass and note the size of myself, 6 ft $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tall and weight 250 pounds, I can say, well old boy I guess you took the bumps all right.

Now dear friend Ellis I will say that I regret very much that I can not be present with the dear old settlers; I will try and be at the fair if I can get away for two or three days. I will send you something that one of my friends handed me the other day, I will show you what some people think of me in Chicago. Yo may say to the old folks that I will try to meet with them next year. With kind regards to all, I am, as ever your friend.

JOHN H. KEELEY,

615 W. 63rd street, Chicago, Ill.

Dedicated to my friend Keeley this 18th day of August, A. D. 1906.

Here's to Keeley the policeman

Ever faithful—ever there

Watching ore us, gently guarding

Come or go, no matter where;

Rain or shine, wet or dry

Hot or cold he's ever nigh

With his kindy words of welcome

He'll escort you safe and well

Out of harms way and will tell

In his quiet, gentle manner

What to dō and how to do it, and

As we watch him from our window,

Watching feeble mother souls,

With their burdens, heavy laden

He will help them—strong and bold

Caring naught of fear or favor,

Rich and poor to him alike
He'll protect them from the track horse,
or the auto, or the bike.

Many a year we've watched and noted
Many a time we've seen and quoted
Deeds of valor—in his praise;
Still who thinks of the policeman
Or who says he's good and true,
Or who thinks he needs protection
And who gives it—they or you;
Time will come when we shall miss him,
Miss his noble, manly form,
Miss his pleasant morning greeting,
Miss his pleasant hand shake meeting;
Who will guard his weary wanderings,
Who will help him cross the street,
Who will tender him the hand shake,
Who will guide his weary feet;
Faithful servant, faithful Keeley,
You'll be favored, bet your life
For on record there is waiting
Rest and comfort free from strife.
Such is the belief of your friend

PROF. J. D. PARISH, 70 State Street.

Walker, Iowa, Aug. 20th, 1906.

My dear friend J. W. Ellis:

I have yours of a late date before me inviting me to meet with the pioneers and old settlers of Jackson county on the 22nd inst., though absent from your county for the past 23 years, I take it kindly to be remembered as one among you. Though not ranking among the very first settlers of the county, I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with many of them and enjoy reading the record of many as detailed in your annals of Jackson County. Other engagements here on the same day of your meeting prevent me from taking advantage of your invitation, yet permit me briefly and hurriedly to give you a few imperfect reminiscences of our early days in Iowa.

I first touched Iowa soil at Bellevue on May 16th, 1849, and with the exception of two years spent in Illinois in 1850-51 I have had my home and choice memories in beautiful and prosperous Iowa, thirty-two years of which was spent in Jackson county. You ask me to tell the people something of the pioneers of Lamotte. I have to inform you that my memory is not as keen as it used to be in remembering the incidents and peculiarities of the early settlers who patiently breasted the difficulties of pioneer life and the hardships they had to endure. Let me modify that word hardships for many of the brightest and best days of my life, and now thought of with greatest pleasure, were those of the pioneer times. I have just been as full of gladness and thankfulness in driving to town or church behind our

ox-team as in more recent days behind a spanking span of roadsters in a covered carriage. My song along the road going to and from the grist mill with a few sacks of flour or corn meal was just as vocal and hearty if not more so than now, when these food products are shipped to us by rail. I was blest by being a close neighbor to my brother, William, but counted it no hardship in going one or two miles to spend an hour or two in the company of friends and neighbors. I recall with pleasure the many visits we had with Mr. John Hawkins, one of Richland townships early settlers, of Campbell Smith, Jas. Dully, Deacon Cotton, Joseph Hunter, (Edward's father), the Wassons, and Parmelee of Cottonville. The pleasant meetings we used to have with the Campbell families, the grandfather and father of your popular postmaster at Bellevue. I recall too with pleasure the names of some of my old friends in Bellevue, Andy Reiling. Andy Wood, Wm. Tell Wynkoop, Eli Cole, Dr. J. D. Watkins, W. A. Warren and others. Let me here remark that I suppose one of the first horticultural societies organized in Iowa was here in Bellevue. At one of these meetings I think in the fall of 1854 a fine display of fruit was shown, consisting principally of apples and grapes. W. T. Wynkoop, I think, furnished the largest exhibit.

In regard to Lamotte, I mention D. O. Montague, George Belknap, Merrick and John Chamberlain, as being among the first settlers. D. O. Montague was first postmaster. In order to fix upon a name for the post-office he consulted with W. A. Warren, who at that time had a friend of his visiting him by the name of Lamotte. He had been in former years a lieutenant in the French army and his name was given the postoffice. Among others who came to that neighborhood were Alex, George and Johnathan McDowell. Jonathan started the first hotel. Caleb McDowell, son of George, started a good wagon and blacksmith shop William Wright, G. W. Wilson, David Stover (blacksmith), R. F. Morse, John Van Horn, John McQueen, Andrew Noble and family, Ashley Griffin, Benjamin Hutchins, several Potter families. You will observe that I mention names principally without any remarks to character or peculiarities. My memory does not justify entering into particulars, and I must not record any false impressions. Yet I think it is well enough to have the names if nothing else of some of our first settlers.

Before closing these few and hurriedly written lines, let me here express my hearty and high appreciation of the work that some of your officers are doing in founding and building up the historical structure of Jackson county's historical association. From letters I have seen from Mr. Harvey Reid enquiring after early settlers, some of whom are dead and some of whom have moved to distant portions of our country, shows with what industry he is laboring for the best and most exact information in regard to the historical incidents of such families. This to my mind shows that the annals of the Historical association may be considered correct and reliable, judging from the exhaustive character of the articles published in the Annals from the pen of your Curator J. W. Ellis, and knowing a little of his worth as an indefatigable collector, of rare and valuable articles, as witness the wealth and worth of the material he has gathered together in his museum. I have often wondered if such a grand display is still confined to improper and inadequate quarters.

Remember me kindly to friends, Ed. Hunter, John Wright, H. Reid, Walter Gregory and others. With every wish for your prosperity, I am,
Yours truly, JOHN WILSON.

Address of Hon. Wm. Graham at Old Settlers' Meeting, August 22nd, 1906.

As it is just a week over fifty years since I first landed in Iowa, I suppose I have a right to be called an Old Settler. As three days later I became a citizen of this county, I believe I have a right to be counted one of the "Old Settlers of Jackson County." As it lacks but three weeks of a half century since I was enrolled as a member of the bar of Iowa, it may be assumed that by association and observation I know something of its courts and that I am not unfamiliar with some of the legends handed down by tradition of the days that antedated my arrival. Had it been left to myself I would have preferred to speak of my earlier associations and my earlier recollections of this county, and of those who are my early contemporaries at the bar. But my text has been assigned to me and I must stick to it.

I have been requested to prepare a short paper on the early courts of Jackson county. While all the terms of courts in Iowa have been held within the period covered by my own life, still as I have only had personal knowledge of what happened within the past fifty years, what I have to say will not be reminiscences, but for the most part what I have gathered in the course of my practice from the records of the courts, or from conversations with members of the bar whose advent into Iowa antedated my own.

The first court of record held within the limits of Jackson county was held June 1st, 1838, while Jackson county was part of the Territory of Wisconsin, by Hon. Chas. Dunn, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that territory, by whom Wm. A. Warren was appointed Crier, and W. H. Brown, district Attorney, and Edwin Reeves, Attorney for the Territory. Beside these two lawyers, the only other attorneys present were Thomas S. Wilson, who a month later became one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Iowa, and T. P. Bennett, Hon. Thomas Drumond, who for about forty years was the able and accomplished judge of the district court of the United States at Chicago, was admitted to practice at this term of the court. The Territorial Legislature of Wisconsin had made provision for holding court in Iowa, and the Hon. David Irwin was assigned the duty of holding these terms of court, but by reason of illness was prevented for over a year and a half from attending at any term, and his failure to discharge his judicial duties was made one ground of the application to congress to organize the Territory of Iowa. When Iowa Territory was organized, Hon. Charles Mason, Hon. Joseph Williams and Hon. Thomas S. Wilson were appointed by President Van Buren, Judges of its supreme court. On Sept. 24th, 1838, Hon. Charles Mason, the Chief Justice, presided at the

first session of the District Court of Iowa Territory in and for Jackson County, J. K. Moss was appointed clerk, and the first case in which a jury was empaneled was an appeal from a justice court, wherein Charles Bilts was plaintiff and Matthew Ringer was defendant. Some of the early settlers may recall the owners of these names.

The next term was held in April, 1839, with Hon. Thomas S. Wilson on the bench and Morris S. Allen, afterward for many years sheriff of this county, was foreman of the grand jury. All the subsequent terms of court while Iowa was a territory were held by Judge Wilson. I think Judge Williams never held any term in this county. I think that Judge Mason held only one term, that in September, 1838. He was a fine lawyer and resigned his seat as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to become Commissioner of Patents to which he was appointed by President Polk. He had graduated from the military academy at West Point before he entered upon the study of law, and was an accomplished gentleman and scholar. I had the pleasure of entertaining him at my house in Bellevue when he was a candidate for the supreme court in 1839, and he told me that he had not been in Bellevue since he had held court there twenty-one years before.

Jackson county had the honor of furnishing the first Federal Judge from Iowa in the person of Hon. John J. Dyer, who was appointed by President Polk in 1846, District Judge of the District of Iowa, and held that office until his death in 1855. He was a Virginian and settled in Andrew a year or two before his appointment as judge.

At the first election after the admission of Iowa as a state, James Grant of Davenport was elected judge of the district court of the second judicial district which included Jackson county. A man of ability, prompt in the discharge of his duty, and impatient of delay, he hurried through the business of his court, and hurried back to his home in a manner that gave great dissatisfaction to the members of the bar. The writer has heard the late Judge Kelso relate how at one of his terms he called Kelso up on a case in which he was interested and before he sat down again Judge Grant had tried and decided eighteen writs of error in which Kelso appeared on one side or the other. A writ of error was the favorite way in those days of taking up a case from the justice courts.

The late Captain Warren, of Bellevue, used to tell of Judge Grant's last appearance as judge in Jackson county. On the morning of the second day he took his carpet bag to the court room with him, and about half past ten o'clock he took up a writ of error in which Judge Spurr appeared on one side and Bangs on the other. They had barely stated the case when the judge, hearing the whistle of a steamboat going down the river, sustained the writ, reversed the case, adjourned court sine die, grabbed his carpet bag and started on a run for the river bank. While the boat was rounding to, he espied Captain Warren and recalling that he had left the grand jury pursuing their investigations, told him to go over to the court house and tell the grand jury to go home. Judge Grant afterward returned to his practice, and before his death accumulated a larger fortune out of the practice of law than any other lawyer in Iowa.

The story is told of Judge Grant that after he had retired from practice, he and his wife went to California to spend the winter, recommended by his wife's mother. While sojourning there the old lady succumbed and died.

His wife took their sorrowful way home. In order that they might be relieved of care and responsibility on their journey, the protocol maker was put in the care of the express company, whose general agent was a friend of the Judge and who took special pains to arrange matters so that the protocol maker could be relieved of all trouble until their arrival at Des Moines. He failed, however, to tell the Judge that his company did not ship over the Great Island road but over the Burlington, and that the packet would go from Omaha via Gatesburg and Rock Island. On reaching Des Moines, Iowa, after securing a carriage for his wife, went to the express office to his surprise and vexation no packet was on hand nor did any of the agents know anything about it. The Judge impulsively rushed to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch to his friend at San Francisco: "Where is my mother-in-law? And it was not until after he received a reply: "We don't know," that some of the agents about the depot thought of suggesting that the remains had gone by way of Burlington.

Judge Grant was succeeded in 1856 by Hon. Thomas S. Wilson of Bellevue, who had been one of the first territorial judges appointed for Iowa and who had held the first term of court in Jackson County. His district was that of his predecessor, covering the counties from Muscatine to Wisconsin Hut, including those of Linn County and was called the second Judicial District. In January, 1857, the legislature organized the second judicial district and at the April election of that year, Hon. William H. Loringwell, who was president of the county, was chosen judge of the district, which comprised the counties of Jackson, Jones, Cedar, Clinton, Scott and Muscatine. Judge Loringwell did not find the position suited to his taste and resigned after serving about a year. Hon. John B. Moore of Bellevue, was appointed by Gov. Hedges to fill the vacancy, but he too resigned after a year's service. At the April election in 1858, Asa R. Cotton, then county judge of Clinton county, was the democratic candidate, but Hon. William H. Tuthill of Typico, who was nominated by the republicans and "Knew Nothings" defeated him and served as judge of the district was divided in 1857, and then served as judge of that part of the district embracing the counties of Muscatine, Cedar and Jones. He served so term in Jackson county until September, 1858. Judge Samuel M. Jones of Clinton, held a term here in November, 1858. Judge Tuthill was not chosen as a judge, and after his term expired he went to Iowa City to that business place.

HON. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

Judge Tuthill was a man of great ability and like other men occasionally "dropped into poetry." The story is told that during one term of court he called up a case in which it appeared that both plaintiff and defendant had died after the case had been appealed from the justice. Judge Tuthill passed the case and after a momentary rest in another case, was observed to be writing something, and after court adjourned the dinner the following effusion was found lying on the docket, a literary

The story is told of Judge Grant that after he had retired from practice, he and his wife went to California to spend the winter, accompanied by his wife's mother. While sojourning there the old lady sickened and died. As soon as the necessary preparations could be made, the judge and his wife took their sorrowful way home. In order that they might be relieved of care and responsibility on their journey, the precious casket was put in the care of the express company, whose general agent was a friend of the judge and who took special pains to arrange matters so that the mourners should be relieved of all trouble until their arrival at Davenport. He failed however to tell the Judge that his company did not ship over the Rock Island road but over the Burlington, and that the casket would go from Omaha via Galesburg and Rock Island. On reaching Davenport Judge Grant, after securing a carriage for his wife, went to the express car, but to his surprise and vexation no casket was on board nor did any of the agents know anything about it. The judge impulsively rushed to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch to his friend at San Francisco—"Where in Hell is my mother-in-law." And it was not until after he received a curt reply, "We don't know," that some of the agents about the depot thought of suggesting that the remains had gone by way of Burlington.

Judge Grant was succeeded in 1852, by Hon. Thomas S. Wilson of Dubuque, who had been one of the first territorial judges appointed for Iowa, and who had held the first terms of court in Jackson County. His district like that of his predecessor, embraced all the counties from Muscatine to the Minnesota line, including those north of Linn County and was called the Second Judicial District. In January 1853 the legislature organized the eighth judicial district and at the April election of that year, Hon. William E. Lefflingwell, who was president of the state senate, was chosen judge of this district, which comprised the countries of Jackson, Jones, Cedar, Clinton, Scott and Muscatine. Judge Lefflingwell did not find the judicial duties suited to his taste and resigned after serving about a year. Hon. John B. Booth of Bellevue, was appointed by Gov. Hempstead to all the vacancy, and he too resigned after a year's service. At the April election in 1855 Hon. Aylett R. Cotton, then county judge of Clinton county, was the democratic candidate, but Hon. William H. Tuthill of Tipton, who was nominated by the republicans and "Know Nothings" defeated him and served until the district was divided in 1857, (and then served as judge of that part of the district embracing the counties of Muscatine, Cedar and Jones) but held no term in Jackson county until September, 1855. Judge Samuel Murdock of Clinton, held a term here in November, 1855. Judge Tuthill was not a success as a judge, and after his term expired he engaged in banking and in that business passed the remainder of his life.

Judge Tuthill was a man of considerable literary ability and like Silas Wegg occasionally "dropped into poetry." The story is told that during one term of court he called up a case in which it appeared that both plaintiff and defendant had died after the case had been appealed from the justice. Judge Tuthill passed the case and after empaneling a jury in another case, was observed to be writing something, and after court adjourned for dinner the following effusion was found lying on the docket, a travesty

on "Jordan am a hard road to trabble," which was the most popular "coon song" of those days:

"This here case was brought to the Cedar district court,
And was passed over by the Judge 'awardin',
That as death had claimed his right, it was fittin' that the fight
Should be fit on the other side of Jordan.

If the lawyers who were feed in the case to proceed,
Have received enough to pay for their boardin',
To finish up their task they should change of venue ask,
And take it to the other side of Jordan.

When the beater and the beat, and their counsel all meet,
They can then try their action accordin'
To the "Higher Law" in force, for better or for worse,
In the courts on the other side of Jordan."

In the winter of 1857, the business of the district was badly in arrears. Owing to the criminal cases, not a civil case had been tried in Clinton county for more than a year, and the docket in Scott county was also over loaded. So in 1857, the lawyers persuaded the legislature to divide the district and Scott, Clinton Jackson counties were made the fourteenth judicial district.

The republicans nominated for judge S. J. Mills, who was then engaged in the lumber business in Lyons, but who had been admitted to the bar of New York, and about the first of March, a convention of the members of the bar of the district was held at Lyons, which put in nomination Hon. G. C. R. Mitchell of Davenport. This was the first bar convention ever held in the district, if not in the state.

At the April election (which by the way was the last spring election held in Iowa) Judge Mitchell was triumphantly elected and his opponent soon after entered the ministry, retiring permanently from the practice of law.

Judge Mitchell held but one term in Jackson county. He resigned in September, 1857, and Hon. A. H. Bennett was appointed in his place and served until Dec. 31, 1858.

The constitution of 1857 required an election of judges of the district court in 1858, and the legislature organized the Seventh Judicial District comprising the counties of Muscatine, Scott, Clinton and Jackson, and the district has remained unchanged until the present time. At the October election 1858, Judge Bennett was a candidate for re-election, having been nominated at a bar convention. The republicans nominated Hon. John F. Dillon of Davenport, and although Judge Bennett carried both Scott and Jackson counties, Judge Dillon was elected by the large majority he received in Clinton and Muscatine counties, and in January following began his service as judge, in which he gained such distinguished honor, serving first as district judge, then as judge and chief justice of the supreme court of Iowa, and then for twelve years as circuit judge of the federal court of the eighth district from which he resigned to resume practice in the city of New York, where he is still in active practice and working as hard

as he did when he began his distinguished career as judge in this district forty-seven years ago.

Judge Dillon was re-elected without opposition in 1862, the democratic members of the bar of Jackson, having so manipulated their own judicial convention as to leave the way clear for him. He resigned at the close of 1863 to take his place in the supreme bench. Hon. J. Scott Richman, of Muscatine, was appointed in his place and was elected in 1864 and re-elected in 1866 and 1870, the last two times without a dissenting vote. He was an admirable judge, disposing of business rapidly and without apparent effort and with such accuracy and impartiality that he was seldom reversed. He was admitted to the bar while Iowa was still a territory and is still in the practice of his profession, after sixty years at work. His career has had no parallel in Iowa.

After his resignation in 1871, Hon. William F. Brannan was appointed his successor and was elected in 1872, re-elected in 1874, but resigned in 1878 and was succeeded by Hon. Walter I. Hayes, who held the position continuously until December 1, 1886, having been elected to congress at the preceding election; and a new reorganization of our judicial system was again effected by the legislature. Judge Brannan was again chosen at that election and had he not voluntarily declined a re-election two years ago would have been still on the bench. His genial manners made him a favorite with all, and every person in the entire district had an abiding faith in his ability as a lawyer and his integrity and impartiality as a judge. The people and the bar both parted with him with genuine regret.

Walter I. Hayes possessed many of the highest qualifications of a lawyer and few judges in Iowa were capable of transacting the duties of the office as rapidly and as accurately as he. His uncommon grasp of a case presented to him was possessed by very few lawyers, and unless he had been requested to give a written opinion after taking it under advisement, his decision was rendered within five minutes after the closing argument had been delivered, and it was seldom that his judgments were reversed in the appellate court. After his service in congress was ended he returned to the practice of law, and his sudden death was a distinct loss to the profession.

The courts as established under the judiciary act of 1886 could hardly be classed as among the "Early Courts of Iowa" and therefore do not fall within the scope of the subject assigned to me.

The courts which I have spoken of, the supreme and district of territorial early state days, were courts of general jurisdiction. We had also a probate court both while a part of Wisconsin Territory and also of Iowa Territory. While Iowa was a part of Michigan there was also a probate court of that territory but Jackson county was not then organized.

The first record of the probate court in Jackson county was signed March 12th, 1838, by J. K. Moss as probate judge. Those of Iowa Territory by Anson Harrington, W. L. Brown, Joseph Palmer and R. B. Wyckoff. Under the code of 1851, county courts were established and the single judge which presided therein, possessed the powers and performed the duties now

reposed in the board of supervisors and county auditor in addition to the probate jurisdiction now exercised by the district court, as well as others. These duties were onerous and powers great. They were so exercised in some counties as to work great disaster and inflict heavy losses on the taxpayers and its jurisdiction was not curbed any too soon by the transfer of nearly all its jurisdiction to the board of supervisors in 1860, leaving it little more than a probate court. Dan F. Spurr was county judge for six years. Joseph Kelso for two years and Joseph H. Smith, Philip B. Bradley, A. L. Palmer and Joseph S. Darling were the county judges for Jackson county, until its jurisdiction was merged with that of the circuit court in 1868.

The circuit court was established in 1868 to relieve the district court. Its jurisdiction was wholly civil, and the circuit judges in Jackson county were George B. Young, Daniel W. Ellis, Charles W. Chase and A. J. Lellingwell, and by the judiciary act of 1886 its business was transferred to the district court, which under that act possesses all the original jurisdiction exercised by the probate court and the circuit court and all the jurisdiction exercised by the county court in judicial cases, being just what it was sixty years ago with the addition of the probate business.

To discharge rightly the duties of a county judge under the law of 1851, it was requisite that the occupant of the position should be a good lawyer, a careful and industrious business man and an accurate accountant and possessed of the strictest integrity. Judge Spurr possessed the first qualification, but lacked all the others. Judge Kelso performed his official duties with credit to himself and with profit to his constituents. Judge Smith was elected for the express purpose of ordering an election of the county seat between Bellevue and Andrew. and discharged that duty, but possessed no other qualification for the place. The duties of Judges Bradley, Palmer and Darling were those of attending to probate business, and granting and refusing writs of injunction and habeas corpus; and during the second year of Judge Darling's term he was merely clerk of the board of supervisors.

A good many comical stories are told of the early terms of court. One occurrence which took place at the first term which Judge Wilson held in Bellevue, I have heard related by both the judge and sheriff. There was no court house, and it was the duty of the sheriff to provide a room for holding court. L. J. Hefly had built a frame house on Front street (still standing and used as a saloon) and Sheriff Warren persuaded him to allow the use of it for a court room and postpone the arranging of his groceries on the shelves until court had adjourned. So Hefly placed his boxes and barrels on one side of the store room, and the sheriff extemporized seats out of some planks which he borrowed and procured some chairs and two or three tables for the judge, clerk and lawyers. He also appointed a Swede by the name of Petersen (who afterward fell a victim to cholera when it first visited Bellevue) as crier of the court. Very proud was Petersen of his position, and busied himself in walking around the room and occasionally shouting "Order in Court;" exhibiting himself and enjoying his official dignity. Quite a number of the early settlers were in attendance and found the plank seats rather uncomfortable, and as the case on trial the

second morning involved only a dry question of law, lost interest in court proceedings and strolled out and sat down on the river bank opposite the extemporary court house, and engaged in more agreeable occupation of swapping lies, and steers and shotguns. The lawyers arguing the case were Churchmen of Dubuque and Grant of Davenport, and when the former had finished his argument Grant rose to reply. He had a very sharp voice and as he always commenced on a high key, his "Your Honor" sounded singularly like the yelp of a terrier, and the idlers on the river bank thought a dog fight was in progress in court, and rushed in pell-mell to see the fun. Petersen did his best to maintain order, but as it was almost as "tall across as he was up and down" he could hardly make himself seen much less heard. So he climbed upon Hefly's boxes and then on a hogshead, shouting with all his lung power "Order in Court," and stamping his foot by way of emphasis, he knocked in the head of the hogshead and let himself into molasses up to his shoulders. The court summarily adjourned, while the sheriff summoned the posse comitatus, to rescue the submerged bailiff and tow him up and down the river until the current had dissolved out his superfluous sweetness.

The same judicial officers were responsible for the narration of another story about the same Churchman, who was in reality a good lawyer which he afterwards demonstrated by his career in California in the early pioneer days, but who never obeyed the injunction of Solomon "look not upon the wine when it is red," and who was never known to decline the offer of a glass of bourbon. At one of the early terms in this county, Judge Wilson had overruled him on several questions which nettled him greatly. A jury case in which he appeared for the plaintiff, had progressed so far that when court adjourned at noon nothing remained but the closing argument by Churchman. During the noon recess, the defendant, who knew Churchman's failing, invited him to irrigate and succeeded in getting him on the outside of several glasses of spirituous frumenti and when court opened it was apparent to Judge Wilson that plaintiff's counsel was not in condition to present his case to the jury and so took up some other business to dispose of. The counsel was probably the only person in the court room who was oblivious of his condition and made several announcements of his readiness to proceed but the court put him off. After an hour or more he became very insistent, and Judge Wilson said "I will not take up that case at present, for the court does not think you are in condition to properly take care of your client's interest." Huh, perhaps the court thinks I am drunk" Yes, Mr. Churchman, you are very drunk" said the court. With that Churchman dropped into his chair, remarking sotto voice. "First correct decision the court has made this term."

These incidents took place in the territorial court, but the early state courts were decidedly free and easy. The first term I attended in this state in September, 1856, was in marked contrast with the last one I had attended in New York, at which, although recently admitted as attorney and counsellor, I was uncerimoniously sat upon and summarily squelched by the tipstaves, because I had the temerity to address the court from the outside of the Bar instead of stepping within it. The first case I heard tried was

the case of Adams vs. Foley, and the counsel agreed that I should report the evidence. I knew that I could write rapidly and also knew that no one could read my writing except myself, so I was safe against anybody convicting me of error. It occurred to me during the trial that it was incumbent on me to do something as my contribution to the general hilarity which prevailed, and noticing that the sheriff, Josh Seamands, had seated himself in front of the judge's bench and tilted his chair so that he could lean against the bench with his feet on the front rung in such manner that the tops of the front legs of the chair were separated two or three inches from the sockets, I thought I might venture a trick on him. So while waiting for a witness I went to him under pretense of getting a drink from a water pail which was near him, and leaned against him so heavily that his seat was slightly shifted, so that the legs of his chair would not enter the sockets should he attempt to sit up straight. After we had gotten started with the witness, I appealed to him to preserve better order so that I could hear the witness. The sheriff shouted "Order, order", and straightening himself up shot out of his chair like shot from a shovel, and measured his full six feet of stalwart official dignity on the sanded floor to the astonishment of the Court and Bar and the evident enjoyment of the bystanders. As Josh picked himself up from the floor, the most sheepish looking sheriff ever seen in Iowa, Judge Tutthill considerably adjourned court for dinner, so as to give the sheriff an opportunity to brush the sand out of his clothes.

But if the courts proceeded in a free and easy manner, they did business. The case I have mentioned was an illustration. The trial was begun on Tuesday and a verdict for nine thousand dollars (\$9,000) was rendered on Thursday. A motion for a new trial was filed at once. I proceeded to write out my notes of the testimony in the shape of a bill of exceptions, and as court adjourned on Saturday night to meet in DeWitt on Monday morning, Judge Booth went there on the next Tuesday with the bill of exceptions duly prepared; presented his motion for a new trial while the Judge was taking his noon recess; and as it was overruled took his appeal at once. The case was docketed for the next term of the Supreme Court in Iowa City, was argued in December, was reversed in January and was back again for a new trial in February, but was never tried again. It is reported in 4th Iowa page 44. Such celerity in these times would give both Bench and Bar nervous prostration.

Of the courts, members of the Bar and officers of the county at that time, Mr. D. A. Fletcher is the only one who is still a resident of Jackson county, and he with Judge Darling (now of Little Rock, Arkansas) and myself are believed to be the only survivors. If I am not mistaken, one of the jurors at that term of court, is one of your own number who is here today, Anson H. Wilson, and may be long be with you.

The early pioneers of Iowa were a sturdy and stalwart race. They laid broad and deep the foundations of our common wealth, and from footing course to turret each stone and post and girder evinces their independence of character, their reverence for law, and their desire that those to whom they should leave their heritage should develop into a riper manhood, a more glorious womanhood, adorned by the culture and refinement of education and upheld and strengthened by religious convictions. Let us cherish their memory and emulate their example, and see that the inheritance we derived from them shall pass to those who come after us, not only unimpaired, but improved by our stewardship.

Old Settlers Who Registered at the 1906 Meeting.

	Where born	When born	Came to Iowa
Martha A. Thompson.....	Pennsylvania	1837	1851
E. N. Gibson.....	Pennsylvania	1835	1852
Mrs. N. E. Gibson.....	Pennsylvania	1843	1853
J. A. Ripple.....	Pennsylvania	1843	1855
T. J. Wilson.....	Indiana	1843	1856
W. H. Palmer.....	Iowa	1854	1857
W. R. Smith.....	Pennsylvania	1840	1857
Lewis Anderson.....	Iowa	1854	1857
George Cooper Jr.....	Iowa	1854	1857
Mrs. Emma Cooper.....	Iowa	1854	1857
A. S. Hershberger.....	Illinois	1846	1846
Celia Hobart Kidder.....	Pennsylvania	1849	1852
W. M. Woodhurst.....	England	1847	1856
A. G. Bertelsen.....	Germany	1832	1853
Mrs. A. G. Bertelsen.....	Germany	1831	1854
J. W. Ellis.....	Indiana	1848	1852
Mrs. J. W. Ellis.....	Wisconsin	1853	1853
Mrs. Emma Morey.....	New York	1828	1846
Mrs. M. K. Kenney.....	New York	1845	1847
J. O. Seeley.....	Pennsylvania	1853	1856
Mrs. Julia A. Seeley.....	Pennsylvania	1827	1856
James Fairbrother.....	Iowa	1847	1847
M. D. Littell.....	Canada	1827	1844
W. S. Keeley.....	Indiana	1850	1852
C. Walp.....	Missouri	1845	1845
E. Taubman.....	Isle of Man	1832	1853
J. H. Waugh.....	Ireland	1831	1854
Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson.....	Indiana	1844	1853
Eliza Davenport.....	New York	1844	1868
A. Gee.....	Ohio	1829	1845
Clarence Small.....	New York	1845	1856
Mrs. M. E. McDonald.....	Indiana	1839	1847
Hiram Stevenson.....	New York	1827	1854
James Van Emberg.....	Missouri	1864	1864
Mrs. Martha Van Emberg.....	Canada	1844	1856
Charles Wyckoff.....	Michigan	1838	1838
A. J. Phillips.....	Michigan	1832	1837
Mrs. Fannie Glaser.....	Iowa	1842	1842
George W. Farnsworth.....	Ohio	1834	1854
Royal Goodenow.....	New York	1820	1845
Mrs. A. Bentley.....	Iowa	1848	1848
Joseph Brady.....	Pennsylvania	1838	1855
Mrs. Joseph Brady.....	Pennsylvania	1847	1855
Levi Wagoner.....	Pennsylvania	1830	1850
A. H. Wilson.....	Canada	1816	1839
J. S. Thompson.....	Pennsylvania	1830	1854

Martha A. Thompson.....	Pennsylvania	1837	1851
R. N. Gibson.....	Pennsylvania	1835	1852
Mrs. N. E. Gibson.....	Pennsylvania	1843	1855
J. A. Ripple.....	Pennsylvania	1843	1855
T. J. Wilson.....	Indiana	1843	1856
W. H. Palmer.....	Iowa	1854	1854
W. H. Smith.....	Pennsylvania	1840	1867
J. Scoby.....	Ohio	1844	1855
Henry Busch.....	Iowa	1857	1857
Lewis Anderson.....	Iowa	1854	1854
George Cooper Jr.....	Iowa	1869	1869
Mrs. George Cooper.....	Iowa	1869	1869
Murray Eaton.....	Iowa	1849	1849
Wright Bentley.....	New York	1833	1841
L. S. Lovelee.....	New York	1838	1865
Volney Wilson.....	Iowa	1850	1850
L. C. Frank.....	Germany	1843	1854
Mrs. J. Scoby.....	Kentucky	1853	
Rosena Rapp.....	Germany	1823	1852
Lewis Roach.....	Indiana	1854	1856
O. W. Joiner.....	New York	1839	1870
George Hess.....	Iowa		
Harvey Reid.....	New York	1842	1865
Dr. Chas. M. Collins.....	Iowa	1867	1867
G. A. Hess.....	Germany	1841	1866
Joseph Jerman.....	Iowa	1845	1845
R. N. Woods.....	Indiana	1842	1850
Charlotte Cundill Joiner.....	Iowa	1852	1852
Mrs. Will Cundill.....	Iowa	1864	1864
James McDonald.....	Ohio	1844	1854
Mrs. James McDonald.....			1865
Mrs. C. Blanchard.....	New York	1833	1866
C. Blanchard.....	New York	1831	1866
James Carter.....	Ohio	1840	
G. K. Miller.....	Pennsylvania	1832	1856
Mary Campbell.....	Pennsylvania	1840	1851
C. F. Ellis.....	Iowa	1873	1873
Mary A. Prindle.....	Michigan	1840	1856
M. D. Watson.....	Pennsylvania	1844	1865
William Grabam.....	New York	1831	1856
Andrew Clark.....	Ohio	1828	1854
Emily Taylor.....	New York	1818	1852
William Current.....	Iowa	1845	1845
W. B. Swigart.....	Iowa	1857	1857
Mary Goodenow Anderson....	Iowa	1846	1846
Melisa Dean.....	New York	1846	1855
Alvin Deane.....	New York	1842	1854
G. L. Mitchell.....	Iowa	1858	1858

L. L. Lockard.....	Pennsylvania	1851	1854
W. P. Dunlap.....	Virginia	1833	1858
Mrs. W. P. Dunlap.....	New York	1840	1841
J. K. Bowman.....	Virginia	1826	1849
Harry Littell.....	Iowa	1872	1872
Mrs. Ed. Baker.....	Pennsylvania	1844	1847
Ed Baker.....	Pennsylvania	1838	1848
Will Cundill.....	Iowa	1855	1855
Mrs. I. K. Crane.....	Pennsylvania	1836	1848
D. M. Black.....	Iowa	1856	1856
Emily E. Black.....	Pennsylvania	1855	1866
J. M. Fitzgerald.....	Pennsylvania	1831	1853
C. L. Woods.....	Iowa	1852	1852
Mrs. Susan Gordon Reynolds..	Ohio	1833	1853
W. C. Gordon.....	Iowa	1858	1858
Mrs. W. C. Gordon.....	Iowa	1857	1857
M. E. Fenton.....	New York	1833	1847
Fred Myatt	Iowa	1868	1868
Mrs. John Cook.....	Pennsylvania	1845	1853
John Cook.....	England	1841	1851
Henry Harrison.....	Iowa	1851	1851
Dr. J. A. Carson.....	Ohio	1844	1868
Miss Mary Shaw.....	Iowa	1848	1848
J. N. Nims.....	Iowa	1846	1846
Mrs. J. N. Nims.....	Iowa	1863	1863

Their vision and their judgement may seem at fault to you,
When perhaps they all were looking from a better point of view.

And when luck seems against you, don't let your feet get cold,
Or be a howling quitter and claim the game was sold;
Don't call the cuprite rotten and make the air look blue,
It may be he was looking from a better point of view.

And if you back your judgment with money on the same,
Don't squeal if your a loser keep on smiling just the same.
The man who wins your money was no more sure than you,
But he happened to be looking from a better point of view.

In the long run truth is mighty and the right will always win,
So be honest and above board in every deal your in;
And when you meet a neighbor who don't agree with you,
Just remember he is looking from a different point of view.

Different Points of View.

(Written by Will Cundill of Maquoketa, Iowa, and Read at Old Settler's Meeting, August 22nd, 1903.)

This world is what you see of it as life you journey through,
And nothing in it happens that looks the same to two;
The very self same feature, in the very self same game,
To the best of friends and neighbors will never look the same.

A friendship may be broken and lost beyond recall
In a foolish controversy about a game of ball;
When two good natured people both upright, square and true,
Just happen to be looking from a different point of view.

Don't call your friend a "knocker" if with him you don't agree,
His judgment is as dear to him as ours to you and me;
He's a right to his opinions and to express them too,
For it may be he was looking from a better point of view.

And if you meet some others who think the same as he,
Don't intimate they're aged and say they cannot see;
Their vision and their judgement may seem at fault to you,
When perhaps they all were looking from a better point of view.

And when luck seems against you, don't let your feet get cold,
Or be a howling quitter and claim the game was sold;
Don't call the umpire rotten and make the air look blue,
It may be he was looking from a better point of view.

And if you back your judgment with money on the game,
Don't squeal if your a loser keep on smiling just the same
The man who wins your money was no more sure than you,
But he happened to be looking from a better point of view.

In the long run truth is mighty and the right will always win,
So be honest and above board in every deal your in;
And when you meet a neighbor who don't agree with you,
Just remember he is looking from a different point of view.

Different Points of View

Written by Will Dorrill at Washington, D.C., on January 1, 1911

This world is what you see it is, the way you picture it.
And nothing is it happens that way, the same to two
The very self same feeling in the very self same way
To the best of friends and neighbors who are not the same

A friendship may be broken and it never will be
In a foolish way to try to win a friend or two
When two good natured people with good hearts and true
Just happen to be looking from a different point of view

Don't call your friend a "foolish" if you can't understand him
His judgment is as good as yours, and he is not a fool
He's a right to his opinions and he's not a fool
For it may be he was looking from a different point of view

And if you meet some one with whom you don't agree
Don't insist that they're dead and that you're alive
Their vision and their judgment may be not the same
When perhaps they are looking from a different point of view

And when you see some one who doesn't see the way you do
Or he a foolish question that you don't know the way
Don't call the man a fool and don't let him look at you
It may be he was looking from a different point of view

And if you lack your judgment with some one else
Don't expect it your a lower step on a ladder
The man who with your body is in the same line
But he happened to be looking from a different point of view

In the best and truest manner and the right will always win
So be honest and above board in every deal you run
And when you meet a neighbor who don't agree with you
Just remember he is looking from a different point of view

Address by Mrs. Mary Goodenow-Anderson at the Old Settlers' Meeting August 22nd, 1906.

To those who meet today greeting to those who have passed on from mortal ken—a longing to again clasp hand and look into eyes that responded kindly and lovingly. It is hard to be quite satisfied with less than all. Life is not just the same to any of us who face vacant chairs, empty places. Memories however dear and sweet come shining through the mists of regret and the today, no matter how full, lacks something of entireness. One by one our dear ones join the silent majority. Shall we call them dead? There is no halting in the great law of universal compensation. We say "the body perishes," not so, only the form changes. The study of natural law teaches that no particle of created matter can ever be destroyed. If we could look upon what we call death rightly, separate it from the judgement and repugnance of the temporal senses, would we not see that the processes of decay are as beautiful as those of new growth, and but links in the chain of all life. Why this fear? If the great Orderer of the universe takes care of each atom of matter will he suffer the spirit to perish? Since we love we must grieve. Even to those who trust the future most implicitly the void seems awful, yet so far as we may, let us remember to our hearts easing, that what we call death is only change and holding our love close to our hearts, pick our stepping places with care lest we stumble and lose our hold on so sacred a thing. 'Tis not wise or natural to live on regrets. The yesterdays with all their dear associations, holding as they do the record of so much that is heroic, worthy, and as always the record of frailties and limitations, are our lessons for today. The Pioneers, like all people of all times were interdependent. The broad rich prairie awaiting his developing hand begot a broadness of heart and character. The noblest kind of education was going on in each furrow turned, each seed dropped into the fructifying earth. Those log cabins! Those patient workers! What hearth stones were laid! What virtues amplified and fortified! Always the home instinct, suffering all, overruling all! Emerson tells us that "the world globes itself in a drop of dew." Every man's country globes itself in his hearth stone. All the principles of true government have here their inception. Let each family be rightly regulated and governed and we'd need no laws, could have no wars. "Here as in nations, each must stand in right relations to the others. If any trespass on the peace all suffer." The best citizen is he who respects the rights of others. Benefits must be mutual to be just. This generation's

turmoil over capital and labor shows us how fatal it is to ignore a basic law and shows too, how far the men of the nation have departed from primitive brotherhood. Too much liberty breeds license, too much luxury breeds selfishness. Into Maquoketa's log cabins the lust of greed had not crept. To safely shelter and feed the wife and children, to stand as a wall of strength between them and danger was the husband's province. What of the wife? How passed the hours? Perhaps a bride standing in the cabin door looking with hand shaded, tear moistened eyes away to the horizon's glorious sweep. Wealth of prairie, wealth of promise, but oh! the loneliness of it all, the hungering for one's kind, through the days of sun and shower, through the star lit silent night, a silence broken only by a bird's plaint or a wild beast's bark or howl. Then came motherhood. With quick indrawing breath, I try to think what it meant to that heart and life. The flood gates are open. Maternity deluges the woman with an ecstasy. The little form lies through the night hours close to the tremulous heart, while every hour of the day seems shortened and electrified with the wonder and joy of it, all latent powers are aroused, the woman is vitalized, energized. The world has an awakened force to deal with, the unknown quantity has solved the equation.

Do you think you know what love is

You who have never been a mother?

Do you think you know the ecstasy of love,

By loving any other?

All other love has some small grain of self,

Mingling with warp or woof;

Asks something ere it gives it's all

And needs replenishment and proof,

But baby since you came into my life,

I know all other love led up to thee;

And I was grandly crowned, when was vouch-safed

The crown of motherhood to me.

I so often compare in my mind our city of today, with its luxuries and privilege with those log cabin times and later on. Are we better, are we happier? "I'd love to be a girl again," says the song and I echo it. The days were never long enough for the good times on tap, always hated to go to bed, but when once asleep it seemed like death to get awake. Mark Twain said, "the most dangerous thing a man can do is to go to bed. More people die there than with their boots on." We must have shared an unnamed fear for this going to bed was a court of last resort. We were as one big family. The unhampered conditions begot a fellowship and freedom that can belong only to new settlements. I for one, would be glad to turn back the page again, eat my salted potatoes and sweet salt pork, (my mouth waters) build houses in the wet sand piles over my bared feet, pick up goose feathers from the dew-wet grass to make my pillow as big as some other girls and later on the fullness and sweetness of unfolding years. If any living being has had a fuller, jollier, more blessed life than I, I've yet to learn of it. I am thankful to the very bottom of my

heart that I was born and lived the life of a pioneer, to feel that I am part and parcel of this fruitful soil, that every cell of my body has been fed on this prairie ozone, that I can carry with me in life and all beyond the hallowed memories of parental environment so unselfish, so devoted, so sweet and strong with the essence of truest manhood and womanhood. Shame to us who do not, at least prayerfully try to live in some degree worthy of such examples. The last night's sleeping time is coming to us, can we not live each day so that each night's sleeping time will find us—trusting and asking.

As night and dew steal soft o'er tired day,

So may sleeps wings fan weariness away,

And cooling shadows brood o'er toil and heat,

While dreams sweet mystery your dearest joys repeat.

Why should we fear the pulseless rest that comes,

When care and pain their round of work have done?

Like little children 'lay me down to sleep,'

Trusting a risen Lord "our souls to keep."

Andrew Clark, an Old Settler of Jackson County, residing near Iron Hill and who is also a veteran of the Mexican war, was in attendance at the Old Settler's meeting last Wednesday. Mr. Clark enlisted in Columbus, O., in Co. E, 4th Infantry in 1846 and served until the end of the war. Went down the river on a steamboat to New Orleans, and on ship from there to Matamoros, served under General Taylor first and later under General Scott. Went as far as Pueblo where he was detained for Garrison duty, until the fall of Mexico City and treaty of Peace.

Peter Jorman was one of the earliest pioneers of Jackson county. His name appearing on the records as early as 1836. At the time of his death he had one of the best improved farms in the Forest of the Magistrates. He was a French Canadian and came to this country with a French colony, among whom was his brother Oliver Jorman, Henry Jorman, Charles Jorman, Charles Gadwaugh, Abram Daniels, & Mr. Whitlock. Mr. Jorman and others whose names have escaped my memory.

Address by Chas. Wyckoff at Old Settlers Meeting.

Discovers An Old Grave.

Something like 57 years ago, Peter Jerman, while digging a well on the land then owned by him in South Fork Township, two miles north of Maquoketa, now owned by A. J. York, was killed by the well caving in on him, when about 15 or 20 feet deep. Mrs. Jerman, who was a relative of the writer, told the neighbors afterwards that Mr. Jerman dreaded for some reason to go down in the well to work on that particular morning, but was anxious to complete the well and went down to work. The ground was very sandy and caved in. The alarm was given and the settlers gathered at the place and made heroic efforts to rescue the poor fellow alive, but were unable to do so. The tragedy created a great deal of excitement at the time. Mr. E. D. Shinkle, who is a resident of Maquoketa at this writing, was present at the funeral of Mr. Jerman, who was buried on his land about 200 ft from where he was killed, by the side of a little son, who had preceded him. About two years after Mr. Jerman's tragic death, his wife died and was buried by the side of the husband. The graves were fenced and the fence kept up for many years, but after a lapse of 40 or 50 years the land was sold and the sons moved away and the fence rotted down. The land where the graves were, was pastured and in time all marks that would have lead to the identity of the graves were obliterated, but in August, 1906, Joseph Jerman came back to visit relatives and take a look at the old place where he first saw the light in 1845 and learning the conditions of the grave of his parents and little brother, determined to try to recover their remains on the 23rd of August. He repaired to the spot with proper tools, for digging and with the aid of some of his relatives discovered the graves and recovered the bones and ashes of the dead, finding the black walnut coffins still holding together, after a period of considerably more than half a century. The child was buried about 1847 or 1848, the father in 1849 and the mother in 1851 or 1852. Mr. Jerman deposited the remains in the Esgate cemetery and will have them suitably marked while here.

Peter Jerman was one of the earliest pioneers of Jackson county. His name appearing on the records as early as 1838. At the time of his death he had one of the best improved farms in the Forks of the Maquoketa. He was a French Canadian and came to this locality with a French colony, among whom was his brother Oliver Jerman, Henry Jarrett, Charles Bilto, Charles Gadwaugh, Abram Daniels, a Mr. Fredrick, Mr. Bywaters and others whose names have escaped my memory.

J. W. E.

Address by Chas. Wyckoff at Old Settlers Meeting.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Permit me to thank the officers of this association for the honor conferred upon me in extending to me this invitation to add my little mite.

It is sometimes very difficult to know what to say, and sometimes some little thing will happen that will take all the good things out of his speech and turn them against him that spoke. I well remember that on one occasion I had the wind, so to speak, all taken out of me, and for a short time regretted that I had spoken. Some will remember that at one time I made the attempt to preach, and for one year went to Lamotte and tried to preach in the Baptist church. Another fact that is well known in my neighborhood is that I am very popular among the children. Among them it is never Mr. Weykoff, but, "How are you, Charley?", or, "Here comes the old strawberry man." from the time I leave my home until I return, and many of the old man's hard earned pennies go to keep their minds refreshed.

At the time I speak of, some thirty-five years ago. I was younger than now and had a better opinion of myself than I have now. I had invited another preacher to go with me and fill my appointments, one at Lamotte and one at Cottonville. As we approached Lamotte I took occasion to impress upon the mind of my brother preacher that he was about to visit a second garden of Eden telling him that the little town supported two churches, the M. E. and the Baptist, that there were two Sunday schools, that the men were all God-loving and church going, that the women were not only religious but good looking, that the children all attended Sunday school and were well behaved, no vulgar or profane language was heard, and that the children all loved me and respected my high calling, and I took particular pains to impress upon his mind that this happy state of affairs was partly brought about by my personal efforts, and especially that my kindness to the children and example I had set with my familiarity with them had added largely in bringing about the happy state of affairs in the little town he was about to visit. As we were entering the town and I was pointing out to him the two churches, two boys were playing by the roadside. One of them jumped up and said "J— C— Joe, here comes Charley Weykoff." That old preacher turned around and gave me a look I shall not try to describe, for at least at the time my feelings can be more easily be imagined than described.

As we were returning home the preacher took occasion to give me a curtain lecture. He said I was committing a sin by my kindness to children, was by my familiarity teaching them to disrespect the ministry. He said it was my duty to be reserved and dignified, and set them a Godly example.

etc., and so on. Well, I am willing to admit that for a moment the expression of the boy did not exactly suit, or in other words did not add force to what I was saying, but when I had time to think, I was pleased to know that boy did not manifest disrespect, but both joy and surprise, and that my preacher brother was mistaken, and while perhaps the language the boy used to express his feelings might not have been proper, it was at least forcible; and right here, let me say, that preacher deserted his wife and children and skipped with another woman, and I have continued to mingle with children, whether right or wrong

But my friends, I had forgotten that I was requested to say something about the early settling of Van Buren township and have been taking up your time talking about myself. Now if the request had been to make a little political speech, I would have known how to commence: would have commenced to abuse the republican party and all of the candidates on their ticket, because it makes no difference what is said, as only the people who belong to the party that the speaker does will pay any attention to what is said. But when he is requested to give some historical facts, one should be sure of what he is talking about.

As far as I have been able to learn, John Jones, W. H. Vandeventer and Andrew Farley, Dennis Cotton, Wm. Latta, M. W. Tisdale, a Mr. Walker and Azariah Prusia, all settled in or near Van Buren township in 1837. In the spring of 1838, Samuel Durant, Ephraim Elsworth and Bartholomew Corwin, who were driven out of Canada during the Patriot war because they would not hurrah for the Queen. On the first day of September, my father, R. B. Weykoff, crossed the river into Iowa and settled where I now live. In the spring of 1839 T. J. Pearce, D. F. Fletcher, and David Swaney came from Michigan and made settlement in the township, on land owned by some of their families. During the years from '37 to and including '40, there were at least fifteen families made settlement.

Now if I should attempt to write anything like a historical fact of these early settlers, it would be too long to read on this occasion, besides, I should get my name in the papers and become a great historian. I will only on this occasion speak of two—Dennis Collins and Bart Corwin. Dennis Collins was beaten almost to death and made to give up the little money he had, by two men. The men were tracked to Bellevue, and Mr. Collins was put in a bed, he being unable to sit up in consequence of the beating he had received, and taken to Bellevue with an ox team, and positively identified the tow men, who were arrested and tried. Some three of that good man Brown's friends swore positively that they had played cards with the prisoners all night the night of the robbery. Mr. Collins had to return home without his money, and the robbers went unpunished.

Mr. Corwin had a family of little children and a sick wife, who died a few months after his arrival. He had no money, but had a good team of horses. A couple of men came along and he sold them his horses so he could buy some of the necessaries of life, and they paid him every penny in counterfeit money. He followed them to Bellevue and found his horses in Brown's stable, and Brown refused to give them up, and told him to hike out or he would get into trouble claiming other people's horses—that they

were not and never had been his. So he had to go home to his motherless children without horses or one penny in money, and right here permit me to say as a citizen of Jackson who has lived a long life among you and know of these things, that it grieves me to think that any writer will write anything that reflects upon the good name of Captain Warren for the part he played in ridding Jackson county of that good man Brown and his gang.

One other of the early settlers created quite a sensation, which it will perhaps be well for me to mention, and that is John Jonas. He took up a claim where the stone comes to the top of the ground in places and there is iron ore among the stone. Jonas made it known to the world that he had great copper diggings. He went to St. Louis and induced a number of families to come to his copper mines, built quite a house and rigged some kind of smelting works, got some expert smelters, and when he found he could not get any copper he salted it with copper. The place was known for miles as The Copper Diggings. Copper creek was named for it. The result was when the people came to know how they had been humbugged, Jonas was gone, and some of the families were so poor they could not get away, and settled and made good homes, and in after years their curses of Jonas were turned to praises.

But if I don't stop right here I shall get my name in the papers as a writer of ancient history. At another time I told my political history about Bill Dunlap naming his famous bull, Sir Charles, and what a fellow he was to bellow. And now in conclusion, permit me to say something about the present. I am like the young man who went the first time to see his girl. He was invited into the parlor and he took a seat in the opposite corner from where the girl sat, and after some twenty minutes, said, "I am glad I am here." After some time the girl said, "I am glad you are here." My friends, I am glad I am here today, and I beleive that there are some here that are glad I am here, for as the years pass the old settlers keep dropping out, and the ties of friendship grow stronger with us that are left, and these gatherings are oases in the desert of life. We come here and we leave at home our nationality, our politics, the sectarian part of our religion, forget for a time our business perplexities. We meet as a band of brothers. The object is to have a good time, to renew acquaintances, to talk over old times, and there is something in these meetings that will teach the young to remember us after we have passed over the river, and when I look over an assembly of people made up of old and young, meeting in this beautiful city, surrounded by so many beautiful homes, and remember that God has saved my life and permitted me to see it all brought about by the energy of the early settlers who by their untiring efforts have transformed this once wilderness, one which the wild man roamed, to one of the best cultivated and productive parts of earth, peopled by loving and happy people, it is a happy thought for me to know that although it is little I have done, I have been present while these things have been brought about, and that I am in good health and am permitted to be present at this meeting, and I hope that these gatherings will continue. They are of lasting benefit to the country. They help such men as Harvey Reid, J. W. Ellis and Farmer Buckhorn write and prepare history to be handed down to future genera-

tions. They help us to forget our trials and troubles. They make us forget that we are old, and make us feel young and for a time live over our lives. They help to break downcast. They help to drive away malice, hatred and ill will toward one another. They help us to use charity, love, virtue, patience, temperance, Godliness and brotherly kindness for the possession of which an abundant entrance is promised us into the everlasting kingdom.

Keep up these social gatherings, and let us all do our part to cultivate the spirit of charity or love, which is the golden ladder that reaches from earth to heaven. When this spirit of love becomes the ruling spirit of mankind, wars will cease, the sectarian walls that divide christian world will crumble to dust, envy, hatred and malice will recede, and happiness before unknown will be man's crowning glory, and earth become heaven and hell a fable.

(Written by Farmer Brothers for the Jackson County Historical Society)

When the Black Hawk purchase was opened for settlement June 1, 1833, Benjamin W. Clark, who settled at Rock Island in 1827 or '28, crossed over into Missouri territory and settled a claim where Buffalo, Iowa, is now situated. With an eye on the future he reserved about two thousand acres of land lying up and down the Mississippi river and early in 1834 established the only ferry across the river between Dubuque and East Dubuque, now Burlington. As the location for a future town was at that point one of the best along the river, it was Clark's design to set one of the best river towns in the territory at that place. With spot and in view, he started up a road with forty miles to Monmouth, Illinois, to induce the tide of immigration to trend toward his ferry. In the same year—1834—he got one John Black to take a claim at the Wapasha river and establish a crossing there. He made arrangements with Abner Walker, Pease and his brother, Peasens, to blaze out a trail north to Dubuque and establish a crossing at the Wapasha river. It was Clark's idea to open up a road through the best part of the Black Hawk purchase and thereby lead settlers that way to people the most beautiful and the most fertile country in Iowa's domain and make the Cedar, Wapasha and Maquoketa valleys tributary to the city of his choice.

In 1835, he, in company with two others, Captain E. A. Hix and a Dr. Pillsbury of Buffalo, N. Y., plotted and laid out a town and named the town Buffalo, after Dr. Pillsbury's home town. An account of the opposition of strong forces working in the interest of Liverpool he failed to make of Buffalo what he had hoped. But his spirit and work had done their many settlers into the country tributary to it, and a good while to western Jackson county, the first of whom were Wallace, Bolander and Gabriel Pease, who became acquainted with the leading white in the interest of Clark's road in 1834 and settled here in April of the year 1835.

The Pease men were sons of Judge John Pease who came from Shenandoah Valley, Va., to Monmouth, Ill., and after 1825 to Rock Island, then in 1829 to Henderson county, Illinois, near where the town of Augusta now is. It was from this point the Pease brothers first came into what is now Iowa. This old road or trail crossed the Wapasha south of Allen's stream.

OUR TERRITORIAL PIONEERS.

An Old Trail and the Part It Played in Early Jackson County Settlement.

(Written by Farmer Buckhorn for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

When the Black Hawk purchase was opened for settlement June 1, 1833, Benjamin W. Clark, who settled at Rock Island in 1827 or 28, crossed over into Missouri territory and staked a claim where Buffalo, Iowa, is now situated. With an eye on the future he claimed about two thousand acres of land lying up and down the Mississippi river and early in 1834 established the only ferry across the river between Dubuque and Flint Hills, now Burlington. As the location for a future town was at that point one of the best along the river, it was Clark's dream to see one of the best river towns in the territory at that place. With that end in view, he opened up a road south forty miles to Monmouth, Illinois, to induce the tide of immigration to trend toward his ferry. In the same year—1834—he got one John Shook to take a claim at the Wapsipinicon river and establish a crossing there. He made arrangements with Allen Wallace Pence and his brother, Solomon, to blaze out a trail north to Dubuque and establish a crossing at the Maquoketa river. It was Clark's idea to open up a road through the best part of the Black Hawk purchase and thereby lead settlers that way to people the most beautiful and the most fertile country in God's domain and make the Cedar, Wapsie and Maquoketa vallies tributary to the city of his dreams.

In 1835, he, in company with two others, Captain E. A. Mix and a Dr. Pillsbury of Buffalo, N. Y., platted and laid out a town and named the town Buffalo, after Dr. Pillsbury's home town. On account of the opposition of strong forces working in the interest of Davenport he failed to make of Buffalo what he had hoped. But his north and south road did bring many settlers into the country tributary to it, and a good many to western Jackson county, the first of whom were Wallace, Solomon and Gabriel Pence, who became acquainted with the locality while in the interest of Clark's road in 1834 and settled here in April of the year 1836.

The Pence men were sons of Judge John Pence who came from Shenandoah Valley, Va., to Monmouth, Ill., and later—1828—to Rock Island, then in 1829 to Henderson county, Illinois, near where the town of Aquaka now is. It was from this point the Pence brothers first came into what is now Iowa. This old road or trail crossed the Wapsie north of Allen's Grove,

Bear Creek, near where Mill Rock is situated and the South Fork of the Maquoketa about a mile above the present Cheneworth bridge. Along or near this old trail in after years sprung up Mill Rock, Fremont (Baldwin), Canton, Emeline (first called the "Four Corners") and Iron Hills in Jackson county. By that road came several families in 1836.

The point where this old Dubuque and Buffalo road crossed the South Fork was, after the country began to be settled, known as "Dodge's Ford", so called after one who is said to have been an eccentric, mysterious old hermit who settled near there in an early day—about 1837 or 38—and had a little clearing where he raised a small crop each year. According to old settlers, he had as little to do with his fellow mortals as possible, and no amount of inquisitiveness on their part led to any light as to where he came from or, as to his past life. It was believed by many he was one of those individuals that are often met with on the frontier, who are either keeping dark to evade the law, or are self appointed exiles from an older civilization that they have become estranged from.

Those who came into Jackson county in 1836 by the way of Clark's ferry at Buffalo and followed the Clark trail north, with two exceptions, settled in what became Monmouth township. Those two, James Redden and Thomas Wood, settled along what became the west line of South Fork township, Redden on the northwest quarter of section nineteen, near where the present house of D. F. Scheib is situated. He was a brother-in-law of Samuel Scheib, and I believe, came from Pennsylvania. His children were James, John, Steven, Larkin and Anna Redden-Cook. Thomas Wood settled on the southwest quarter of the same section on the east side of quarter section line, east of the west line, and about twenty rods south of where now is the Maquoketa and Anamosa road. There he built his first cabin. He built later where the Allison house is now. He was a native of Kentucky and came to Iowa, then Michigan territory, from southern Indiana. Here he lived, raised six children—John, Joseph, Manurvey, Anna, Mary and one I have forgotten—and died at old age and always respected. He came here single and on a trip back to Indiana became acquainted with a young girl who was wholly depending upon herself for support. Wood told her he had a cabin and a claim out in the western wilds and if she would marry him he would give her a home such as it was. The offer was accepted and a pioneer life commenced. They were always known in later years as, "Aunt Sophia and Uncle Tommy."

Wallace Pence and two of his brothers, Solomon and Gabriel, as aforementioned, settled in what became Monmouth township, in the spring of 1836, and were the first settlers in the Maquoketa valley. Wallace built his first cabin on the northeast quarter of section twenty-three just west of the present Bear Creek bridge, and in what is now the southeast corner of Wm. Pence's field at the three corners of the road. Solomon settled on what became the northwest quarter of section twenty-three (then unsurveyed) and built just south of where the present highway is near the foot of a low hill about one-fourth of a mile east of Bear Creek. In later years in that old log house, several times he entertained U. S. Grant, then of Galena, but in

after years Lieutenant General of the Federal army during the Civil war and later twice President of the United States.

Gabriel Pence settled a little further west nearer where Baldwin is (don't know the exact numbers) these three Pence's gave to Iowa the following increase: Of the Wallace Pence family, seven—Elvira, Robert, Martha, Mary, William Harriet and Napoleon B. Of the Solomon Pence family, there were eight—Lucinda, Curtis, Phoebe, Susan, Malissa, Montana, Joseph and Solomon J; and of the Gabriel Pence family there were ten—Elizabeth, John, Rachael, George, Allen, Hanna, Eliza, Mary, Liddie and Gabriel, Jr. Twenty-five all told, many of whom have kept the Pence blood flowing and have brought forth—if not "an hundred fold"—nearly as many as "Dad and Mam."

Joseph Skinner was a native of Virginia and came to what is now Jackson county, Iowa, in July of 1836, staked a claim and built his cabin near the banks of Bear Creek a few rods southwest of where the Midland depot at Baldwin now is, on the northwest quarter of section 22 Monmouth township, and resided thereon many years. He married Jane Beer, who bore him the following family: James, who was a soldier in the Civil war in an Illinois regiment, John, Leon, Margaret Skinner-Watson, Julia Skinner-Wivenious and Lena, who never married.

I do not know the native state of the Perkins family, or the names of children they reared, or the numbers of the land they claimed on coming here in 1836, but it was north of the South Fork of the Maquoketa river somewhere in section thirteen Monmouth township. There were at least three of the Perkins at man's estate—Calvin, Zen Perkins and Xenophon. It was Xenophon Perkins who was murdered in 1842 by Joseph Jackson, who had a claim on the south bank of the Maquoketa river near the mouth of Beer Creek.

Joshua Beer, another 1836 settler, claimed land in what became Monmouth township and erected his log cabin about eighty rods due west of the present Main street of Baldwin in the northwest quarter of section twenty-one. The first school house in Monmouth township was built on his land I believe. It was situated just south of the present limits of Baldwin and was called "Shake Rag Schoolhouse." Beer Creek was named after Joshua Beer. He was an enthusiastic hunter and while on a hunting expedition with David Scott they discovered Burt's caves in the Forks of the Maquoketa. In Joshua Beer's family there were six children—James, John, Hanna who became Solomon Pence's second, wife, Jane, wife of Joseph Skinner, Margaret married Elijah Nichols who died in the army, and Mary wed William Lane. All Beer owned, besides his children when he got here, was an ox cart and a yoke of cattle. I believe he came here a widower. Understand the family are now all dead

David Scott came from Kentucky to what is now Monmouth township, Jackson county, Iowa, in 1836, in company with James Redden. Joshua Beer, Joseph Skinner, Calvin Perkins, Z. and Xenophon Perkins, Thomas Wood and a family of Pingrys, I can't learn anything about. They crossed the Wapsipinicon on a raft July 4th, 1836, and that evening camped on the south bank of the Maquoketa near what has always been known as More-

head's Ford. They had been directed to this locality by the three Pence brothers who met them between here and Clark's ferry. The Pences were going back to Illinois after their families, having staked claims, built cabins and broken land earlier in the season. David Scott first claimed land north of the river and built a log house on what is now the northwest quarter of section thirteen (as near as I can learn) and lived there some years. But according to Dr. Scott's information, Scott not fulfilling all requirements had his claim taken from him by some process or other by Calvin Teeple. Scott was illiterate and did not have a proper knowledge of the land rules. Scott was not only Scott by name but Scott by pedigree, and loosing his claim quickened his Scotch blood and he made some threats of "mopping the earth" with Teeple's anatomy. At a raising Scott went up to Teeple and put his arms around him saying, "Cal, how I love you," and gave him a mighty hug that caused Teeple to be small in the waist. Teeple had Scott put under bonds to keep the peace as to Teeple, which was a safe thing to do as Scott was a powerful man and might have given him another hug some time that would have made him look like twins. After that Scott got a claim south of where Baldwin is, and built near the south bank of Beer Creek. That land I believe is still in the Scott family.

The wife of Scott was only fourteen years of age when she married, and before she was fifteen was mother to a little girl (Edith). This girl was a young woman when they came west. She married Calvin Perkins in 1838. They were the first whites in Monmouth township to wed. The course of true love didn't run smooth in their case as Scott did not like the Perkins and put an embargo on the proceedings, but Cupid was the same irrepressible little cuss in the earliest days of Jackson county as now, and loves young dream was just as much of a nightmare and called for the same heroic treatment, so an elopement followed and a wedding at some "Gretna Green." After Calvin Perkins and Edith Scott were married they left this county and settled farther north on Turkey river, where they lived some years until Perkins died.

David Scott was married to Miss Holly Skinner who bore him ten children—Joseph, Marion, David, Jr., William, John, Edith, Scott-Perkins, Emily Scott-Gibson, Malinda Scott-Douglas, Amanda Scott-Atherton and Rosa, who was an epileptic and never married. Two of this family were Civil war soldiers. William enlisted in Company H, 16th Iowa Infantry. I am told that one week from the day he was mustered in he was in the battle of Shiloh. David Scott, Jr. not having consent or being of legal age to enlist without, left home with another youth, James Skinner. They rapidly grew older between Iowa and Illinois and enlisted in an Illinois company of a hundred day men. Anyone who were here during the rebellion and knew the stress and felt the thrill, knows full well anyone could lie a mile, or clear to Illinois for that matter, to get into the Union army without breaking any of the Ten Commandments. The descendants of David Scott Sr., are numerous in Iowa today, and it can be truthfully said he left in his children and grand children a good legacy to the country. One generation of seven of these families, the three Pence's, Scott, Beer, Skinner and Wood, who became lifelong residents increased our population 53. And all, I think, were worthy citizens and many added very materially to the wealth of the country.

Old Settlers' Obituary Report 1906.

John Hiram Littell, born in Montgomery county, N. Y., June 18th, 1842, came to Iowa, December, 1865; died July 6th, 1905.

Mrs. Permella Jenkins Wright, born in Warren county, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1839; came to Maquoketa, December, 1860; died July 31, 1905.

Mrs. Caroline Henry Wilcox, born in Maquoketa, Feb. 16, 1857; died Sept. 19, 1905.

James Shattuck born in Reading, Vt., Dec. 4, 1833; came to Maquoketa in 1853; died Oct. 1, 1905.

Miss Philena Rebecca Reel born in Canaan, Ohio; came to Iowa 1857; died Oct. 7, 1905.

Isaac McPeak born in Magoupin, Ill., July 1, 1837; came to Iowa 1846; died Oct. 10, 1905.

Mrs. Sarah Haight Hamley born in Maquoketa, Sept. 20, 1856; died Oct. 18, 1905.

Mrs. Mary Newby DeGrush born at Little Falls, N. Y., April 30, 1846; came to Maquoketa 1856; died Oct. 25, 1905.

Mrs. Mary Jane Simpson Jenkins born in Queensbury, N. Y., May 4, 1834; came to Iowa 1856; died Oct. 28, 1905.

Carl Romer born in Germany, Dec. 20, 1837; came to Iowa 1866; died Nov. 17, 1905.

Mrs. Inez Collins Harrington born in Bellevue, Iowa, April 30, 1864; died Dec. 11, 1905.

John J. Smola born Bohemia, Austria, May 5, 1838; came to Iowa 1854; died Dec. 15, 1905.

Mrs. Lydia A. Wagoner Sinkey born in Madison, Pa., March 16, 1833; came to Iowa 1855; died Dec. 31, 1905.

Mrs. Vashti Blakely Summers born in Wayne county, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1819; came to Iowa 1833; died Jan. 20, 1906.

M. J. Hammond born in Ticonderoga, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1818; came to Jackson county, Iowa, 1856; died Jan. 20, 1906.

H. A. Sisler born in Barre, Pa., April 4, 1829; came to Iowa 1850; died January, 1906.

Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Parnell Hicks born near Elwood, Iowa, May 30, 1859; died Jan. 29, 1906.

Mrs. Julia Ann Call Atherton born in Brandon, Vt., Dec. 11, 1833; came to Iowa 1869; died Jan. 31, 1906.

Mrs. Emma E. Anderson Woods, born near Maquoketa, Iowa, May 13, 1861; died Feb. 8, 1906.

Mrs. Sarah Vine Bennett born in Ticonderoga, N. Y., in 1833; came to Iowa 1849; died Feb. 17, 1906.

Chas. R. Bell born in Kasota, Minn., 1858; came to Iowa 1863; died Feb. 28, 1906.

Mrs. Margaret Rachel Jones Hute born Feb. 28, 1834, in Mercer county, Pa.; came to Iowa 1852; died March 3, 1906.

Susanna Buchner Martin born Ontario Province, Canada, July 26, 1819; came to Iowa 1838; died March 1906.

John H. Crane born in N. H., March 8, 1844; came to Iowa 1856; died March 24, 1906; veteran of the civil war.

Emma P. Sisler Miller born near Andrew, March 18, 1854; died March 30, 1906.

Mrs. Lydia S. Towner Waugh born in Essix county, N. Y., March 9, 1839; came to Iowa in 1854; died May 13, 1906.

Jacob Van Meter born in Lancaster, Ohio, Aug. 27, 1819; came to Iowa 1857; died April 2, 1906.

Mary Jane Twiss born in Luray, Ohio, Dec. 27, 1827; came to Iowa 1856; died April 3, 1906.

Mary E. Ames Rigby born in Park county, Indiana, Sept. 22, 1841; came to Iowa 1846; died June 13, 1906. Pioneer.

Ebenezer H. Battles born in Orange county, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1824; came to Iowa 1840; died April 14, 1906. Pioneer.

Thomas McMurray born in Dehli, N. Y., April 25, 1824; came to Iowa in 1845; died June, 1906. Pioneer.

James D. Schell born in Fleetwood, Pa., Oct. 16, 1825; came to Iowa 1854; died June 6, 1906.

Chas. Burleson Sr. born in Troy, N. Y., March 18, 1831; came to Iowa 1837; died June 9, 1906. Pioneer and veteran of the Civil War.

Hillion Webb born Mariah, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1826; came to Iowa 1851; died June 12, 1906. Pioneer.

Mrs. Frances Tower Brown born Oct. 6, 1838; came to Maquoketa in 1853; died June 20, 1906.

Alexander Organ born Mercer county, Penn., March 25, 1835; came to Iowa when a boy; died June 26, 1906. Pioneer and veteran of the Civil War.

Ellen McKinney Ogden Jaynes born April 24, 1832; came to Iowa 1844; died June 28, 1906.

Carlos B. Prosser born in New York State 1841; came to Iowa 1851; died July 2, 1906. Pioneer.

Miss Elmira E. Goodenow born in French Mountain, N. Y., April 22, 1834; came to Iowa 1847; died July 5, 1906.

Lavina Listen Roush born in Percy county, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1833; came to Iowa 1851; died July 31, 1906.

Prof. C. C. Dudley born in Connecticut in 1841; came to Iowa in 1876; died August 16, 1906.

Isabell Tracy Snodgrass born in Fayette county, Penn., in 1831; came to Iowa in 1846; died August 12, 1906.

Early Local History.

The Last of the Red Men in Jackson County.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

There has been some controversy about the date of breaking up of the last permanent Indian Village in Jackson County, but it probably occurred in 1849. Although bands of remnants of the once powerful tribes of Sacs and Foxes straggled back to the Big Forest in the forks of the Maquoketa River until after the Civil War.

When the first white settlers came to Jackson County in 1836, there were several Indian Villages in the Maquoketa Valley. When Shadrach Burleson settled in what is now the western part of South Fork Township in the Spring of 1837 he found unmistakable evidence of a large Indian Village on his claim that had been recently abandoned. Lodge poles were still standing and a camp kettle was still hanging over ashes where cooking had been recently done. Anson H. Wilson who at this writing, September 1906, is still living and who came to the Maquoketa Valley in 1839, says that a short time after he had built his first cabin, an Indian came to his cabin one morning and wanted him to go with him. Mr. Wilson took his rifle and accompanied the Indian. They crossed Mill Creek above the site of the Old McCoy mill and going in an easterly direction crossed it again near where Willey's mill was afterwards built. When they gained the high ground east of the creek, the Indian led Mr. Wilson to a particular point and told him as well as he could with his limited English and sign language to stand there. He then walked off something like 100 yards and motioned to Wilson to join him, which he did. The Indian then pointed to the entrails of a deer that he explained that he had shot the day before from where Mr. Wilson had stood. From there they made their way to an Indian village containing about 200 people situated on the banks of the Maquoketa below Bridgeport. The Indians were very friendly and offered Mr. Wilson share of the dog soup which they were about to serve, but he declined that part of their bill of fare, but accepted some jerked venison and some corn bread which the Indians had got from some of the settlers and one of the Indians brought him some water in a ladel and he made out a pretty good dinner. He says the Indians were pretty well provided with food, had plenty of venison and had large quantities of corn stored up, this they buried in the ground until they wanted to use it, dug holes and put the corn in and covered it up which made it soft and in good condition for use.

The principal burying ground of the Indians was the Sand Ridge in the forks, now the village of Hurstville, and Mr. Wilson says that when he first saw it there were many dead, but not all buried, some were rolled in blankets or skins of animals and laid on the ground, and a pen made of saplings built around them; others were leaned up against a tree, and I have heard that all those who died of smallpox were covered up in the sand. Mr. Wilson saw one Indian in an enclosure who had been especially honored by having his gun and a whiskey bottle left by his side. At one time there was a large Indian camp near the Hawkins Ford, about one mile above the present village of Hurstville. The smallpox broke out in this band and almost wiped out the entire village. It was told that when the fever was highest the patient was taken to a slough near by and ducked, with the result that the treatment either killed or cured, the former resulted the oftenest. The writer often fished in the old slough in the fifties and carried home many strings of bass, bullheads and sun fish. One of the most interesting relics or land marks left by the Indians in this locality, and which all traces of has now disappeared, was an Indian dancing ground as it was called by the early settlers. The dance floor was a smooth level surface enclosed by a circle of cedars that has been planted with great precision at least fifty, if not one hundred years before the first white settler arrived in the locality. The trees in 1854, when the writer first saw them, were as large as telephone poles. The dance ground was from 50 to 75 feet in diameter and was enveloped on three sides by a slough, and on the other a dense growth of brush concealed it from view. An old path leading from a point where the road turned to the river at the Hawkins Ford disclosed the only entrance to this spot where dusky men and maids had danced to the music of the tomtom for ages. The exact location of this historic place as near as the writer is now enabled to locate it, as it is in a corn field on land owned by Hon. A. Hurst, is in the northwest quarter of section 12 in South Fork township. The Hawkins Ford was so called for the reason that an old Mormon by the name of Hawkins was the first white settler there, and lived with his family in a cabin near the ford, which was on the road traveled by the people from our neighborhood when going to Andrew or Bellevue, in the days before there were any bridges over the North Fork. In 1854 I think the land where the ford was, belonged to J. C. Wood, and I know that Nathaniel Woods owned and occupied the land now known as the Fitch farm in section 1, South Fork township. A Mr. Pangborn, first name I think was Eligah, a brother of Jason Pangborn, who helped to build Maquoketa, lived between Nathaniel Woods' place and the river, in same section, and Frank Hunting owned and occupied the land now known as the J. D. Scholl place in same section. The road have been changed since 1854 and there is no longer a river road, and the river bed has been changed so that there is no water where the once well known Hawkins Ford was located.

E. D. Shinkle, one of the oldest pioneers of this locality, who still resides in Maquoketa, says that some time during the administration of Ansel Briggs as governor, there was a little village of Indians, numbering at least 500, mostly squaws, children and old men on the North Fork, about one mile

from his father's cabin; these Indians had been brought there for safety while the fighting portion of the tribe was on the war path against some other tribe. But these Indians annoyed the white settlers so much that they appealed to Governor Briggs, whose home was at Andrew, three miles from the Indian camp, to have the Indians removed and the governor caused them to move on. The writer has lived for more than half a century within one and one-half miles of the old dance ground which must have been a favorite gathering place for Black Hawk's warriors and half a mile from the burying place where so many of the tribe was left and has collected thousands of implements once used by the Indians in this locality, including pottery, stone spears and arrow heads, stone and steel tomahawks, stone pipes and war clubs, teepee hammers and ceremonial stones. Of the old burying ground where fifty years ago there were hundreds of graves or skeletons, I do not believe a bone could be found now. The skulls were carried away by relic hunters, and the bones plowed under and made to fertilize the ground. There are still several mounds in this locality that have never been opened which might possibly yield up valuable relics of a by gone race. In the southeast quarter of section 11, half a mile from the home of the writer, there are three mounds whose description might be of interest to Archeologists. The three are on a line running east and west and half a mile west of the Hurstville lime works. The first one on the east is 20 feet in diameter, circular in form and three feet high. The next one west is 20 feet wide by 100 feet long and three feet high, and the last one is exactly like the first described. Half a mile west of these mounds there were formerly three similar mounds and still further west in a straight line there were still others. From the location of these mounds, and the fact they were all similar in form and in almost a straight line running from the north to the south fork of the Maquoketa river, I have always believed they were made to mark a boundary line. There are other mounds south of the South Fork, one of which was partially opened several years ago, and charcoal and pieces of pottery and arrowheads were found as far as the excavation went. There are also very well defined mounds in Butler township near Moses McDonald's farm, that have never been dug into. There is a small cave or hole in the rocks in Hon. A. Hurst's lime stone quarry, where piece of Indian pottery flint arrow heads and charcoal and ashes have been found. Mr. Hurst informed me recently that there was a mound still standing undisturbed in the old Indian burying ground on his land.

The writer has contemplated for many years, a time when he would repair to these ancient land marks and excavate and exhume whatever of relics or other matter deposited here by those whose existence seems but a dream now. It does not appear strange to those who remember the beautiful between the forks of the Maquoketa as it was fifty years ago, that the Indians were loth to leave their old hunting grounds. Deer and wild turkeys abounded in the forest and the streams actually teemed with choice fish. Honey could be had in any quantity by cutting the trees and taking it out and all the sweetness needed by extracting it from the sugar maple which grew every where. It was indeed such a paradise for the Red men as they could never hope to find again in this world.

Biographical Sketch of Dr. M. J. Belden.

(Written by Dr. A. B. Bowen for the Jackson County Historical Society)

The subject of this biographical sketch, M. J. Belden, M. D., was born in Steuben county, N. Y., A. D., 1831, and located in the little inland town of Canton, Iowa, in 1855, after exercising all the patience and self reliance that is usual for medical students to bring to bear in the accomplishment of their object and the consummation of their cherished hopes. But the courage and fortitude required to sever the ties of home and embark on his life's mission, the practice of his chosen profession, in the wilderness of the west, on the confines of civilization, requires a firmness of purpose and a spirit of philanthropy that surmounts obstacles and breaks down barriers that would discourage one of less firmly fixed purposes.

The little hamlet known by the name of Canton fifty years ago, nestling in the big timber of the forks of the Maquoketa, had few allurements for one who had learned the ways of the world in the more advanced civilization and the more refined social life of Steuben county, N. Y. But the subject of our sketch evidently did not contemplate reclining upon the lap of luxury and ease, but rather to court fame and fortune from the rugged resources of nature. It would seem that the conditions around Canton were not altogether congenial to his tastes, for he resolved to explore and prospect the country westward and in 1858 he journeyed across the state on horseback, as he once informed me, to acquaint himself with conditions, and perhaps find a spot that offered greater inducements to his tastes and inclinations than his first stopping place afforded. But he was not favorably impressed with the broad and timberless Iowa prairies and returned to his "first love" and cast his destinies in the primeval forests that shaded the Maquoketa.

In 1862 Dr. Belden married one of Canton's fair daughters, Miss Cecelia Atkinson, and together they achieved success and carved fame and fortune from this rugged field of action. Here for over 40 years he responded to the calls of those who appreciated his services, and were through the vicissitudes of the varying seasons he was ever a welcome guest at the comfortable home of the thrifty farmer or the lonely cabin of the pioneer. His services were not sought in vain, for he was ever on the alert to respond to the call of those in suffering and distress. His midnight rides through the gloomy forest that skirted his town of Canton sometimes startled the wild deer from its lurking place, and sometimes these lonely trips at unreasonable hours were serenaded by the howl of the wolf if not by the fierce scream of the catamount. The practitioner of medicine in an isolated field like Can-

ton learns to be more self-reliant than he who finds himself located in a more attractive field of labor where doctors by the dozen or score, perhaps, share the honors of the surrounding advantages, while they expect to divide the responsibilities that none are exempt from. But the physician in the remote field has not a brother practitioner at his elbow to call in consultation at the ever approaching crisis, but in his gladiatorial encounter with the grim messenger he learns to be self-reliant and resourceful, and thus through force of necessity becomes a stronger and abler practitioner. But the time came, as it comes to all "When wasting age and weary strife had sapped the leaning walls of life." In 1898 a stroke of paralysis prostrated his iron constitution and compelled the relinquishment of practice, much to the regret of a large number of patients and patrons. It was my mission to see him during this crisis in his life, and I remember well the philosophy with which he met this trial. A temporary rally of his vital forces enabled him to abandon the scenes of his trials and triumphs and locate in Maquoketa where he died in October, 1902, aged 71 years, leaving a wife and one daughter who mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. Dr. Belden took a lively interest in the Jackson Co. Medical Society, although his attendance upon its meetings required a drive of some forty miles, notwithstanding this hardship he occasionally honored us with his presence and participated in the discussions and read papers on scientific subjects.

A. B. BOWEN.

He had driven from his home in Marion, and as the roads were muddy it was 1:30 o'clock P. M. when he reached the old stone Court house and the only persons present were Ed. H. and the Clerk, and Scott Belden the Sheriff, who had come in to administer oaths at the last required at the stroke of five o'clock, and myself, and it so happened that I was the only person at court who had any previous acquaintance with the Judge. I suggested that all the other members of the Bar had gone to their homes or boarding houses, expecting that sitting would be done until the next day. But these suggestions did not meet with favor, and he ordered court opened and called the docket through from beginning to end with us three only present, and then adjourned to eight o'clock next morning. At the moment the Judge took his place and commenced calling for business. The other lawyers did not wait of his arrival but taken it for granted that court could not open before nine o'clock and came streaming in to find to their surprise the court already in session, and out of humor at not being able to get a jury case taken up and, after an hour or so spent fruitlessly, were treaty to a lecture from the Bench such as they had never heard before, and since the close of that term has never been heard again but they heard it repeated several times within the next forty-eight hours.

Lyman A. Ellis was then District Attorney, and it had been the custom during the administrations of Judges Tilton and Richman for the District Attorney to take the Grand Jury the first two days of court, and then take up the criminal cases for trial. But Judge Hubbard would have none of that. In Calhoun county where he came from the State cases had precedence, and the District Attorney came in for more than his full share

When Hubbard Was Holding Court, or Court Martial, Down in Jackson.

Written by Hon. William Graham for the Jackson County Historical Society.

The March term of the District Court in 1866 was held by the late Judge N. M. Hubbard of Linn county. He had just been appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge C. H. Conklin, and having a number of cases in which he had been employed as counsel, arranged with Judge Richman that they exchange; Richman going to Marion to hold court there, and Hubbard holding the court in Andrew. I doubt if any circus which ever exhibited in Iowa afforded more amusement than the time when, to use an expression of Col. Clark of Cedar Rapids who, was admitted to the Bar on examination at that term, "Hubbard was holding court, or court martial, down in Jackson."

He had driven from his home in Marion, and as the roads were muddy it was 4:55 o'clock P. M., when he reached the old stone Court house and the only persons present, were Ed. Holmes the Clerk, and Scott Belden the Sheriff, who had come in to adjourn court as the law required at the stroke of five o'clock, and myself; and it so happened that I was the only person at court who had any previous acquaintance with the new judge. I suggested that all the other members of the Bar had gone to their homes or boarding houses, expecting that nothing would be done until the next day. But these suggestions did not meet with favor, and he ordered court opened and called the docket through from beginning to end with us three only present, and then adjourned to eight o'clock next morning. At the moment the Judge took his seat and commenced calling for business. The other lawyers who did not know of his arrival had taken it for granted that court could not open before nine o'clock, and came straggling in to find to their surprise the court already in session, and out of humor at not being able to get a jury case taken up and, after an hour or so spent fruitlessly, were treated to a lecture from the Bench such as they had never heard before, and since the close of that term has never been heard again but they heard it repeated several times within the next forty-eight hours.

Lyman A. Ellis was then District Attorney, and it had been the custom during the administrations of Judges Dillon and Richman for the District Attorney to take the Grand Jury the first two days of court, and then take up the criminal cases for trial. But Judge Hubbard would have none of that. In Catteraugus county where he came from the State cases had precedence, and the District Attorney came in for more than his full share

of censure. "Mr. District Attorney, the court is unable to make any progress in the administration of justice, and it is all your fault. There are at least thirty criminal causes on the docket that ought to have been tried at once on the opening of the court, and you are not ready in any of them. We have a Grand Jury and Petit Jury, and at least a hundred witnesses are waiting. Gentlemen who have litigation pending are detained away from their business, and we are unable to make any progress, and it is costing Jackson county at least \$300 a day every day when court is in session. It is all your fault, and the people ought to hold you responsible for it when election comes." The poor District Attorney tried to urge the custom of the resident judges, but the court wouldn't listen to it. "That was the way they did business where he came from," and all Lyman could do was to take his medicine, and hear the court "jack him up" every session both morning and afternoon.

But the District Attorney's opportunity to get even came sooner than he expected. The first case in which a jury was empanelled was one which I brought for a woman against her landlord for an assault and battery. Judge William E. Lettingwell had agreed to assist me, and Judge Darling appeared for the defence. Judge Hubbard got greatly interested in the case, and I remember his standing up at the end of the bench nearest the jury with a look of the intensest sneering scorn that I never saw the equal of on the face of any one else, and when Judge Darling made some objection to the testimony I was offering, he burst out with "Mr. Darling you don't want to give the court any excuse for telling the jury his opinion of your client." The objection was withdrawn, and we closed the testimony just as court adjourned for supper, having agreed to sum up the case in the evening.

When court reconvened I opened the case for the plaintiff. It had got noised around town that Lettingwell and Darling were to argue the case, and the Court room was packed. When I closed after a half hour talk to the jury, Darling surprised the court by saying, "We submit the case without argument," thus shutting out Lettingwell who he knew was "loaded for bear." The court had not written a word to his charge, having intended to do that while these gladiators were having their innings. He dropped into his seat and seizing a pen and a sheet of paper began writing furiously. A dead silence fell on the Court room in which the scratching of the judge's pen could be plainly heard. After about ten minutes Ellis arose, his hands making futile efforts to pull his cuffs further down over them, and occasionally caressing the little tuft of whiskes under his chin, which a Dubque newspaper man said "made him look like a twin brother of Uncle Sam," commenced in his falsetto voice, "Your honor, I would like to inquire what is the reason of this delay in the administration of justice? We lost a day in the opening of the court. There is a Grand Jury waiting and a Petit jury also. Gentlemen interested in litigation pending in this court are detained away from their business. I have some thirty criminal cases that I am anxious to try, and there are not less than a hundred witnesses in attendance, and we are unable to make any progress.

and it is costing Jackson county not less than \$300 every day we hold court, I would like to know the reason so that it may go before the people before election time."

From the time Ellis began the two men looked steadily into each others eyes, and both comprehended the ludicrousness of the situation, but the countenance of each was as impassive as that of a wooden Indian, but at the close Judge Hubbard pointing his pen at the District Attorney merely said: "Very good, Mr. Ellis, very good, very good indeed, Sir," and fell to writing again, but there was no more howling for business for the rest of the term.

Among the indicted parties were several charged with illegal sales of intoxicating liquor. Two of them were advised by Judge Kelso to plead guilty, and he interceded with the court for the imposition of a light fine. The Judge read them such a lecture as neither they, or any one else ever heard. Every sentence cut like a whip lash. He told them that he had infinitely more respect for a horse thief than for them, and the poor Germans as they stood overwhelmed and cowering under his denunciation evidently thought that if they escaped with imprisonment for life they would be fortunate. They abjectly promised that they would never handle a beer mug again, and could scarcely believe their counsel when he told them that their extent of their punishment was a fine of twenty-five dollars. At hearing their sentence another of the indicted ones thought that he could stand the abuse if he could get off with a twenty-five dollar fine, and promptly walked up and pleaded guilty. The Judge eyed him a moment, and remarked that he had taken Judge Kelso's conscience as the measure of the other fellows punishment, but now he would follow his own, and socked the man with a fine of \$250, saying if he were in his own district it would be three times as much. There were no more pleas of guilty while "Hubbard was holding court, or court martial, down in Jackson."

Killing Michael Reating in 1859.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

On the morning of the 11th day of September, 1859, the steamer Pembino pulled up at the Golding wood yard between Sabula and Bellevue, to take on a supply of wood. While the deck hands were carrying the wood on the boat, the Second Mate, Calvin C. Edgar, objected to the way one of the hands, Michael Reating, carried the wood. Reating, as it appeared afterwards, had a weak chest and could not carry wood in his arms, but instead placed it on his shoulder. The Mate ordered him to grab up the wood in his arms and go. Reating insisted that he could carry as much wood as the others and carry it in his own way.

While Reating was picking up a load the Mate kicked him and told him he would have it carried as he wanted it done. Reating said, "I want no man to kick me," and after throwing down his load on the boat repeated, "I want no man to kick me." While he was stooped over picking up another load, the Mate according to several witnesses, picked up a stick of wood in both hands and struck Reating across the chest. Reating dropped the wood and clinched the Mate, but the blow seemed to have weakened him. The Mate knocked him down and kicked him, and Reating lay there on his face until turned over by another deck hand who said that he was frothing at the mouth, and had the death rattle in his throat. The Captain ordered four men to carry Reating onto the boat where he ceased to breathe in three or four minutes.

The boat landed at Sabula and an inquest was held over the body on board the boat by Justice Morris S. Allen, acting as Coroner, there being no Coroner. The jurors were C. F. Fairbanks, J. Johnston and O. H. Risley. The verdict of the jury was that deceased came to his death from blows from a stick of wood in the hands of Calvin C. Edgar, Second Mate of the steamboat Pembino. The post mortem showed that the left lung of Reating was ruptured, and that the whole cavity of the chest on that side was filled with blood. The Mate was indicted at the December term of court by the grand jury of Jackson county, of which Shepherd Cavin was foreman, and Henry O'Connor was district attorney. The case came up for trial at the April term of court, and a jury was empanelled, composed of men with whom the writer in most part was very intimately acquainted, and in whom he would have implicit confidence, but who after hearing the evidence and argument of the ablest counsel the country could produce at that time, found the defendant not guilty.

The McArdle Murder.

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ellis, Curator)

One of the most brutal and revolting murders which it has been our lot to write of, was committed in Prairie Creek township, Dubuque county, on the evening of the 12th day of February, 1864.

Patrick McArdle, wife and three grown up sons lived in Prairie Creek township, some 18 or 20 miles southwest of Dubuque, and according to evidence of neighbors, had lived there since 1848. The old man reasonably well off, had 200 acres of land, but the home life was unpleasant. The old man told some of the neighbors that he believed the old woman and boys would kill him. They frequently beat him. On one occasion it came out in evidence that Patrick, Jr. beat his father terribly and would have killed him if one of the others boys had not interfered.

On the evening of February 12th, Mrs. McArdle claimed that the three boys had gone to a debate at a school house in the neighborhood, and that shortly after the boys left two drunken men came and called for whiskey which the old man refused them. This she heard from the outside and went into the house and found the old man down and went to him to protect him at the same time telling the men they could have all the whiskey they wanted. She said the men threw her out of the house and she went to Collins, the nearest neighbors, and told Collins her story and asked Collins to go to the school house for the boys, which, he, Collins did, going on horseback, and calling the boys out told them what their mother had told him. The boys went home and got some of the neighbors to go. When the neighbors came they found the house dark. A candle was procured and lighted, and on going upstairs the old man McArdle was found lying on the floor dead with many wounds about his head and face, and brains oozing from his skull and pools of blood on the floor, and blood on the stove wood in lower story where it had leaked through.

An inquest was held and the verdict of the Coroner's jury was that deceased was killed by parties to them unknown. But a day or two later Mrs. McArdle confessed to having killed the old man, although it was believed the sons were also guilty. Mrs. Catherine McArdle and the three sons were held for the murder but at an examination before Judge Stephen S. Hemstead on the 23rd, 24th and 25th of the same month, James and John McArdle were released from custody and Catherine and Patrick Jr. were held. Mrs. McArdle took a change of venue to Jackson county, but Patrick took his chances with his neighbors and was tried in Dubuque county, his moth-

er, Catherine McArdle, appearing as a witness for him and testifying that she killed the old man and that Patrick did not know of it until after the murder, and Patrick was acquitted. Catherine was tried at the October term of the District Court of Jackson county, convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 9th of December, 1864, but before that date Governor Stone commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life, and a few years later, Governor Samuel Merrill pardoned her out. Of course this was not a Jackson county crime, but I mention it because it was tried in Jackson county.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

Rio Dell, Cal., Sept. 28th, 1906.

Mr. J. W. Ellis,
Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: I visited my old home—Maquoketa—in 1898. My sister, Mrs. Emily Ellis, and I visited your museum, and I promised to send you something. Perhaps you have forgotten as you never saw me but once. I will send you a piece of Red wood bark 16 inches thick—I have seen it 20 inches thick. You can easily see which was the outside. The white end was next to the sap. I also send you a little Indian basket that I know to be genuine, it was made by an Indian woman out at the Hoopo Reservation in this county. There is much of this kind of work that is not made by Indians at all, some of it being made at the Normal schools here. There is so much demand for it. The black part that is woven into this basket is made from the stems of maiden hair ferns, so there is no coloring in it, the material having the natural color. I will try to look up something else for you. My son and I are out here taking care of my half brother, George W. Pate, whose health is very poor. He is the man that William Ellis and wife came out to look after, but Mr. Ellis got homesick and went back. Mr. Ellis, in the near future, I will write what I know about the early history of Jackson county, as both of my parents were pioneers. My mother was the oldest daughter of O. J. Edwards and came there in 1836. My father came in 1840. His name was Harrison Huling and settled three miles south of Andrew. I have read with much pleasure all that has been published in the Sentinel.

Yours with respect,

MRS. REBECCA HULING-TYLER.

The Phillips Family Among the Oldest Pioneers.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

A. J. Phillips, one of the oldest pioneers of the Maquoketa Valley, came here with his father, William Phillips, in the month of May, 1837, and is still living hale and hearty. William Phillips, John Clark and Isaac Mitchell were undoubtedly the first men to settle where the city of Maquoketa is now located. In the fall of 1837, four other men came to this locality and settled. A man by the name of Parmeter, or Parmenter, took up a claim in what is now the heart of Maquoketa and built a cabin near what is now the junction of Main and Platt street and the next spring, 1838, sold the claim including cabin to John E. Goodenow. Isaac Mitchell took up a claim which he afterwards sold to William Current, which is also in the city limits; in the southwest quarter of the city. William Phillips claim was in the northeast quarter of the city and is owned in part at least by Gene Hatfield. Phillips and his family lived in a tent until he could build a cabin. John Clark claimed the land where the fair grounds now are, and built a cabin near Mill Creek and as early as the spring of 1838 there were six cabins within the present limits of Maquoketa.

William Phillips had the forethought to bring a small hand mill with him, and when he had raised some corn the little mill was fastened to a post set in the ground near the corner of the house and for two or three years Mr. Phillips and his neighbors managed to grind enough corn in this little mill to make their bread. The mill had two cranks and two men could get up considerable motion. Mr. A. J. Phillips says that when his father took his claim and pitched his tent near the river about half a mile above the forks there was a cabin on the north side of the river below the forks in which three men lived who were regarded with a great deal of suspicion by the elder Phillips and his neighbors. They were known as Banner, Jim Burnett and Orsemus, but assumed other names at different times and places. Banner, who seemed to be the leader, tried on several occasions to get Mr. Phillips to go hunting or fishing with him, but Phillips was suspicious and would not have anything to do with him.

On one occasion a man came to Phillips' place and wanted to stay over night with him. Said that he had stopped at the cabin occupied by the three men at the forks of the river and asked them to set him across the river in a boat they kept for that purpose, but the men insisted that he should stay over night with them and urged him to stay so strenuously that he became suspicious of them. He noticed that they talked to each other aside in a low voice and his suspicions being aroused, he became very dis-

creet. He finally told them that he thought that he had better accept their hospitality and remain with them until morning, and after conversing with the men for a time he strolled out to the river, and along its banks and when out of sight of the cabin stepped into the water and waded across and made his way to Phillips' tent. Phillips told him that he thought if he had staid over night at the cabin he never would have got any farther. The three men finding themselves objects of distrust among the settlers suddenly disappeared. Some time afterwards the Phillips boys were fishing near the forks, and discovered bones sticking out of the river bank, where the high water had caused the bank to cave in and on investigation the bones proved to be human bones, and the settlers believed that they were the bones of some unfortunate wayfarer whom the occupants of the cabin had made way with. Some time after the disappearance of the three men from this locality, they were heard from as living on the Fever river near Galena, under different names, and they were objects of distrust there also. A citizen of Galena disappeared and could not be found and his friends for some reason believed that the three men had something to do with his disappearance, and thought of having them arrested. The men in some way learned of the suspicion, and of their contemplated arrest and again decamped, and later the body of the missing man was found buried near their cabin.

Mr. Phillips says at the time of their arrival in the valley there was a large Indian village just below the present site of the sawmill at Hurstville, and he remembers that the Indians buried their dead on the sand ridge where the village of Hurstville is now located. He says he recalls that there was some large elm trees stood there with large roots above the ground, and that in some cases two or more Indians were placed between the roots with body reclining against the tree and pens built about them to protect the bodies from wild animals. He said that the Indians explained that during the smallpox epidemic, the people died so fast that they could not be properly buried. He mentions one Indian that his father sometimes employed to spear fish for him, who said that after their terrible experience with smallpox, he had made up his mind never to live with the Indians any more.

William Phillips built the first saw mill in this locality on Mill creek, nearly 2 miles east of the village. He selected a place on the creek where there was a rock bottom, and a rocky bluff on the east side and heavy body of timber on west side, thinking the roots of the trees would protect the dam on that side. The mill when completed done a lively business for a time, as there was a big demand for lumber, but after a time rainy weather set in, and one day a neighbor who was fishing below the dam, noticed muddy water coming out of a small hole that he thought must be a craw-fish hole. Later in the evening he again noticed the muddy water coming out of the same place, and then thought it must be a muskrat hole. The rain continued to fall and next morning it was discovered that the water had undermined the trees on the west side and upset them and made a new channel, and the dam that had cost so much hard labor had to be replaced.

Mr. Phillips had a very unpleasant experience with the outlaws that infested the country in its first settlement. On one occasion three men came

to his cabin and requested dinners and horse feed, and as Mr. Phillips was noted for his hospitality, no one was ever turned away from his door cold or hungry. When the wants of these men had been supplied they insisted on paying for their entertainment, and tendered a \$50 bill which Phillips examined, and knowing that the bank was good he changed the bill. When the men had left, one of Phillips girls spoke about one of the men having but one thumb, and this fact excited the suspicion of Mr. Phillips as at that time a man known as "One Thumbed Thompson" bore a bad reputation in the county. Phillips took the bill up to Mr. Goodenow's, and showed it to Goodenow and others, and all of those who saw it pronounced it a spurious bill. Phillips then went to Dubuque with it and had his suspicions confirmed. He never got a cent out of the transaction.

At another time he was told by a friend that he had heard W. W. Brown of Bellevue tell a couple of men that a man by name of Phillips living near the forks of the Maquoketa, had a good team of horses that were worth looking after. Phillips had a pasture fenced off for his horses with a very strong rail fence, into which he turned his horses at night. The horses were high mettled and were pretty hard to catch when running in the pasture. Phillips usually had to coax them into the log stable in order to catch them. Some time after he received this warning that his horses were coveted by others. He awoke one night and heard the horses running in the pasture which was near the cabin. He went out and hallowed, thinking if anyone was trying to steal his horses he would frighten them away. The next morning he found that one of the horses was outside of the pasture and one inside. He went entirely around the enclosure and found the fence up all right and the gate shut and fastened with a pin. When he wanted to use the team he missed one of the bridles which could not be found and the mystery deepened.

That fall while picking plums in a thicket near the forks, the boys found the bridle in the plum thicket, the reins tied to a plum tree. Phillips when told of the finding of the bridle, remarked that the mystery was cleared up. He thought that parties had come to steal the horses, and had succeeded in catching one, and tied him up with the bridle and went after the other, and while trying to catch the other horse, the one tied up slipped the bridle over his head, a trick that he was an adept at, and made his escape.

William Phillips' family consisted of himself and wife, four girls and three boys. In 1846 he sold his claim near the forks of the river to David Sears, and removed to a quarter section of land that he owned or claimed west of the village and now known as the Lenker farm.

In 1854 he sold this farm and removed to Des Moines where he resided until 1857, when he died from a dose of strichnine taken by mistake for quinine. One of the girls married Alfred Clark in 1842, and in 1850 they went to California. Another, Nancy, married Joel Higgins, the well known fine horse breeder of Higginsport, Dubuque county. A. J., as above stated, days in Jas in Maquoketa and is full of interesting reminiscences of early still resideckson county.

A. H. Wilson, who is now past ninety, tells an amusing experience that he and Vosburg had with two of the Phillips girls in 1839 or 1840. There was to be a dance at Shade Burlesons, and while there was quite a number of young men in the valley, young ladies were almost as scarce as hens teeth. It was known that there were two girls at Phillips' place, but they were young and shy, and had never appeared at any of the gatherings in the neighborhood. Wilson and Vosburg conceived the idea of bringing the girls out. They procured a buckboard the evening of the dance and drove out to Phillips' place which was about six or seven miles from Burleson's cabin. When the young men arrived at Phillips' cabin, Wilson acted as spokesman and informed Mrs. Phillips that there was to be a dance at Burleson's, and asked her permission to take the girls to the dance. Mrs. Phillips told him that the girls could go and that she would help them to get ready. The girls, however, had a different view of the matter. When they heard their mother tell Wilsou they could go with him to the dance, they sprang out through the open door and ran like frightened rabbits. Wilson leaped out in pursuit and chased them around the house, but without making headway. He said when he turned a corner of the cabin he would catch a glimpse of the girls going around the next corner. He finally ordered Vosburg to stand at one corner and head them off, and by that means run them back into the house, where the mother took a hand in, and gave the girls to understand that she had promised that they would go with the boys to the dance, and they had to go. She helped them to array themselves in their best clothes, and the four young people boarded the buckboard and set out for Burleson's. Mr. Wilson says he could not by any manner of means induce his partner to utter one word on the journey, and she would neither dance nor talk after their arrival at the dance. Burleson had no little sport at Wilson's expense, twitting him with having a partner who would neither dance nor converse with him, until in sheer desperation, Wilson dragged the girl out on the floor and led her by main strength through the figure. After the ice was thus broken, Mr. Wilson found that he had a very agreeable, pleasant partner. She explained her behavior by saying that she was so frightened at the thoughts of trying to dance the figures as the others were doing that it really made her sick and miserable. The cabins in those days were far apart, indeed, and the young people had few opportunities for social gatherings, and for making acquaintances.

and moved back to Kentucky, but afterwards returned to Illinois. The family settled in Jackson county, Iowa, and each of the sons took up claims for themselves. Fielding and William were also married in Illinois. The remainder married in Jackson county.

In about the year 1830, Fielding, Calvin, Ballard and William went to California to make their fortunes in digging gold. Berryman joined them in 1832. They were there three years, returning via the Pacific Ocean, Isthmus of Panama, Atlantic Ocean and New York City, whence awaiting in Iowa. They failed to realize their expectations of making their fortunes.

Nearly two years after their return, Ballard married Miss Mary Jane Furnish. To them were born three children—Septimius, Isaac and Otto.

Sketch of the Life of B. B. Breeden.

(Handed to Curator J. W. Ellis.)

At about the beginning of the year 1700, three brothers, Henry, Job and Richard Breeden came from England and settled in Virginia and married. Job remained there all his life, living on the old homestead. Henry and Richard, with their families, went west after a time and settled in Lawrence county, Kentucky. They each took up homesteads. During an encounter with the Indians, Henry and his two sons were killed, but not until Henry had killed six Indians before he fell.

Richard married Fannie Fairchild, a Virginian woman. To them were born eleven children, seven boys and four girls, the seventh child being Richard, Jr., who was born in 1778 in what is now known as Louisville, Ky., then called Bear Grass, consisting of only three little log cabins. He was the first white child born there, and was the father of B. B. Breeden, the subject of this sketch. Richard Sr. lived and died on the old homestead in Lawrence county, Ky. The children scattered to various parts of the country. Paul went to Louisiana, James, Williams and Richard, Jr. to Indiana. Richard settled in Monroe Co., Ind., in about the year 1818. He was married to Miss Lucretia Curl before he left Kentucky. To them were born 14 children, 13 of whom lived to be grown. I give their names in order of their ages: Fielding born 1810, Millie, Richard O., William, Polly, Dudley, Blan Ballard, Susan, Lucretia, Jane, Berryman, Calvin, James and Amanda. The first six were born in Lawrence county, Kentucky, while Ballard and Susan were born in Monroe county, Ind. The whole family afterwards moved to Putman county, Ind., where Jane and Berryman were born, the family afterwards moving to Edgar county, Ill., where the rest of the children were born.

In the year 1838 the family moved to Iowa. Millie married in Illinois and moved back to Kentucky, but afterwards returned to Illinois. The family settled in Jackson county, Iowa, and each of the sons took up claims for themselves. Fielding and William were also married in Illinois. The remainder married in Jackson county.

In about the year 1850, Fielding, Calvin, Ballard and Williams went to California to make their fortunes in digging gold. Berryman joined them in 1852. They were there three years, returning via the Pacific Ocean, Isthmus of Panama, Atlantic Ocean and New York City, thence overland to Iowa. They failed to realize their expectations of making their fortunes.

Nearly two years after their return, Ballard married Miss Mary Jane Furnish. To them were born three children—Sophronia, DeSoto and Otto.

She died on the 12th day of February, 1861. On the 5th day of September, he married Miss Mary Ann Campbell. To them were born seven children: Frances J., Dora L., Williams S., Lillie V., Arizona M., Millie L. and Clara ence Bird. Williams S. and Millie L. died in infancy.

Richard Breeden, father of B. B. Breeden, died in September, 1872; Lucretia, his mother, died in February, 1874, at the ages of 84 and 83 years, respectively. Fielding moved to Keokuk, county, Iowa, where he died in 1887. Williams returned to Illinois and lived in Hancock county, where he died in 1896. Berryman never returned from California. He died in the year 1875 or 1876. Owen was killed by a falling tree while hunting on the 12th day of February, 1868. Millie died in Illinois in 1865. Polly died in Kansas in 1878. Dudley died in Jackson Co., Iowa, in 1842. Susan died in Jackson Co. in 1845. Lucretia died in infancy in Putman Co., Ind. Jane now lives in Mariposa Co., Cal. Calvin died very suddenly on Oct. 31, 1899. James lives in Clear Lake, Wis., and Amanda in Jackson county.

Mr. Breeden died on June 7, 1906, being 86 years, 5 months and 19 days old. His life was long and useful, and he was loved and honored by all his family, and highly respected by all who knew him.

But in pioneer days it was not so easy to get a light. There were no friction matches in this country in those days and fire was obtained by the flint and steel, and a little pack of gunpowder, and some intensive substance, and then retained by banking the fire in the fireplace with ashes over night, or when leaving home for a day or such a matter.

In a conversation recently with "Uncle Aene" Wilson (who came here a man in 1839 and is nearly 91 years old, active and clear in mind), he told about making a trip soon after he came here up into the Canton region. Above the Chenoweth he crossed the South Fork of the Mississippi at Lodge's Ford—so-called after a soldier named Lodge, who was there when the earliest settlers began to come in. Mr. Wilson stopped to talk with this old squatter, who during the conversation told about his fire going out while he was away from his cabin. At that time there were no settlers in the country with "fire to lend", you may of heard your grandfathers talk tell about "borrowing fire" if they had chosen to go out during the night or their absence. Well Lodge couldn't do that because he was out of everything as well as fire—and he also chance to be out of punk and powder though he had flint and steel to strike the spark with. But a spark needed a place of punk to catch and hold it while the breath came the small beginning to spread into a result. In order to obtain this vital substance (which punk in our grandmothers days) Lodge had to go in, through a very narrow path through an unbroken forest and back again to his flint and steel and hearthstone. A stirring song is "Auld Lang Syne", but there were some things in other days—not as handy as a match.

CAL TRIPLE'S TRIP TO SEE A GIRL AND SOME THINGS THEY TALKED ABOUT.

As Uncle Aene Wilson and the writer sat in McElroy's clear store on election day having their old time chat, some word spoken about some pioneer would stir the waters of the old man's past, release the hidden springs

TERRITORIAL PIONEERS.

A Half Hour With "Uncle Ance" Wilson While Looking Backward—An Eighty Mile Journey for Fire.

(Written for the Jackson County Historical Society by "Farmer Buckhorn.")

Today if our fires go out a lighted friction match applied to a few shavings, or a little lamp oil is all that is necessary to bring desired results. But in pioneer days in Jackson county it was different. There were no friction matches in this country in those days and fire was attained by the flint and steel, and a little punk or gunpowder, and some inflammable substance, and then retained by banking the fire in the fireplace with ashes over night, or when leaving home for a day or such a matter.

In a conversation recently with "Uncle Ance" Wilson (who came here a man in 1839 and is nearly 91 years old, active and clear in mind), he told about making a trip soon after he came here up into the Canton region. Above the Cheneworth he crossed the South Fork of the Maquoketa at Lodges Ford—so-called after a settler named Lodge, who was there when the earliest settlers began to come in. Mr. Wilson stopped to talk with this old squatter, who during the conversation told about his fires going out while he was away from his cabin. At that time there were no settlers in the country with "fire to lend", you may of heard your grandfathers folks tell about "borrowing fire" if their fire chanced to go out during the night or their absence. Well Lodge couldn't do that because he was out of neighbors as well as fire—and he also chanced to be out of punk and powder though he had flint and steel to strike the spark with. But a spark needed a piece of punk to catch and hold it while the breath causes the small beginning to spread into a result. In order to obtain this vital substance (called punk in our grandmothers days) Lodge had to go to Dubuque, forty miles through an unbroken forest and back again to his flint and steel and hearthstone. A stirring song is "Auld Ang Zyne", but there were some things in other days—not as handy as a match.

CAL. TEEPLE'S TRIP TO SEE A GIRL AND SOME THINGS THEY TALKED ABOUT.

As Uncle Ance Wilson and the writer sat in McCaffrey's cigar store on election day having their old time chat, some word spoken about some pioneer would stir the waters of the old man's past, release the hidden springs

of mind that set the wheels of memory going and opens old forgotten graves. And the old pioneer of four score and ten, kindled with thoughts of the past would pass from one event to another either ludicrous, social, or tragic as some mention, or query brought him out. In speaking of early social events, he remarked that when Joseph S. Mallard was paying court to Cadellia Cox (daughter of Col. Thomas Cox), whom he afterwards married, Calvin Teeple who lived in the same neighborhood with Mallard (the Buckhorn region) conceived the idea of going down with Mallard and try and fan a flame in the soul of another daughter of Col. Cox. It was Teeple's first acquaintance with Miss Cox and shortly after the arrival of the young pioneers. Teeple asked Miss Cox if she was averse to having a little private conversation with him. (Didn't want Dan Cupid to be molested by any of the old Cox, I suppose). The young frontier damsel said, "Mr. Teeple what private affair do you wish to discuss with me?" Calvin Teeple never was very easily non-plused but for a second or so this business method reply of Miss Cox put Cal at his wits end for an answer. But he soon pulled himself together and laconically answered, "I would like your private opinion on rats." Cal had his innings and all Miss Cox could say was she didn't know anything about rats. "Uncle Ance" said the Cox Misses were handsome girls.

MR. WILSON SPEAKS OF COL. COX IN HIS NARRATIVE.

In speaking of the Cox family, "Uncle Ance" said his first acquaintance with Cox was made at Iowa City in 1839. He had gone to Iowa City to enter his land and Thomas Cox and John G. McDonald were there at the time surveying the town plat of the newly located capital. The opinion he formed of Col. Cox while at Iowa City was good. Cox conducted himself well there so far as he saw and was a splendid specimen of physical manhood with a personal magnetism that drew men to him who liked physical courage and will force, but that he afterward killed himself with hard drinking and died on his claim northeast of Maquoketa some five or six years after coming to Jackson county. I knew that at the time of the Bellevue war, Captain Wm. A. Warren, sheriff, claimed to have deputized Col. Cox to help raise a posse to arrest Wm. W. Brown and twenty-three others and that the so-called posse as a mob scourged the prisoners by lash on the naked flesh and that Cox was the big mogul on that occasion and mention of the Col. Cox family fathered the thought and I asked "Uncle Ance" (who Cox tried to induce to go and take part against Brown) if Cox, in any way, brought the impression to him that he was wanted to help enforce a legal arrest of Brown by warrant in the hands of the sheriff. He said, "No, his claim was he (Cox) was going to drive Brown out of the country as he was a bad man."

In speaking of Brown, Mr. Wilson said he come to know him well as he often put up at Brown's hotel while teaming from Maquoketa to Gajena and did not think there was anything wrong with Brown and so told Cox and refused to go, stating Brown would be a fool to surrender to a mob. Mrs. Brown, he said, was apparently a refined womanly woman and at the time of the attack on the Brown party she was cool and self-possess-

ed and during the fight handed loaded rifles to the defenders. Mr. Wilson said after the capture Mrs. Brown was taken to the river and threatened with being lashed to a plank and set adrift if she did not tell where Brown's money was. She coolly told them a hundred strong men could set a poor weak woman adrift, or kill her, as they had killed her husband but they couldn't make her tell anything she did not want to, and they were compelled to let her go without the desired information. If that statement is true—and there is no question of it—it was a damnable transaction, as reeking with the orders of hell as the grave clothes of sin.

"Uncle Ance's" narrative seemed imbued with the idea that if Cox and Brown never had been political rivals there never would have been any attempt to humiliate Brown—consequently no Bellevue war. And if it had not have been for Col. Cox's will with the force of a glacier Captain Warren and some others would probably not have been so sagely confident of Brown's guilt. "Uncle Ance" got well acquainted with Captain Warren while teaming to Galena and says of him:

"Bill Warren was a social fellow and the right sort of a man for the country in those early days. While he was the sheriff he took the census of the country and collected the taxes. There wasn't much tax to collect, to be sure, but there was some. No one had much money to pay taxes with. Warren would take peltry, cooperage—in fact anything there was any chance to convert into money or exchange for county benefits. When going to Galena I used to cross at Bellevue and go up on the Illinois side and quite frequently Warren would go up with me. He was an inveterate smoker and in those days always smoked a clay pipe with a stem not to exceed an inch in length. There were no matches at that time and a coal had to be used to light up with. One trip going up Warren had me stop where an Irish woman was boiling soap so he could light his pipe. He stood near the fire rubbing up a little natural leaf and packing it into his stub of a pipe when the Irish woman said to him, 'Faith mon if that be the longest pipe stem ye hev ye never'll smoke inybody's chimney but your own.'"

A CORNER THAT STOOD LAW.

"Uncle Ance" said when the country was settling up he one day came to a couple of neighbors who were setting up some kind of a land mark and upon asking them what they were doing received the reply from one of them, "We are establishing a corner." "But," says Mr. Wilson in a jocular way, "it wont stand law," and received the prompt reply "Well, it will if Uncle Kim and I say so." Mr. Wilson said although the government survey had located the corner several feet away the one set up by thost two neighbors was always considered as the boundary between them and has never been moved which proves there is a law higher than law.

A WELL PRESERVED RED OAK TREE THIRTY-FIVE FEET BENEATH SOD NEVER
TURNED BY THE HAND OF MAN.

After "Uncle Ance" had mentioned the laughable incident of Cal. Teeple's visit to Miss Cox and other matters mentioned, he said soon after he came to Iowa territory he and Mark Current, Sr. dug a well for Teeple on

top of the rise of land north of Nashville, where Calvin Teeple lived and when they were down thirty-five feet they came onto a red oak tree trunk some eight or ten inches in diameter, well preserved, and with the bark still on. The tree lay horizontally across the bottom of the hole they were digging. They chopped a piece out and dug about five feet farther and struck water in a bed of gravel and sand. Some force of ice, wind or tide must have scooped out the hole Nashville stands in and swept the dirt north and buried that tree long before the red bones came to the country. If it didn't what did, Mr. Geologist?

ALMOST A RELIGIOUS INDICTMENT.

As "Uncle Ance" traveled in his mind from one milestone to another that maps the past, it was evident there were events in the little world of churches that were pioneering here as well as among other things. Some switch thrown on his line of reminiscences led him to speak of the coming of the Rev. William Salter, who in 1843, founded the first Congregational church in the Maquoketa valley with seven members consisting of Wm. H. Efner, Mrs. Sophia Shaw, Thomas S. Flathers, Eliel Nims, Elizabeth Nims and Mrs. McCloy and her husband, Joseph McCloy, who on Mill creek just south of the present limits of Maquoketa built the first grist mill in Jackson county, that bolted flour and done custom work there for over half a century. There came as missionaries with the Rev. Salter several others known as the "Iowa Band." About a year afterwards one of them, that was located at Cedar Rapids came to visit the Rev. Salter who took him around to call on members of the church here. Toward noon they called at the McCloy home and Mrs. McCloy insisted on their staying to dinner. They accepted and said while she was preparing dinner they would go over to the mill and visit with Bro. McCloy. While they were there Mrs. McCloy sent a girl to the mill for a little flour for cakes. McCloy filled the dish from a grist he was grinding at the time for some customer. Mr. Wilson said there was probably one or two cents worth of the flour and McCloy probably gave it no thought as grain was about as cheap as sand in those days. But there was a vital religious principle outraged (a cents worth) and it was thought best to have it investigated at the next meeting. It became noised among the profane world, and another meeting was called and a petition signed to have the church proceedings quashed as to Mr. McCloy's cent's worth of forgetfulness of one of the ten commandments. He might have thought that cent's worth of flour came under the head of Christ's command to his disciples to take of the corn to sustain the present but none to carry away. None were anxious to present the petition of the people so Shade Burleson, who took a delight in most things of life from the sublime to the ridiculous, arose and moved it be presented by the humblest man in the country and a ballot be taken to locate him. A certain settler (won't name him) who "Uncle Ance" said was the humblest man he ever saw in his life, rose up and addressed the chair, "You needn't go to the trouble to take a vote as I am already elected." Burleson asked him if he would qualify and he said he would so the petition was turned over to him to present at the following church meeting.

After the regular sermon was delivered by the Rev. Salter and services closed, he remarked, there was a little church business to come before those interested. All present were interested and when the subject was brought up "the humblest man in the country" walked up with his petition and laid it on the altar. The Rev. Salter glanced over it and remarked, "Brethren the charge against Brother McCloy will be dropped for the present." "Uncle Ance" said it always stayed dropped.

This half hour spent with "Uncle Ance" Wilson was interesting and instructive to the writer, as he is a man of known reliability, social activity and the last living link between the present and the time prior to 1840 of those, who at man's estate, came to Jackson county. This narrative is only a memory record of a social chat as such things go between men, but in the main is true to details.

In the Van Buren Township Neighborhood Sixty Years Ago

(From Sarah Garrison)

As the season of the year outlines one of the near approach of Christmas, and not being busy I thought I would write a few lines either for the waste or the waste basket, which I will leave the editor to decide, and my mind runs back to the Christmas time in this neighborhood, sixty years ago, the busy time in this old Wyckoff home, a part of which was built, no purpose for merry making on Christmas and other holidays. My married father, Col. H. H. Wyckoff, in building a kitchen which he wanted included to make one that would answer two purposes, so he built it round and put in a swing partition so, when he liked to make it into a dance hall he could. The partition was swung in to the wall and it made a hall 24 feet wide and 36 feet long, which at that time was the most dancing hall in the country. As I look back to my earliest days I can see that old mother with her arms rolled, saying the minister had come here and mince pies which only mothers can make, besides the gingerbread and dried cakes that tasted so good to me, and as I bring it home to me that although she has been dead fifty years I can hear her say, "The children, don't touch those pies or that gingerbread or those dried cakes, they are for Christmas. Well, now if you will be a good boy and wait those dry rolls so when father comes he can hold a fire in the oven. I have 25 mince pies ready to bake and I will give you a whole cake of the gingerbread." The oven spoken of was built of brick, worked over the fire was an iron door. It was heated by either with wood and straw, or wood and coal burned down, the ashes and coals were taken out through a hole, and wanted to bake was put in. Mother would bake 25 pies at one sitting. I have counted 250 mince pies of the party which alone, then. Father would this take the waste basket and go to the wash of the kitchen, there will still be some who will read it with pleasure. As the time I am writing about the company did not wait, until eight or nine o'clock

A BUCKEYE XMAS.

How it was Spent in the Van Buren Township Neighborhood Sixty Years Ago.

(From Sabula Gazette.)

As the season of the year notifies me of the near approach of Christmas, and not being busy I thought I would write a few lines either for the Gazette or the waste basket, which I will leave the editor to decide, and my mind runs back to the Christmas time in this neighborhood, sixty years ago, the busy times in this old Wyckoff home, a part of which was built on purpose for merry making on Christmas and other holidays. My revered father, Col. R. B. Wyckoff, in building a kitchen which he needed, concluded to make one that would answer two purposes, so he built it 16x36 and put in a swing partition so when he wished to make it into a dance hall he could. The partition was swung up to the wall and it made a hall 16 feet wide and 36 feet long, which at that time was the most elaborate hall in the country. As I look back to my boyhood days I can see that kind old mother with sleeves rolled up mixing the material for those famous mince pies which only mothers can make, besides the gingerbread and fried cakes that tasted so good to me, and as I write it seems to me that although she has been dead fifty years I can hear her say, "Now Charley, don't touch those pies or that gingerbread or those fried cakes, they are for Christmas. Well, now if you will be a good boy and split those dry rails so when father comes he can build a fire in the oven, I have 25 more pies ready to bake and I will give you a cake and a piece of the gingerbread." The oven spoken of was built of brick, arched over on top with an iron door. It was heated by filling with wood and when the wood had been burned down, the ashes and coals were taken out clean and what was wanted to bake was put in. Mother could bake 25 fine pies at one heating. I have counted 200 mince pies on the pantry shelves alone time. Perhaps, should this miss the waste basket and get to the readers of the Gazette, there will still be some who will read it with pleasure. At the time I am writing about the company did not wait until eight or nine o'clock to

come but commenced coming in the afternoon, often as early as 3 o'clock. At 4 o'clock supper commenced and tables had to be set in the dance hall. As fast as people come they were served as it was expected that all would be through with supper and the hall cleared ready to commence dancing by 6 o'clock. Should any one be belated they had to eat supper in a small place. After the hall was cleared the music was generally furnished by Robert Westbrook and John Scarborough, well known in the home of the Gazette, which furnished as guests, the Canfields, Schramlings, Bards, McElroys, Whites, Vials and others. Hauntown furnished the Hauns and Griwsolds. Bellevue furnished Hood Davis and others. Andrew furnished the Butterworths, Palmers and Snyders; Deep Creek furnished the Farleys and Dickeys, besides our home Baldwins, Osburns, Swaney's, Prussias and Hatheways. There was the old tin candlestick that used to hang beside the wall to hold the candles made from deer's tallow, and hog's lard. There was no Standard Oil in those days, and none of your whirl-around-stand-up-and-squeeze-them dances. It was quadrilles, money-musk or Virginia reels. It will be remembered by the early settlers that my father was quite a singer and would often entertain the company with a song. John Scarborough would tell the very amusing story. The mince pies, the gingerbread man and the cake was set on the pantry shelves and everyone helped themselves through the night. Those from Sabula and other distant points often staid until after breakfast. If snow was on the ground they came in sleds, if not they came in wagons with a board across the box or flat down in the bottom, and often with ox teams. I don't remember of any trouble at any of those dances, nor of anyone having too much drink, although on a little stand was a decanter filled with Billy G. Haun's best, free to all who wished it, but right here permit me to say at that time there was no such a place as a saloon. In every trading post either in the back room or cellar there was a keg on tap free to all, and further, most of the young people belonged to some kind of a temperance society, but promoters of temperance quit trying to persuade people to do right and concluded to compel them by law, and I am forced to believe the temperance people made a great mistake in trying to make people be temperate. But just one more thought as I am an old man whose sand is most run out, and go back with me sixty years ago to the old swinging bed and help me raise those warm bed clothes made from the wool spun by those busy hands of mother, and help me raise my head on cold Christmas morning and behold the row of stockings knit by the same fingers, hanging along the mantel shelf of the old fireplace, and see those happy faces as we pile out of bed and eagerly take out the little tokens left us by the man that came down the chimney, and together let us thank God that our lot has been cast in a christian land, and that when he calls we shall meet that good old mother in the happy land.

CHAS. WYCKOFF.

SIXTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

Sabula and its Environs as They were in 1843.

(From Sabula Gazette.)

The following article first appeared in the columns of the Gazette of July 31, 1880, and was written by the late Dr. J. G. Sugg, one of the pioneers of this locality, founder of our Pioneers' and Old Settlers' Association, and one of the most reliable local historians, being possessed of a remarkable memory and a fine education. At the time of publication Dr. Sugg wrote of the days "Thirty-seven Years Ago," and the only change is to make it conform with the changes that have been made since the article was originally written, and to omit unimportant matter.

In 1843 Sabula, then called Charleston, had few inhabitants and fewer dwellings. On the river street, from Long's sawmill to the railroad bridge, there were only eleven buildings, namely: A large, rudely built frame warehouse, first owned by a man named Carey, standing on the bank of the river, about opposite the present residence of Henry Cohrt. Next was the old frame dwelling house, then owned and occupied by James Leonard (father of the late Jas. E. Leonard), and standing on the ground now occupied by Thompson's store. A short distance below this, and in the street, stood an abandoned log house. A frame building, occupied then and until his death in 1845, by R. H. Hudson as a dry goods store, was located on the lot south of the present city hall. Then came the "Iowa Exchange" a large two-story frame building, the only hotel in the village. This building was torn down years ago and the handsome brick residence of the late A. H. Berner occupies its site. On the ground now occupied by the old stone store building, north of J. L. Kimbell's residence, stood a rough log house, built for the purpose of supplying the much needed "hash" for the few boarders of those early days. Next came the ancient frame building occupied by the late Dr. E. A. Wood as a general store, on the corner where Geo. Laing's elegant home is now located. This was emphatically THE store, it being, with the exception of the Hudson store before noted, the stock in which was very small and limited, the only store in the place, and had no competitor nearer than Bellevue on the north and Lyons on the south. And even this solitary store was closed at times while its owner was away at Galena or elsewhere, procuring new goods.

A short distance south of the last building named stood a respectable frame dwelling, since destroyed by fire, but then owned and occupied by Ulyses Steen as a dwelling and hotel; on the river bank opposite were two frame buildings, one being the old store house at the public landing, across the street southeast of Geo. Laing's residence, built by Wm. Hubbel, and a short distance south was a two-story frame residence. And lastly, on the southeast corner of Quarry street, stood a large rambling frame building, frequently called "Wood's Castle", then owned and occupied by James Wood and family, ancestors of the late E. A. and Jerry Wood. Not one of the above named remains today (1906) to mark the passing of pioneer days.

Returning to the north end of the then village, there were on Pearl street, first, the brick dwelling house built by William Cameron (who was afterward drowned in the river by the sinking of a flat boat loaded with wood) standing on the corner now occupied by Henry Cohr's dwelling. South of this was all open ground until we came to Dominy's blacksmith shop, a rough board shanty standing on the ground now covered by Busch's meat market, Goos's barber shop and Dallagher's cigar factory. At the rear of his shop this worthy son of Vulcan made his charcoal for the forge fire, burning cords of wood at a time for that purpose, the escaping gases floating through town and filling the houses and the nostrils of their inmates with odors very different from those of 'Araby the blest'. Adjoining this shop, was a wagon shop presided over by our pioneer townsman, Fred Schramling, and who took in payment for his work what he could get, "just to accommodate", sometimes cash, sometimes produce, and at least once, stocking yarn. He used for his work native timber, seasoned as well as circumstances would permit. A little further south in the same block was a goodly appearing dwelling, not altogether finished, the enterprising individual who started it leaving for parts unknown and forgetting to pay his debts. One of his victims levied upon the house and sold it to our pioneer preacher Rev. Oliver Emerson, the purchase money being raised by subscription. The building was moved south onto the lot now occupied by M. Gohlmann's handsome home, and fitted up for a residence on the first floor, the second story, used for church services, being reached by an outside stairway. On the lot next to where the building first stood, was a small one story house, owned and occupied by one Miller. South of this and on the east side of the street stood a one-story frame building owned and occupied by J. S. Dominy, who some years later moved it to the rear and erected a stone residence in front of it, being the building now occupied by Miss Eliza Moss, a daughter of Mrs. Dominy by a former husband. Across the street stood a small one and a half-story frame residence, which later was greatly enlarged and became the "Western Hotel" and is now the residence of the late Geo. Bryant and Mr. Freede. The next south was a frame residence owned by James Hudson, on the lot now occupied by Mrs. Thos. Scarborough's home. Then came the frame residence on lot 3 in the same block, which has just recently been overhauled and rebuilt by E. S. Day for a tenement house. The residence on the corner of Pearl and Washington streets, now occupied by Walter Willett came

next, while in the middle of the same block was another small frame residence. Just north of Busch's meat market was a large frame residence, then owned and occupied by E. A. Wood, while on the opposite corner south was the same building that occupies the site at the present time, then owned by Wm. Hubbel, but for many years past the property of Mrs. M. E. Tucker, of Milwaukee. This house, although not very pretentious at the present time, was in 1843 the ultima thule, the ne plus ultra of Pearl street. From that point south all was vacant. West on Broad street, on the lot south of S. E. Day's residence, was a frame building occupied by old Mr. Hudson. The next residence was three blocks north; Thos. Marshall had just erected a large frame residence, which was, many years later, transformed into a modern home by A. J. Copp, and is now occupied by O. A. Manning. One house three blocks further north completed and ended Broad street. There was also a small shanty looking building just northwest of the present location of the Milwaukee depot, but all the rest of the town site was a "waste howling wilderness", with not a vestige of street, highway or improvement being visible. There was no church nor school house, nor even a graveyard. There was no butcher shop, no barber shop nor bakery nor grocery store, but whiskey was abundant. The only available grist mill was Hubbel's, later owned by the Dickinsons, and that of Luther Bowen, two miles east of Savanna.

[In the list of "living actors in the busy scenes of those days" in Charleston, as written by Dr. Sugg, L. H. Steen is the only one living today and he was a small boy at that time.]

At the period of which this paper speaks, a growth of tall, luxuriant grasses covered every spot of untimbered low lying lands adjacent to the village. Immediately west of town the grass grew so tall that a man on horseback passing from Sabula westward on the traveled road, couldn't see men making hay, though only a few rods distant, the grass being from five to eight feet high, and indeed it has been known, by actual measurement, to reach 10 feet high in some places.

A tri-weekly mail between Dubuque and Davenport was our best mail service in those days, and it took a full week to correspond with Andrew, the then place of county business. The postoffice was kept at the private house of William Hubbel, and the arrangements of the office consisted of 20 small pigeon holes.

When death visited the little community and had chosen its victim, the cost of funeral (including a black walnut coffin with a raised lid) seldom exceeded six dollars—five dollars being the price of the coffin—a wagon was used for a hearse and, with all the attending vehicles, was furnished gratis by the owner.

In 1843-4 and 5, a quarter of beef would glut the market, and a single hog of moderate size could not find a purchaser. Two cents a pound for fore quarter of beef and three cents for hind ones, was the ruling price, and pork, when it could be sold or traded at all, brought two or three cents a pound. Town lots were freely traded (there was no disposition to pay cash) at from \$5 to \$10 each, and merchantable produce had to find a cash pur-

chaser at Galena, there being no other market. In 1844 the writer (Dr. J. G. Sugg) sold in Galena a five-year-old steer, a five-year-old Durham cow and a good four-year-old scrub cow for \$30 for the lot, and spent four days in going and returning. At this time a fairly good cow with a young calf sold at from \$9 to \$10. Money was at that time and for some years later, loaned at from 20 to 25 per cent, and yet the law was quite as severe against usury then as it is now.

Leaving town and going northward, there were but nine farms between this place and Clark's Ferry, namely: Carroll's, McCabe's, Cavanaugh's, Thos. Scarborough's, Plunket's, McMahon's, Newberry's, Campbell Caldwell's, Parks, on the Maquoketa bottom. Returning to the road going west there was the farm for many years owned by J. G. Sugg, now owned by the estate of the late Geo. W. Bryant. On this farm Dr. Sugg had a story and a half hewn log house, a log barn covered with hay, and about six acres under cultivation. To the west, on what is now the N. C. White farm, was a rough log cabin and a few acres of cultivated land that was held as a claim by Arthur Mullen. Next on the road was Andrew Smiths, now occupied by Peter Schroeder. The next, the claim of W. B. Beebe, now owned by John Kunau. The next was James Westbrook's farm, now owned and occupied by Martin Harmsen. Adjoining this on the west was a place then claimed by one Shay, now the Jerry Bruce farm. The next one was the farm now owned by Theo. Rodden of which but a few acres was under cultivation. From this farm to the little patch claimed by Bart Gorwin on the waters of Copper Creek—a distance of more than three miles, was, as far as they could reach, an unbroken wilderness, no trace of improvement visible on either side, and wolves fearlessly traveled on the road at noonday. When Thomas Pope halted near the township line, since called Mt. Algor, and began to prepare for a residence, people wondered at his temerity in settling at such a place and essaying to make a farm so far from timber, springs or running stream. From Corwin's to Deep Creek there were six small farms, one of them a mere "bachelor's nest." What is now known as Van Buren, then called 'Buckeye' contained but nine farms from the Maquoketa road north to the valley of the river of that name, while the country lying to the south of the road and east of Copper Creek was destitute of settlement, and what is now Miles and the adjacent country was known as 'the prairie near the big spring west of Green's.'

Returning to the west road and taking the one leading south through Canada Hollow, the first improvement encountered was a little shanty with a few acres broken, owned by B. Hudson on Sec. 24, 84-6. The next was a small frame house where Joseph Doty, then a single man, lived and farmed the adjoining land. This place is now owned by J. J. Summerville. Next was a hewn log house belonging to Jas. Canfield. A little further south and east lived Peter Schramling and family, and a short distance to the west, on the same creek, known as the Schramling Creek, lived or stayed that jovial and hearty pioneer, Joseph McElroy. Here in his chosen locality at the foot of a bold bluff, lived our friend in single blessedness and where, like Alexander Selkirk, he was monarch of all he survey-

ed. His abode was well known to the settlers south of him, and although a temperate man himself he has "many times and oft" saved from almost certain death by freezing, his inebriated acquaintances of Clinton county, who, unconscious of their condition and consequent danger, perhaps gave him a call or a shout as they wended their way home. [Joseph McElroy passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs J. F. Schramling in this city, on February 19, 1906. and was the last of those sturdy pioneers who are mentioned in this article, and he still owned the farm referred to above at the time of his death.] From this pioneer dwelling to Haun town (except a few acres lower down the creek, on what was called the Hudson claim, and an unfinished building on land now owned by Louis Hundevard) the all-conquering axe or civilized plow had left no trace. Haun Town was unborn. The place had two small houses and there was an unfinished structure intended by a man named Barber for a hemp mill.

Again returning to the west, or Maquoketa road, and leaving it at the crossing of Elk Creek and following that stream southward, the first building encountered was a frame on what is now the farm of Nelson Kimball, but where at that time lived George F. Green and family, including the Kimballs, then men, but unmarried. The next along the creek was H. G. Crary's farm, and still further south but adjoining, was that of George Hollis, both farms in later years being owned by Bodie.

With the exception of a small field on the land now owned by Hans Jess and a small one in Clinton county then claimed by a man named Wilson, later owned by Robt. Walker and now the property of John Thompson, all land, right and left, was open and unclaimed.

In closing his article Dr. Sugg says: "Although the foregoing description of the condition of Sabula and the surrounding country in 1843, may not be minutely and in every particular strictly accurate, yet it is believed to be substantially true, and that pioneers who survive and peruse it, will recognize the faithfulness of the picture, and fully endorse the statements therein made."

An Infidel Helps Build a Christian Church

In Charley Wyckoff's recent narrative of the long ago, it recalls to the memory of the writer scenes that are closely in line with his experience sixty years ago, when the first settlers began to make homes in Iowa, for most part their start was of the rudest kind. Their first cabins were built out of round logs or poles, and as the emigrants usually came in gangs, overland with ox teams, sometimes ten or twelve families in a group and these usually settled as close together as practical, thus making a community of their own for the mutual help and protection of each other. Much of their work they did making frolicks or what we now call bees. If it was to build a cabin they all got together, the women as well as the men, and frequently began to build in the morning and complete the structure and had it ready for a dance that night. And on such occasions it usually required the entire outfit of cooks with thier utensils to be brought together to be sufficient for the occasion. The so-called Dutch oven, the cast iron tea-kettle, the skillet and the coffee pot, together with a set of peuter plates and spoons and with one-half dozen knives and forks and some tin cups all put together made a good outfit for any one family. The cooking was mostly done by a fire in the open air, the fire place was usually made by setting two forks in the ground eight or ten feet apart with a pole laid across, from which chains or withs were suspended on which to hang the kettles. With these equipments the ladies, who were always out in force, done the cooking. It is hardly necessary to say that such an occasion was as much a feast as it was a so-called raising, for the cooking was invariably first-class. Meats, such as pork and beef were not plentiful in those days. But to supply this deficien y, wild game was abundant: deer, prairie hens, quail, grouse and fish were so plentiful that it required only a little time occasionally by the nimrod to keep the family supplied with meat. And many of the ladies were among those who wield the rifle or shot gun with a precision fully equal with the crack shots among the men. It was, however, not many years till things began to change for the better, new and better houses were built, and the frolicks or bees were by no means abandoned. The social conditions, if anything, were strengthened, and the circuit of sociability was widened, and these settlers had not all left their religion on the east side of the Mississippi river, but formed themselves into common assemblies for worship. But there were yet few regular ministers and these people were of the different denomination of the eastern states. It therefore became necessary to cast aside secterianism and act as one people. The preaching was commonly done by home talent, such as are now called one-horse or plug preachers and these served without a specified salary and were often men of both wit and grit.

It was about the year 1850 or '51 that the writer was traveling over the western part of Jackson county in quest of land and stop in a small town that was not entirely new and that contained about one hundred inhabitants. The proprietor of this town was an energetic business man of genial disposition, a gentleman and withal an outspoken infidel; he owned nearly all the town site besides several hundred acres of the adjacent lands, also the mills that were in operation at this point. And in this little village the people were of the same makeup, kind as elsewhere. And here they resolved to unite for the purpose of building a union church. As a rule they were poor and it required their united efforts to raise \$600. With this amount they resolved to build a house. A committee was now appointed to wait on the infidel proprietor, to if possible, procure a site, and here the committee put forth their most influential man, lest the proprietor's infidelity would lead them to an absolute denial. But the foreman approached him and asked him the price of a lot that the committee had chosen as suitable for the intended church. The proprietor now asked the man what he wanted to build on such a knob as that.

We want to build a church the man replied.

What, A church! A church! Said the proprietor. And how much money have you with which to build?

We have \$600.

Pugh! Said the proprietor. I will never sell you a lot for a house such as that amount would build. But this I will do. If you build a house worth at least twice that amount, I will donate the lot and give \$300 besides.

This announcement astonished the committee, it was so far, from what they expected to hear from the infidel that it soon became the town talk. J. J. was converted to Christianity and soon after he was interviewed by two of the most prominent citizens who asked him if it was true that he was converted to christianity. But he said, Pshaw! No, it is business that I mean. Any town that is no larger than ours and is without a church, is a damned town. And if a stranger comes along with the view of making an investment and sees no church, he will hardly stop over night in such a town. No, I am not converted, but my business demands it and if the house is ever built I do not know as I will ever go inside, but let the falacy be ever so great it is nevertheless that, that moves the world. And we must have churches to help our business matters. This little speech of the infidel proprietor settled the matter and the church was in due time built, but its future history and that of the town, I will leave to the future historian to relate.

OLD OBSERVER.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. WEBER.

Brief Sketch of the Life and Character of a Remarkable Man—Discoverer of the Great Salt Lake.

Since our last publication a more complete life sketch of Capt. John Weber has been found which we publish as follows:

The subject of this sketch was born in the town of Altona, then a part of the kingdom of Denmark in 1779. The boy received a fairly good education, and grew to a vigorous and well developed manhood. While quite young he ran away to sea, and for years sailed the "Briny Deep." He was captain and commander of a passenger ship before he was 21 years old, and in very troublous times too, owing to the wars being then waged between England and France on land and sea. He commanded sailing vessels for nearly six years. In 1810 he settled in the United States and got married five years later on. About this time he became a resident of St. Louis. In the spring of 1822 a company was organized in St. Louis for the purpose of hunting, trapping and trading with the Indians in the Rocky mountains. The name of the projectors and the proprietors of this "wild west" scheme were Messrs. Ashley, Weber and Henry. Ashley, being the rich man of the firm, furnished the outfit, which consisted of two keel boats (steam as a propelling power was then unknown) loaded with provisions, firearms, traps, ammunition, and such other supplies as was considered necessary for the successful prosecution of such an expedition. Fifty men, mostly Canadians, joined the outfit. The party left St. Louis in the spring of 1822 and slowly ascended the Missouri river. They were six months reaching the mouth of the Yellowstone river, where they halted and made a "cache" in which to store the supplies they could not take with them. Each year this "cache" was replenished, and furs shipped to market. Captains Weber and Henry took command of thirteen men each, the others returning or remaining with the boats. Beaver and otter were the furs then mainly sought after by trappers, and they reaped a rich harvest on the Columbia river, where beaver and otter were found in great abundance.

Capt. Weber was not only a trapper, but he was also a discoverer. Of the fifty-three men who accompanied this expedition, his name is the only one remembered. It is remembered because he was the first white man to look upon the great Salt Lake. He was also the discoverer of the Weber river and the now famous Weber canyon, both of which bear his name.

Capt. Weber and party roved over the Rocky mountains for five years, during which time they encountered many dangers, hardships and hair breadth escapes from Indians and wild animals.

The Captain returned to his home in St. Louis in the autumn of 1827, to get acquainted with his family, his son William having been born during the first year of his absence. In the spring of 1832 he removed with his family to Galena, Ill., then far famed for its lead mines, where he continued to reside until 1844, when he settled in Bellevue, and lived here until his death in February, 1859. Capt. Weber was the father of seven children, five of whom are still living, namely: Mrs. Jourdan of Dubuque, Wm. and Sarah Weber of Bellevue, Stephen Weber of St. Louis and Fred Weber of Mechanicsville, Ill. Sarah is the youngest.

Captain Weber was no ordinary man. Nature had done well by him. He was a man of large and powerful frame, of erect carriage and graceful manner. His face indicated the superior intelligence behind it. He had a nose on him like a Roman Emperor, and an eye as regal and piercing as that of an American eagle. He had the courage of a hero, and the staying qualities of a martyr. Those who knew him well say that they do not believe that he ever experienced such a thing as a sensation of fear. But he was impetuous and peculiar in many ways, and at times disagreeable and unhappy. His was a mercurial nature that went up in hope or down with despair. He made \$20,000 by hunting, trapping and trading in the Rocky mountains, but was beaten out of what was then a great fortune by dishonest partners. He never made or saved much wealth afterwards and died poor. He performed clerical work in the county offices and for Bellevue merchants for years before he died. He, at last, became a victim of neuralgia in the face, and suffered all the torments which that dread malady is able to inflict. Life became a burden to him, and he resolved to shuffle off the mortal coil that bound him to this world with his own hand. He deliberately committed suicide in 1859, by cutting his throat, and bleeding to death in a few moments afterward. His remains lie buried in the North Bellevue cemetery. No stone of any kind marks the grave of this remarkable man who was one of the first pioneers of our now great western empire, the discoverer of the great Salt Lake, Weber river and Weber canon.

IN BYGONE DAYS.

Scraps from the Early History of Jackson County—The Cottonville Tragedy—The Horse of the Murdered Man Starves to Death.

One of the most cold blooded and brutal crimes ever committed in Jackson county, was the murder of Samuel S. Cronk, on the night of the 23rd of January, 1867, near Cottonville. The crime was evidently committed by persons who ought to have been his friends, for the money he was supposed to have about him. Cronk was a young man who had been raised upon a farm in Farmers Creek township, by W. B. Whitely, had served three years in the army, and at that time of his death was about 20 years of age.

In 1866-7, Mr. Whitely with his family, including young Cronk, was living in Andrew, and was conducting a store. On the 22nd of June, 1867, Cronk was sent by Sheriff W. S. Belden to serve a subpoena on John Wilson at Lamotte. On the way he stopped at Cottonville, where he met some of his old army comrades, among them Rueben Jamison and Samuel P. Watkins, who persuaded him to stay over night and attend a dance at Cottonville that night. After the dance he went to Lamotte and served the papers, and on his return the next day stopped at Cottonville where he met Watkins again, who proposed to him that they go to a Mr. George Nelson's a couple miles east of Cottonville, where there were two girls with whom both were acquainted. They spent the evening at Nelson's until about 8 o'clock, when Cronk spoke about going, and asked young George Nelson to accompany him back to the Cottonville road; but Watkins remarked that he was going over to Mr. Hunter's to spend the night, consequently they would be going the same road. They left Nelson's together both walking, Cronk leading the horse, and no one ever claimed to have seen Samuel S. Cronk in life again. Watkins claimed that he accompanied Cronk to the Mort Phillip's place, put him on the road leading to the I buque road, and then parted with him, he, Watkins, taking a cross road to Cottonville.

The next morning the lifeless body of young Cronk was found by David Gleason and other school children about twenty rods east of the schoolhouse. The tracks and blood and position of the body indicated that the young man had been murdered in the road by persons lying in wait, who had crushed his head with some blunt instrument. The body had been carried to a fence on the south side of the road and tumbled over into the field. When the body was found a cross was found in his grasp. It was a small cross, and was found in his grasp.

found the head was lying against the fence, and the feet extending into the field. The cape of his soldier overcoat was drawn over his head, and the hat and pants were gone, as well as the horse, saddle and bridle. The boys on finding the body informed their teacher, Miss Mary Hurd, that there was a dead man lying in the field. She said that she doubted the statement of the children at first, but finally went to where she could see the body; that she noticed tracks of a number six or seven boot going north; noticed where the horse had been tied to a small hickory tree just off the road; only saw two tracks, one small and one large; the blood and snow was frozen and crusty. The teacher went to Mr. Hunter's and sent Daniel Gleason to Mr. Sawtell's. The news spread fast and there was quite a crowd gathered. Reuben Jamison was the first to recognize the body as that of his old comrade, Samuel S. Cronk. The body was loaded into a sled and taken up to Cottonville to Squire Abbey's office, where an inquest was held.

Samuel P. Watkins was known to be with Cronk the night he was killed and he was questioned to where he left Cronk. He said they parted at Mort Phillip's place between 7 and 8 o'clock, and that he arrived at home, meaning John Bucklin's, about 9 o'clock; but several members of the Baker family had seen him near Cottonville after 11 o'clock. When the body was found there were three balls of snow and ice on the boot heels, indicating that the young man had been walking for some time, and his mittens were found sticking in his overcoat pocket, where he always carried them when walking.

Watkins was arrested on the evening of the 24th of January, and his examination commenced on the 29th. He was released on bail.

On the night of the 25th of January there was a heavy fall of snow which laid on the ground until about the 1st of April. On the 6th of April, Joseph McCombs, who lived on the Cotton place, found the dead body of the horse which Cronk had with him on the night of the murder. The horse had been tied to a small oak tree in a piece of woods near Cottonville and allowed to starve to death. The saddle was on the horse, and Cronk's hat was found lying on the ground near the body of the horse. On the 8th of April, W. B. Whitely and a Mr. Dean made a search of the ground in the vicinity of where the murder was committed. Mr. Whitely found on the north side of the road in a brushy place, a small piece of stove wood. On picking up the stick he found some hair caught in a splinter that resembled Cronk's hair. This was about 8 or 10 rods north of where the murder was committed. About the same time Whitely found this club, Dean found a piece of plow clevis with a blue denims string on it in Sawtells' field about ten feet south from where the body was found. The piece of clevis had several hairs sticking to it of the same color as the hair on the club. The piece of clevis was recognized by some of the neighbors as one they had seen at the John Bucklin place, which Bucklin's little boy had for a plaything. Bucklin also had a peculiarly shaped boot, which exactly fitted into the tracks made by one of the men at the scene of the murder, and the mate to the piece of clevis was found in his granary. It made a bad looking case against him.

Previous to the 23rd of January, Watkins had been known to be hard up; had stood a shoemaker off for a pair of boots, and at the dance which he attended with Cronk the night before the murder, had no money to pay for his number. After he was released on bail he had several ten-dollar bills changed, a fact which kept him under suspicion.

On the day the horse was found Watkins had gone to Andrew to swear out an information against some of the Conklins who lived near Iron Hills. One of the Conklin's and one of the Bronson's had been known to pass along the Bellevue road the night of the murder. When Watkins was told of the horse being found, he said, "I am sorry, I am sorry." He was again arrested and confined in jail.

After the finding of the clevis and club, the body of Cronk was taken up and the scalp removed, and it was found that the piece of clevis fitted nearly exactly in the wounds in the front part of the head, which had crushed in the skull. Dr. Ewing said these must have been made by the piece of clevis or something similar to it. Sheriff Belden said there was not one chance in a million that these wounds could have been made by any other instrument.

The grand jury at the March term of court had failed to find a bill against Watkins, as the theory generally prevailed that Cronk had been murdered by highwaymen, from the fact that the horse was missing, but with the finding of the skeleton of the horse and the piece of clevis and club, suspicion reverted back to Watkins, and it was very evident that he had accomplices. The clevis and his boots fastened suspicion on John Bucklin, and it appeared that the blows making the wounds on Cronk's forehead had been given by a left handed man. Calvin Nelson a left handed man, was a brother-in-law of Bucklin's, and his boots corresponded with the tracks made by one of the parties in the snow where the body was found. Watkins made his home with Bucklin. Circumstances pointed to the three men as perpetrators of the awful crime, and they were indicted on a charge of conspiracy and murder. As the indictment is short, we insert it:

The State of Iowa vs. Samuel P. Watkins, Calvin Nelson and John B. Bucklin.

In the district court of Jackson county, State of Iowa.

The grand jury of the county of Jackson aforesaid, in the name and by the authority of the state of Iowa, accused Samuel P. Watkins, Calvin Nelson and John B. Bucklin, of the crime of murder, perpetrated and committed as follows:

1st. The said Samuel P. Watkins, John B. Bucklin and Calvin Nelson on the 23rd of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, in the county aforesaid, in and upon one Samuel S. Cronk, in the peace then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, premeditatedly, and of their malice aforethought, did make an assault, and the said Samuel P. Watkins, Calvin Nelson and John B. Bucklin, with a certain piece of iron called a part of a clevis, of about the length of twelve inches, and the width of one inch, and with one oak stick of wood of the length of eighteen inches and of the thickness of two inches, which they then and there in

their hands, and him, the said Samuel S. Cronk, then and there feloniously, wilfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, and of their malice aforethought, divers times did strike and beat, giving to him, the said Samuel S. Cronk, by striking and beating him, as last aforesaid, with said piece of iron and said stick of wood, several mortal strokes, wounds and bruises in and upon the head of him, the said Samuel S. Cronk, to-wit: One mortal wound on the forehead of him, the said Samuel S. Cronk; one mortal wound on the back and side of the head of him, the said Cronk; and one mortal wound extending from the side of the head to the back of the head of him, the said Samuel S. Cronk; of which said mortal strokes, wounds and bruises, he, the said Cronk, afterward, to-wit. on the day and year aforesaid at and in the county of Jackson, died.

2nd. And the grand jury aforesaid, in the name and by the authority of the state of Iowa, do further find and present that the said Samuel P. Watkins, Calvin Nelson and John B. Bucklin, on the 23rd day of January, A. D. 1867, in the county of Jackson, in the state of Iowa, in and upon one Samuel S. Cronk, in the peace then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, deliberately premeditatedly, and of their malice aforethought, did make an assault, and with the part of an iron clevis, and with a stick of wood, and with a knife, did then and there strike, beat, bruise, cut and wound him, he aforesaid, Cronk, in and upon his head and other parts of his body, and by means aforesaid the said Samuel P. Watkins, Calvin Nelson, and John B. Bucklin, did then and there him, the said Samuel S. Cronk, kill and murder. And so the grand jury aforesaid do say that the said Samuel P. Watkins, Calvin Nelson, and John B. Bucklin, him, the said Samuel S. Cronk, in the manner and by the means aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, deliberately, premeditatedly and of their malice aforethought, did kill and murder, contrary to the laws of Iowa in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state of Iowa. (Signed)

LYMAN A. ELLIS,

District Attorney 7th Judicial District.

The above bill of indictment was presented in open court in the presence of the grand jury, and filed on the 28th day of September, 1867; Watkins was held in custody and John B. Bucklin admitted to bail in the sum of \$3000, and Nelson in the sum of \$1500.

Samuel P. Watkins was arraigned at the March term of court., 1867 plead "not guilty," and the case was continued to the December term of said court. By that time the case had become so noted, and had been discussed in the papers and otherwise so much, that it was very difficult to get a jury. Fifty men were summoned by the sheriff, and two days were consumed in selecting a jury of twelve men. The jury as impanelled was composed of the following named persons: Hon. Geo. C. Iberling, foreman, John Oreutt, Milton Godard, F. G. Potter, F. M. Miles, M. L. Hitchcock, Peter German, Wm. Miller, Geo. Heustis, G. W. House, Wm. Potter and M. V. Smith. The court appointed as counsel for the defendant, Wm. Graham and D. A. Wynkoop, C. M. Dunbar volunteering to assist. The state was represented by Hon. L. A. Ellis, assisted by Judge J. S. Darling employed by Cronk's sister.

The jury was called and District Attorney Ellis read the charges against defendant, according to the indictment found by the grand jury. Mr. Ellis then pointed out the law regarding a case of murder, and called the attention of the jury to the importance of the case then before them defining in brief the distinction between murder in the first and second degrees. This was murder in the first degree. The deceased had been one of our young countrymen and a citizen of the immediate vicinity; a young man whose character was beyond reproach: had been a soldier and braved the dangers of battles and exposure for the common defense of all men and his country in particular; was murdered in cold blood; the murder was doubtless unprovoked and made not so much from any spite as for actual gain. The instruments with which the deed had been committed were brought into court and shown to the jury. The nature of the wounds were described by the district attorney, stating that evidence would be brought to show conclusively that these were the weapons, and that the murderer was a resident of that neighborhood in which the body was found.

The circumstances leading to the arrest of Watkins were stated in a concise manner, showing that evidence would be brought to show the whereabouts of both parties from the time the deceased left Andrew to serve subpoenas until his body was found; that Watkins had been without money; that he supposed Cronk to have a considerable sum; that he was the last person to be seen with him prior to the murder; that the weapons belonged to the place where Watkins lived or made his home; that he told falsehoods when first arrested on suspicion in regard to amounts of money he had and where he obtained the same; that he had plenty of money after the murder, and paid for a pair of boots with a certain ten-dollar bill resembling a ten-dollar bill with which Cronk was known to have had at the time of the murder; that when defendant was out on bail after the first arrest and in the office of the sheriff getting out papers for the arrest of Conklin and others, the word came that the horse of Cronk's had been found he, the defendant, stated, "I am sorry, I am sorry" acting at the same time uneasy, and looking all sorts of colors; that he was immediately re-arrested and has since been held in custody; that he is yet unable to account for the discrepancy in time of going home, and the time of being seen after the hour that he states he arrived home.

The trial which was the greatest legal battle ever fought in the courts of Jackson county, lasted eleven days. The jury after being out one day and one night returned the following verdict. We the jury find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree, and we find him guilty on the first count.

Watkins was sentenced to be hanged Feb. 21st, 1868, an extension of time was granted to April 17th, 1868. In the meantime Bucklin and Nelson had taken a change of venue to Clinton county, and had been acquitted, mainly, it was claimed, because the prosecuting attorney was handicapped by the Board of Supervisors who discouraged making expense necessary to get an array of witnesses to go to Clinton county. After the acquittal of these men who had been arrested with Watkins on the theory of a conspiracy, Watkin's attorneys got busy and pressed their petition for a new trial for

their client and their prayer was granted and Watkins had no trouble in getting a change of venue to Clinton county. The prosecuting attorney was discouraged as he felt that it would be harder to convict Watkins after the charge of conspiracy had fallen through, and it was generally believed that he would be acquitted if tried again. The matter of expense of taking an army of witnesses to a great distance as it seemed to some of the people was discussed, and finally the prosecution was abandoned and the inhuman wretch was turned loose. After his release he went to Clinton and worked in a hardware store for a time. I believe the last heard of him in Clinton for years was of his being out with a man one night drinking and carousing. The next morning the man was found with his head split open with an axe, but not quite dead, and I believe he eventually recovered, but Watkins had disappeared. His next exploit in killing that has come to light was in Monona county. We have not been able to get access to the records of Monona county, but from the papers we learned that Watkins went to a widow lady in that county who had a nearly grown up boy and engaged the young man and a team with the mother's consent to pick corn for him on a farm that he claimed to own in a different part of the county, promising to pay \$2.50 per day from the time they started until the corn was all picked. The mother never heard from her boy again in life. The next spring his body was found lodged in some willow bushes on the bank of a small stream. In the meantime Watkins had returned to the neighborhood, and reported that the boy had gone west. After the finding of the body of the boy Watkins was arrested and charged with his murder.

It was shown that Watkins had sold the team and outfit, and he admitted that he killed the boy, but claimed it was in self defense; said that they had quarrelled about building a fire to cook their meal by or something of that kind, and that the boy tried to hit him with a neckyoke, and that he had to shoot him. At the time of the murder, capital punishment had been abolished and the maximum penalty was life imprisonment, and Watkins was sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary at Fort Madison for life, and thereafter many futile efforts for a pardon he grew old and broken in health and discouraged, and recently died leaving something like \$2500 in money the earnings of many years, acquired by making and selling trinkets as souvenirs, to the son of the warden of the prison.

A. M. Phillips, postmaster of Maquoketa, who was Captain of the Company (I 31st Iowa Infantry) in which both Cronk and Watkins served for three years, has several mementoes the handiwork of Watkins while in prison. One is a beautiful inlaid box, and another a fancy bridle that would have commanded a fancy price but they were presented by Watkins as a token of his affection for his old commander.

After he left Jackson county Watkins was married and his wife had one child, a daughter, after his condemnation to the penitentiary for life, his wife secured a divorce and later married again. At the time of Watkins death his daughter had grown up and married, and mother and daughter with their families were living in some of the western states, Idaho I think.

Hon. Thomas Lambert, who was state senator at the time, hunted them up and notified them of Watkins death and of the fact that he had left cou-

siderable property. But the daughter felt that she would rather not have the property on account of the undesirable notoriety that a claim for it would attract to her.

The warden told Senator Lambert that he did not want his son to have the money willed him by Watkins, but there was no other claimant for it, and it is not probable that the bequest was turned aside.

While Watkins, Bucklin and Nelson were confined in the old jail at Andrew awaiting trial, a mob of more than 200 men was organized to hang them. The mob or vigilance committee entered the town of Andrew one evening and took possession of the town giving out that they would hang the three men next morning at 9 o'clock. They had no thought that any resistance would be attempted, and neglected the important precaution of securing the prisoners, knowing full well that the antiquated jail would offer but little resistance. But Sheriff Winfield Scott Belden who had learned discipline during three years of war had but little respect for a mob, and had no thought of surrendering his prisoners to them. He had an interview with a boy during the evening, and arranged with him to take a message to Maquoketa for him the next morning. In accordance with previous instructions the boy mounted a fleet horse very early in the morning and started for the open country. He was promptly stopped by a vigilant on guard, but the boy told the guard that he was going to the pasture for his mother's cows and was allowed to proceed, but when he had got out of sight he rode straight and swift to Maquoketa, and delivered a letter from the sheriff to the deputy, commanding him to get men, and transportation for them and hasten to Andrew. The sheriff selected five men in whom he could rely in an emergency armed them with revolvers and in the early morning took the prisoners from the jail and escorted them to the second floor of the court house, barricading the stairway by covering it over with lumber, and awaited the further action of the mob. Many of the members had gone home to do their chores and spend the night, and it was about nine o'clock before they had all returned and were ready for business. Under the leadership of Robert Black, a good man, too good to have been engaged in such work, the mob repaired to the court house and called upon the sheriff to deliver up the prisoners. The sheriff with scant courtesy refused to comply with their demands and assured them that the first man who showed his head in the stairway would have the same blown off. After some quarreling among themselves the leader requested the sheriff to come down and talk the matter over pledging him he would be allowed to return after the conference. The sheriff went down to the men and after talking over the situation pledged his word of honor that he would take the prisoners to Dubuque that very day and place them in the then strongest jail in the state and would be personally responsible for their appearance when court convened. On this pledge from the sheriff the mob agreed to disband and leave the fate of the prisoners to the courts. Just as the matter was amicably settled a large body of mounted men rode into the little town from Maquoketa to assist the sheriff if needed. A year later members of that vigilance committee saw those same prisoners released without making a protest. The writer believes that had this mob had the same leader that led the mob of 1857 just 10 years earlier the sheriff could not have saved his prisoners and the hands of Watkins would not have been stained with the blood of the Monona county boy.

Journal of a Mission to the Iowa Territory An Old Campaign Flag.

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ellis, Curator)

I. P. Hinman, an old and well known resident of Maquoketa, recently deposited with J. W. Ellis, an old flag which has quite an interesting history. In 1840, Mr. Hinman was living in New York State, and it is a matter of history that political excitement ran about as high that year as at any Presidential contest in the history of the Republic. The excitement reached the little town where Mr. Hinman lived, and it occurred to him and his partisan neighbors that they ought to, and must have a flag for use in the campaign. A meeting was called to take steps to secure a flag. Mr. Hinman and his father-in-law, Judge Wheeler, were made a Committee on Flag, the money to pay for which was to be raised by subscription. The committee sent a man 12 miles to the nearest town where the proper material for a flag could be had, Mr. Hinman furnishing a horse for the man to ride and \$5.00 to buy material with. Judge Wheeler employed an artist to paint an eagle on the flag and some of the ladies sewed the red and white stripes together and the little village had as fine a campaign flag as any community in the state. Old Tippecanoe won out in the fight and there was no effort made to collect the money that was promised to pay for the flag, and Mr. Hinman and Judge Wheeler had a flag on their hands. Judge Wheeler kept the flag as long as he lived, and at his death it was turned over to Mr. Hinman. The old flag has figured in many political campaigns and Fourth of July celebrations, and is in fairly good condition now. Mr. Hinman thought that it had seen sufficient active service, and wanted it put in a glass case where the people could see without handling what he prized as a historic relic and souvenir.

Mr. Hinman also placed in the museum an old butter paddle which he said was more than 100 years old, and said he had known it himself for more than 80 years.

Journal of a Missionary in Jackson County, Iowa Territory, 1843-'6.

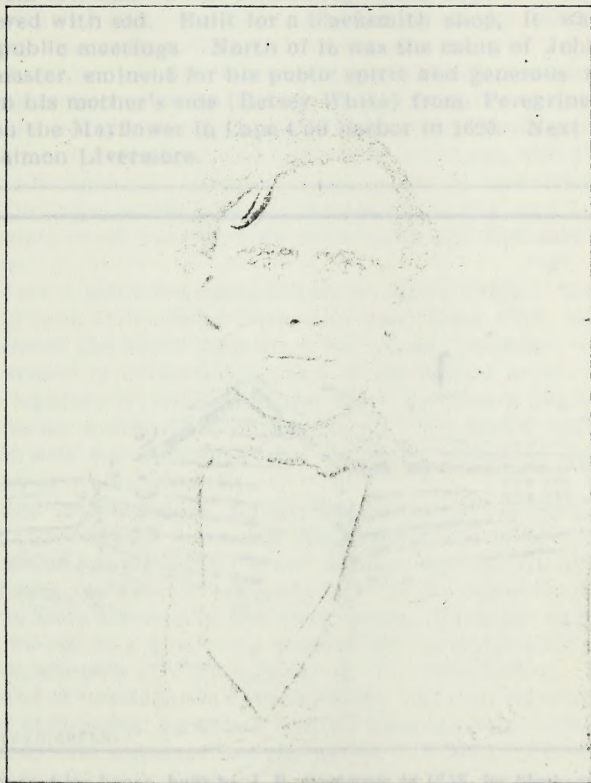
(By William Salter.)

Under a commission from the American Home Missionary Society "to preach the Gospel in Iowa Territory," I left my father's house in New York City, October 4 1843 and arrived at Maquoketa (then Springfield P. O.) on the 10th of November. In my journey I visited Niagara Falls; spent a Sunday in Buffalo at the home of the Rev. Asa T. Hopkins, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of that city. The next Sunday I was at Milwaukee in the hospitable home of the Rev. Stephen Peet, agent of the A. H. M. S. for Wisconsin Territory, who discouraged my going to Iowa, saying that Iowa would not amount to much, as it had only a narrow strip of good land on the Mississippi river, and the Great American Desert was west of it, whereas Wisconsin had Lake Michigan on one side and the Mississippi on the other and would make a prosperous State. The next Sunday I was at Galesburg, Illinois, having rode over the prairies from Chicago to that place in an open wagon. The following Monday, at sundown, I reached the Mississippi and felt the thrill and exhilaration the sight of the great river and of Iowa awakened in my mind. On landing in Burlington the next morning, James G. Edwards, editor of the Burlington Hawk-Eye met me and took me to his home. The next Sunday I spent at Keosauqua, on the Des Moines river, and preached in a blacksmith shop, the Rev. L. G. Bell, a pioneer preacher of the "Old School," preaching the same day in the same place; thence I visited Agency, and was kindly entertained by the widow of the Indian Agent of the Sacs and Foxes, General Joseph M. Street, and stood over his grave, and that of the Indian chief Wapello, which were side by side. The next Sunday, Nov. 5, I received ordination at Denmark, at the hands of Asa Turner (Yale, 1827), Julius A. Reed (Yale, 1829), Reuben Gaylord (Yale, 1834), and Chas. Burnham (Dartmouth, 1836.)

I came up the Mississippi with Alden B. Robbins, who then began his life-long ministry at Bloomington (afterwards Muscatine), and with Edwin B. Turner, who was assigned to Jones county, and to Cascale, in Dubuque county, then the farthest missionary post in the northwest. Proceeding from Davenport, Turner and myself spent a night with Oliver Emerson in his cabin near LeWitt. We found him shaking with the ague. He asked a neighbor who was going the next day with a grist to McCloy's mill, to take us along. The journey was slow, and we were chilled and weary with the raw winds of the prairie. Reaching the mill an hour af-

ter dark, we left the grist, and went on to the log house of John Shaw, who made us welcome, and we soon lost our chill and weariness in the warm supper Mrs. Shaw gave us. In a part of the house partitioned off by sheets, we found refreshing sleep.

This morning showed us that we were upon a gently rolling prairie, about a mile from the junction of the South and North Forks of the Mississippi. Across the road from Mr. Shaw's was a small settlement, headed with a mill, partly covered with sod. Built for a blacksmith shop, it was used for a school and public meetings. North of it was the house of John Goodenow, postmaster, eminent for his public spirit and generous nature; a descendant of his mother's side (Betsey White) from Perennial, Vt., who was born on the Marlborough in 1796, and died in 1853. Next door was the claim of Zaimon Livermore.

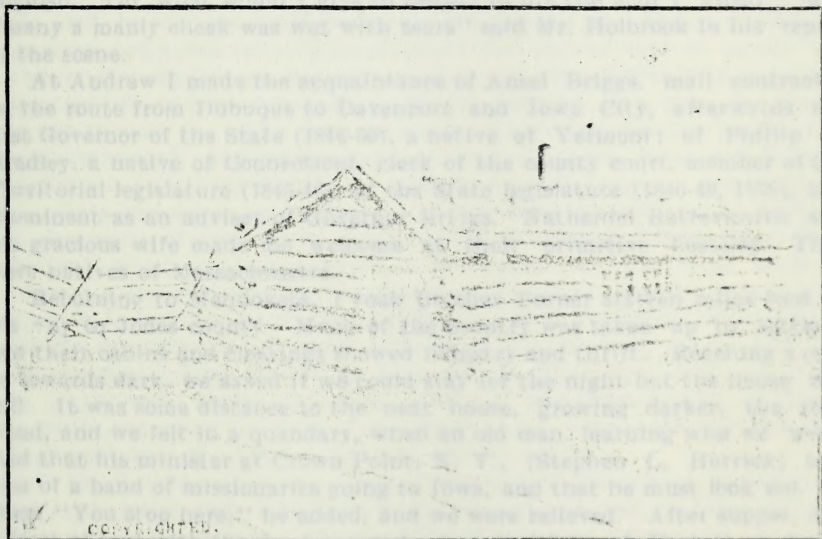


REV. WILLIAM SALTER
From a Daguerreotype Taken in 1846.

Andrew, where a Congregational Church had been organized in 1841. The meeting was held in the upper story of the log school house. Thomas Russell Cotton and family were there, and gave me a cordial greeting. He was a descendant of John Cotton, the first minister of Boston, Mass., and possessed the sterling qualities of his Puritan ancestry. Mrs. Cotton was of the Bemis family, from "Bemis Heights," Brooklyn, N. Y., where Ben-

ter dark, we left the grist, and went on to the log house of John Shaw, who made us welcome, and we soon lost our chill and weariness in the warm supper Mrs Shaw gave us. In a part of the house partitioned off by sheets, we found refreshing sleep.

The morning showed us that we were upon a gently rolling prairie, about a mile from the junction of the South and North Forks of the Maquoketa river, and from the long stretch of timber between them. Across the road from Mr. Shaw's was a small log house, banked with sod, the roof partly covered with sod. Built for a blacksmith shop, it was used for a school and public meetings. North of it was the cabin of John E. Goodenow, postmaster, eminent for his public spirit and generous nature, a descendant on his mother's side (Betsey White) from Peregrine White, who was born on the Mayflower in Cape Cod harbor in 1620. Next north was the claim of Zalmon Livermore.



Old sod-covered log house, built by J. E. Goodenow in 1838, for blacksmith shop, later used as school house, meeting house, polling place and town hall. From an original drawing made under the direction of J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Leaving Mr. Turner to preach in the schoolhouse, I went horseback to Andrew, where a Congregational church had been organized by Oliver Emerson, the pioneer missionary of the whole region, Dec. 26, 1841. The meeting was held in the upper story of the log court house. Deacon Samuel Cotton and family were there, and gave me a cordial greeting. He was a descendant of John Cotton, the first minister of Boston, Mass., and possessed the sterling qualities of his Puritan ancestry. Mrs. Cotton was of the Bemis family, from "Bemis Heights," Saratoga, N. Y., where Bur-

goyne's army was defeated in 1777. Their house was six miles north of Andrew, but the distance did not prevent their regular attendance upon public worship and I often shared the shelter and comfort of their home. In my first sermon in the county I showed that the early churches in the land of Israel were edified and multiplied by "walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Spirit," and I urged the duty of building up Christianity in the same way in Iowa. Pure and faithful churches, active in Christian service, are the saving salt of any community. A Methodist brother, a Justice of the Peace, greeted me, saying that he welcomed all preachers, "no matter what their tenements were."

I preached from the desk where sentence of death had been pronounced in the first judicial trial for murder in the Territory, the previous year. The case grew out of a dispute about a land claim. Before the execution of the sentence, John C. Holbrook came from Dubuque, and preached. The prisoner was brought into the court house in chains, and cried out in his anguish, "Oh what would I give to restore to life the man I killed," and "many a manly cheek was wet with tears" said Mr. Holbrook in his report of the scene.

At Andrew I made the acquaintance of Ansel Briggs, mail contractor on the route from Dubuque to Davenport and Iowa City, afterwards the first Governor of the State (1846-50), a native of Vermont; of Phillip B. Bradley, a native of Connecticut, clerk of the county court, member of the Territorial legislature (1845-46), of the State legislature (1846-49, 1878), also prominent as an adviser of Governor Briggs. Nathaniel Butterworth and his gracious wife made me welcome at their primitive hostelry. They were natives of Massachusetts.

Returning to Maquoketa, I took Brother Turner sixteen miles west on his way to Jones county. Much of the country was taken up by settlers, and their cabins and clearings showed industry and thrift. Reaching a cabin towards dark, we asked if we could stay for the night but the house was full. It was some distance to the next house, growing darker, the road blind, and we felt in a quandary, when an old man, learning who we were, said that his minister at Crown Point, N. Y., (Stephen L. Herrick) told him of a band of missionaries going to Iowa, and that he must look out for them "You stop here," he added, and we were relieved. After supper, and a feast of soul with thanksgiving and prayer to "Jehovah Jireh," we found sound sleep on the cabin floor.

The next morning the old gentleman's son, Lorenzo Spaulding, offered to take Brother Turner on his way, and I returned to Maquoketa, and began a visitation of the people from cabin to cabin. I purchased a horse with saddle and bridle and saddle-bags, and, as winter came on, accoutered myself with gloves of deerskin, scarfs, leggins, and buffalo overshoes. In a circuit of six miles I found fifty families, some from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, more from New York than any other one State, and some from Canada. They represented every variety of religious opinion. A Methodist preacher (John Walker) had an appointment in the settlement. Charles E. Brown had preached his first sermon in Iowa the previous year, in the house of John Shaw. He organ-

ized a Baptist church, August 31, 1842, but left the field in November following, finding the cabin he had put up on the prairie in the summer not suitable to winter in, and he moved to Davenport. A man of excellent spirit, he was welcomed back to Maquoketa in 1847. Subsequently, a pioneer preacher in Howard county, he was a member of the House of Representatives from that county (1878). His son, William C. Brown, has gained eminence for efficiency in railroad management in Iowa, and is now vice-president of the New York Central.

In my circuit I found six Presbyterian and Congregational families, and called them together on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, for conference and prayer with reference to forming a church. They were divided on the question of government. Accomodation was necessary. The election of two elders to serve for two years was finally agreed upon, and William H. Efner, M. D., and Thomas S. Flathers, were chosen. Both were of the "New School," which adhered to the Plan of Union of 1801. Mr. Flathers was born in Kentucky, but lived from childhood in Indiana. He had not learned to read, he told me, until he was twenty years of age, when a passion for knowledge and a zeal for religion inflamed him, and he went to school and fitted for Wabash College, with the ministry in view, but chill penury had compelled him to leave his studies. On the Sabbath, Dec. 10th, the church was constituted, the elders were set apart with prayer, and the Lord's supper administered. During the previous week Brethren Emerson, Robbins and Turner, and Jared Hitchcock, delegate from Davenport, had come to Maquoketa and we organized the Northern Iowa Association to embrace churches north of Iowa river. I favored the Convention System (semi-Presbyterian), which had been adopted in Wisconsin, but the other brethren preferred a distinctively Congregational organization. Provision, however, was made to include the Maquoketa church. For the support of the church a society was organized of which John Shaw was the most active and efficient member. They invited me to preach at Maquoketa half my time. Mrs. Shaw was a native of Oxford, Mass., of the Fiske family, of Huguenot stock, she acted the part of a mother to me, and paid me the fine compliment that she knew I had had a good mother.

In the Wright settlement, three miles south of Maquoketa and at Burleson's, six miles west. I visited the schools and preached, as I did in every settlement in the county. Thomas Miles Wright was a native of Connecticut, had lived in Warren county, N. Y., near Lake George; Shadrach Burleson was a native of Vermont; Anson H. Wilson, of Canada: they all encouraged my work. In the Wright family were several sons of like spirit with their father. A daughter was the wife of John E. Goodenow; she had all the fine qualities of the excellent woman in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs

In the neighborhood of Maquoketa were a number of persons who had taken part in the Mackenzie rebellion in Canada, 1837. Among them was William Current, a man of bright and active mind, a friend of temperance and education, but not of religion, because of alleged discrepancies, contradictions, and unseemly things in the Bible. I invited him to come to meeting; he said, "No," but that he would give me some hard texts for a ser-

mon. I told him to do so, and I would come to his house and preach, which I did. I explained that the objectionable things in the Bible are records from the ignorance and coarseness of former times, that the Bible does not endorse all its records, and that the New Testament expressly does away with much that is in the Old, and I quoted a number of the words of Christ in the Gospels, in proof that Christianity, according to the teachings of its author, is an absolutely pure and holy religion. Returning from that appointment with my trusty companion, Mr. Shaw, our horses lost the way, and we wandered round and round on the prairie until a glimmering light in a distant cabin window relieved our bewilderment.

Among other settlers from Canada was Samuel Chandler, but he came to Jackson county by a very circuitous route. He had been sentenced to be hung as an insurgent in the "Patriot" cause, but the sentence (upon the intercession of his daughters) was commuted to banishment for life in the penal colony of Van Dieman's land, whither he was transported, via London. He had managed to make his escape on a Yankee whaler, and now found some of his old friends and one of his daughters who had secured the commutation of his sentence, Sarah, the wife of Jesse Wilson. Mr. Chandler was a man of firm religious principles, a native of Massachusetts, a helper in every effort to improve the country.

The name of our post-office was that of the postmaster's native town in Vermont, but, being that of many towns of the United States, letters were frequently missent, and I joined Mr. Goodenow and Mr. Shaw in a petition for a change of name to Maquoketa, which was made by the Post-office Department, March 13, 1844. The word Maquo is Indian for bear, an animal that infested the whole region.

My cramped quarters in Mr. Shaw's house gave me scant opportunity for consulting my books or composing sermons, but I managed to write one sermon during the winter, sitting by the rotary cook stove, and preached it to a congregation of thirty who seemed to appreciate my effort. In my solitary missionary tours the illimitable stretches of land and sky often inspired thoughts of the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth and I heard the voices from above that speak "in reason's ear."

In the settlements about Andrew I found two interesting families, recently from Pennsylvania. They had been brought with their teams and belongings from Pittsburg to Bellevue by steamboat for twenty dollars a family. They were warm-hearted Christians, of Protestant Irish stock. David Young was of pronounced anti-slavery sentiments and had been a "New School" Presbyterian, but liked the Congregational way, and became an active member of the church at Andrew. He built a mill on Brush creek, which was swept away in the freshets of 1844, a year of high floods in the Mississippi valley. Sixty-one years later, I met his son, James, at Maquoketa, and he recalled my visits in the old house and the family prayers and worship together, of which he said his mother spoke with fond recollection to the end of her days.

At a cabin on Farmers Creek I was advised not to speak on religion in the next cabin, or I might be put out, as the occupant had told a Methodist minister who called there, that he would throw him into the fire if he spoke

a word on the subject. It was a rough region. Nature appeared ill-shapen in "Rocky Hollow." Coming to a large log house I found a friendly Scotch family living cheerily, no floor but mother earth. Mr. Sage was away at mill, but his wife made me welcome, and called in a few neighbors to whom I preached. She told me she had heard Thomas Chalmers and Edward Irving in Glasgow. A little distance north was another Scotch family (Alexander), but there was trouble between the two families over their respective claims. They were the only Presbyterian families I found in this visitation, and it grieved me to find them at odds.

I was perplexed on being informed that a member of the Andrew charge had fallen into shame. It was made my duty to seek the recovery of the woman to a correct life, and I was relieved to hear profession of sorrow and purposes of amendment. I at once spoke to her husband, who was out at work, but he turned upon me with abuse and threats to the church.

One family that attended my services were used to "tokens" on sacramental occasions, and would not come to communion without them. While visiting at their house a young man, seventeen years of age, called, who said he was on a pedestrian tour. He had read Captain Cook's Voyages and Peter Parley, and told me that he knew a little Latin and Greek, and had learned the Hebrew alphabet from the 119th Psalm. He had walked from his home thirty miles west of Philadelphia and was still westward bound.

I spent the last week of 1843 at Bellevue, making acquaintances, and preaching in the schoolhouse, and in the house of Alexander Reed, three miles south, where one said it was a "divilish" sermon. Bellevue is beautifully situated. When Wisconsin Territory extended to the Missouri river, 1836, it was proposed as a central site for the capital, in rivalry with Dubuque. The town was discredited by a sanguinary mob (April 1, 1840), or "war," as it was called, several persons being killed on both sides, and the county seat was moved to the geographical center, the people voting 208 for Andrew, 111 for Bellevue. The Dyas family, who said they were the first family to make a home in the county, gave me a hearty welcome. They had lived in Galena and were warm friends of the Rev. Arastus Kent, pioneer missionary there. Many of the first settlers about Bellevue had worked in the lead mines, and had been in Col. Henry Dodge's battalion in the Black Hawk war. Wm. A. Warren, sheriff of Jackson county, was a native of Kentucky, came to Bellevue in 1836, had served in the Black Hawk war, took an active part in the Bellevue "war," was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1857, and I resumed my acquaintance with him in July, 1864, at Stevenson, Alabama, where he was U. S. quartermaster, and I was in the service of the Christian Commission, and he gave me his kind offices. As Sheriff of Jackson county, he had collected taxes in coon-skins at fifty cents, and sold them in Galena at seventy-five cents.

At Bellevue, Thomas Cox and John Foley were at home for the Christmas vacation from the Territorial legislature of which they were members. On their return to Iowa City, Colonel Cox was elected President of the Council. He had been an influential member of every previous legislature of the Territory but one. He promoted the removal of the capital from Burlington to Iowa City, and gave the name to the new capital. He was

also one of the surveyors who selected the site on the Iowa river, and laid out the town. He invited me to visit his family which I did later. Mrs. Cox was a native of Rhode Island of Quaker stock. She came in her youth with her parents to St. Genevieve, Mo., and was a lady of gracious manners. Upon the death of her husband, Nov. 9, 1844, she sent for me, and I officiated at the funeral in the presence of a large concourse of people. The grave was under a hickory tree near the house. In a few years the land passed into other hands and was a plowed field. Sixty years later the Jackson County Historical Society had the grave unearthed, and the bones were interred in Hope Cemetery, Maquoketa, where they set up a large and smooth faced boulder, and had his name inscribed thereon as "Pioneer Lawmaker." By invitation of the Society, I took part in the ceremony and made a prayer at the unveiling of the monument, July 4, 1905. A full account of the life of Colonel Cox, with his portrait, is given in this volume.

On the first day of May, 1845, I officiated at the marriage of Cordelia, daughter of Thomas Cox, to Joseph S. Mallard. It was the first marriage ceremony I performed. They went overland to California in 1849, and were among the early settlers of Los Angeles.

John Foley was a polite Irish gentleman, had been sheriff of Jo Daviess county, Ill., a member of the First Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory, two sessions of which were held in Burlington, 1837-'8.

I also visited George Cabbage and preached in his cabin. He was a native of Delaware, and an intense Protestant. He had been clerk to Felix St. Vrain, U. S. agent for the Sacs and Foxes, whom they foully murdered at the opening of the Black Hawk war. Mr. Cabbage had himself been a captive in their hands. He taught the first school in Dubuque, was door-keeper of the Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory at Belmont, 1836, and one of the commissioners, under an act of Congress, to lay out Dubuque, Burlington, and other towns, 1837-38.

A few weeks later I visited every family in Charleston, now Sabula. They were a friendly people, mostly from New England and New York; James Leonard from Griswold, Ct., Benjamin Hudson from Lynn, Mass., Mr. Marshall from Goffstown, N. H. A gray-headed man, learning I was from New York, asked me if I knew Dr. Joseph McElroy, pastor of the Grand Street Presbyterian church in that city. I told him that he was an eloquent preacher, and I had heard him preach. "He is my brother," he said. And I saw a resemblance in their features. His name was Hugh McElroy. He came to Iowa in 1833, and made a claim west of Sabula; he had a large family and his oldest child was named Joseph.

I preached in the Exchange Hotel at Sabula, and had a larger congregation than in any place before in the county. A church was organized there by Oliver Emerson, Dec. 14, 1845.

North of Bellevue, I preached in Mr. Potter's house on Tete des Morts creek. I found some German families in the settlement, with Luther's translation of the Bible in their cabins. Some were beginning to learn English. I regretted that I could not preach to them in their own tongue.

The new year, 1844, opened with a heavy snow, and I was unable to fill my appointment for the evening at Andrew, my first failure of the kind. During the following spring there were many freshets, and I could not always make my circuit. In March I visited the people in the Forks. They had made clearings in the timber, thinking crops would be surer than on the prairie. One who came to my meeting told me that he had not heard a sermon for ten years. A young man of the house where I preached offered to conduct me to a wonderful cave and a natural bridge four miles away. The bridge is thirty feet long, about twelve feet wide, of limestone, solid, massive, covered with deep soil. Cave creek passes under it. We clambered up the sides of the bridge and walked over it. I then turned with admiring gaze to the arch that from a height of more than a hundred feet slopes smoothly in a grand curve to the mouth of the cave. Descending to the creek, we heard the waters madly rushing through, and saw ice pillars of transparent beauty. A mass of rock had fallen from overhead, warning us of danger, and having an appointment at a distance of twelve miles, I hurried from the entrancing scene. Later in the season I visited the spot again, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook, and my classmate, Ebenezer Alden, of Tipton. The creek was then dry, and we went several hundred feet into the cave, finding stalactites and stalagmites in profusion, and seeing subterranean marvels.

On visiting Galena and Dubuque I preached for Mr. Kent and Mr. Holbrook in their churches. Mr. Kent said to me that Mr. Peet had told him of his desire and intention to get me into Wisconsin.

In April, I made a long missionary tour in the adjoining counties of Jones, Cedar and Clinton. Near the Wapsipinicon I found a good settlement of United Brethren. At Red Oak grove I was entertained by Robert Cousins, an intelligent and warm-hearted Christian, deeply interested in Sunday schools and devoted to the use of the Psalms in public worship. At Tipton I enjoyed the hospitality of Paterson Fleming, clerk of the court, and of Addison Gillett, merchant, who had come the previous year from Hudson, N. Y. I was disappointed, not finding my classmate Alden; he had gone to Denmark, to arrange for sending Asa Turner east, to raise funds for the purchase of lands on which to establish a college. After a dreary ride over the prairie to DeWitt, thirty-five miles, I found Oliver Emerson shaking with ague; at his request I went to Camanche to fulfil his appointment for a funeral sermon, the second time I performed such a service. From Camanche I crossed the Mississippi and preached at Albany, Ill. Later in the month Julius A. Reed visited me. He had been on an exploring tour in Delaware and Buchanan counties for a site for the proposed college.

Receiving an invitation from John Lewis, my classmate in the University of the City of New York, and in Union Theological Seminary, to attend his ordination at Fairplay, Wisconsin Territory, I crossed the Mississippi at Bellevue the last day of April, and was two hours in getting over, the river being higher, it was said, than since 1828, and the islands and lowlands on the Illinois shore under water. In his examination by the Mineral Point Convention, Mr. Lewis stated that when a clerk in a book store in

Boston he attended Lyman Beecher's church and that on several successive mornings when sweeping out the store, Dr. Beecher came there and gave him wise and helpful counsel. Mr. Kent preached the sermon, and I gave the right hand of fellowship. In obtaining his education Mr. Lewis had been aided by Christopher R. Robert, the founder afterwards of Robert College, Constantinople.

My Andover classmate James J. Hill, arrived at Dubuque, June 7th, and I went to see him; hitching my horse to a small wagon, I took him through rushing creeks and over Turkey river to the field assigned him in Clayton Co. He received a warm welcome at Jacksonville, the county seat, from James Watson, whose brother, Cyrus L. Watson, had preached in Dubuque in 1836, the first Home Missionary in Iowa; they were natives of North Carolina.

Urgent invitations coming to me to visit Mineral Point and Potosi, I did so, and the church at Potosi gave me a call, and it was said, "You must come." I referred the matter to the Home Missionary Society, and the following letter decided the matter:

Rooms of the A. H. M. S., 150 Nassau St., N. Y., August 3, 1844.

Rev. W. Salter,

Dear Brother: I lose no time in saying that the reasons which seem to have influence with your own mind in favor of your remaining in Iowa seem sound and weighty. The "Iowa Band" have awakened a good deal of interest in the East, and have a character that is drawing around them more and more the affections and confidence of the good, and it is very desirable that this character should be sustained. There would be some misgiving in regard to the results contemplated, if one of your number should return to this side of the Mississippi; the chain would be broken, the charm in a measure dispelled, and the brethren there would be in danger of being disheartened; it would be easier for one and another to yield to discouragement. You might be more useful in Wisconsin at once, but I think it would be in appearance only. You have made a good beginning, getting acquainted, and acquiring influence, and it would be difficult to supply your place. Wisconsin can be easier provided with ministers than Iowa. You have given yourself to that Territory, and I think you had better say to all this side the river that you cannot come down or over.

Your Iowa brethren would all, I know, give you this counsel, and, I think the disinterested everywhere would do the same. I hope you will by all means stay in Iowa and lay the foundations. Your communications have all been of deep interest to us, and you will ever have our tenderest sympathy and our fervent prayers. Yours truly,

MILTON BADGER, Sec.

Brother Holbrook wrote me: "I hope you will not see it to be duty to leave Iowa. Still I want to see poor Potosi supplied, and you to decide as the Lord would have you whether to go there or not. May he guide you, and make you useful wherever you may labor." Shortly afterwards I preached three Sundays at Dubuque for Brother Holbrook, he going east to solicit funds for removing an encumbrance on his church. Meanwhile I visited Clayton county to attend the organization of the church which Brother Hill

had gathered. I met there the Rev. A. N. Wells, U. S. chaplain at Fort Crawford, a very genial and friendly gentleman, and of much historical interest. I went with him to Prairie du Chien. He was a graduate of Union college, N. Y.; studied divinity with Dr. Eliphalet Nott, was a man of his spirit, was the first Protestant missionary at Detroit and pastor there twelve years.

In October I rode horseback, via Tipton and Muscatine, where Brother Robbins joined me, to Brighton, Washington county, and attended an Association meeting. The church there was composed of excellent families from the Western Reserve, Ohio. On returning, I attended a meeting of the Iowa Anti-Slavery Society at the county seat of Washington county. Aaron Street, Jr., and other Quakers from Salem, and Mr. Vincent, a Seceder minister, was active and zealous members. At Iowa City I visited the capitol, and listened to some of the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention then in session; I made the acquaintance of Robert Lucas, the first governor of Iowa Territory, of Shepherd Lettler, president of the Convention, and other members.

Through the winter of 1844-45 I kept up my work at Maquoketa and Andrew, and in the various settlements of Jackson county, holding some revival meetings, aided by my brethren, E. B. Turner, Emerson, and Holbrook, and sometimes aiding them in their fields. Brother Holbrook wrote me from Dubuque:

"An Episcopalian minister has arrived here, and will for the winter preach in our old meeting house half of the time. Consequently, I shall have some leisure Sabbaths, and could help you in a protracted meeting at Andrew, Bellevue or Charleston. He had previously aided me at Maquoketa. It would be necessary to provide a conveyance for me to and from the places, as I have no horse, and could not afford to hire for so long a time. Let me hear from you as I am anxious to improve the winter. The meeting at Charleston should be when the river is closed, to admit of the Savannah people crossing. We have exchanged our form of government for Congregational, and expect to build a new meeting house the next year."

At Maquoketa we organized a Temperance Society with one hundred members, and kept the liquor traffic out of the settlement. We were not so successful at Andrew, though a society was organized there with fifty members. A subject of the reformation wrote me a pathetic letter:

Andrew, Feb. 22, 1845.

Friend Salter:

I have been a wretch for the last year, have sinned against God and man. I have made one more resolve, one which I shall never break. I am determined by the help of God never to taste liquor, that which has been almost my ruin. I feel that I have been a guilty wretch, but will sin no more; I put my trust in God, and ask him to sustain me in my determination.

I write these few lines to you to ask an interest in your prayers. I want you to call and see me when you are in town, if you have not given me

up as lost altogether, as I have made promises and broken them so often; but this resolve, Mr. Salter, is firm, is not to be broken. I am determined once more to be a man, and not a brute. I love you and all the people of God, and wish you to call and see your unworthy friend,

G. W. S

Impressed with the necessity of better advantages in the cause of education, I secured the co-operation of Mr. Goodenow, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Current in measures for the establishment of an Academy at Maquoketa. Mr. Goodenow offered five acres of his land on a commanding site; others made subscriptions of material and labor, and, contemplating a visit East, I proposed to solicit aid from friends there. After attending a Presbyterian and Congregational Convention at Detroit in June, 1845, I went to New York and Boston, and collected three hundred dollars. My brother, Benjamin Salter, was the largest contributor; among others were John Mace, A. L. M. Scott, who had been my Sunday school teacher, W. M. Halstead, R. T. Haines, Calvin W. Howe, Fisher Howe, Bowen & McNamee, Wiley & Putnam, Wm. Scribner, George Lockwood, S. B. Hunt, W. A. Booth, C. R. Robert, J. A. Robertson, I. Van Cleef, etc., of New York, and E. P. Mackintire, of Boston. The Academy was incorporated by an act of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory, Jan. 15, 1846. The money I collected was expended in the purchase of brick, and in payments to the contractor, D. Jones of Dubuque. The building was completed in 1848, and was dedicated with an address by George F. Magoun, the pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in Galena. Mr. Shaw had previously written me, April 8, 1848:

"Our Academy is completed. I wish you could see it. It is a splendid building, I think much better than you expected. I think it will not be long before we shall add what we contemplated. My subscription is paid and over. When I signed I did not know any way to pay. The Trustees have settled with Mr. Jones, so the building is out of his hands. The dedication of the Academy will be on the 4th of July next. I hope you will be here certain. Mr. Gale, founder of Galesburg, Ill., and Mr. Blanchard, president of Knox college, will probably be here.

"We shall not have the county seat here. It will be for our benefit. In my mind the evils attending a county seat are more than the benefits of a Court House."

Jerome Allen was principal of the Academy for two years. He was a graduate of Amherst College, and married a daughter of John Wesley Windsor, pastor at Maquoketa 1849-54; he became eminent for his zeal and ability in the work of education and as a teacher of teachers, both in Iowa and in the state of New York (*Iowa Normal Monthly*, xii, 356). The property of the Academy, including Mr. Goodenow's donation of land, was eventually turned over to the public schools of Maquoketa.

In the fall of 1845 the people of Jackson county were advised of an approaching sale of the public lands on which they had made their claims. The United States had delayed the sale of these lands for several years as in the mineral district, where lands were subject to rents, and not for sale in fee simple. That policy was changed. There was much

excitement and anxiety to secure the necessary funds, and to protect one another in their claims, and there were some disputes about claims that embittered the future; but harmony and order generally prevailed, and, becoming secure in their titles, the people built better homes and made more permanent improvements.

I now felt somewhat encouraged in my work, and, looking forward to making a home, I built a little frame house on a gentle rise of land south of Mr. Shaw's house, and moved into it. I was there enjoying such opportunity as I had not had previously for retirement and study, with my books conveniently arranged and was especially enjoying a new book I had purchased in New York, "The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold," when word came of the serious and probably fatal illness of the pastor at Burlington, and that he had resigned his office, and I was requested to come there. I made the journey in February, and was delayed in crossing Iowa river by running ice. I found my brother, Horace Hutchinson, near the end of his days. We had come to the Territory together. He was then in vigorous health, ardent in his work, his life full of promise. Now his countenance was changed, and it fell to me to close his eyes in death. Brother Robbins came from Muscatine, and preached at the funeral service, which was held in "Old Zion" church.

After spending three weeks with the church in Burlington they invited me to become their minister. Returning to Jackson county, I reviewed the situation, and, not without reluctance to leave my friends there. I accepted the invitation from Burlington, which the Missionary Society approved. I had preached 326 sermons in Jackson county, 100 of them in the sod covered school house in Maquoketa, 40 at Andrew, and 186 in other parts of the county. I now preached farewell sermons at Andrew and Maquoketa, and early in April removed to Burlington, "not knowing the things that should befall me there."

maintaining stage lines. Here he was watched as the southern owner by becoming the Whig candidate for the office of County Auditor, but he suffered defeat. A short time thereafter he changed his political views and identified himself with the Democratic party.

The alluring reports of beautiful groves and fertile prairie of the Territory of Iowa prompted him to cross the "Father of Waters" in the next fall and locate at the town of Andrew. Here he was engaged in his former business of establishing stage lines and contracting for carrying the mails. He made several contracts with the government for carrying the mails from Burlington to Davenport and to Iowa City, thus opening up and carrying on a very important enterprise in the new country. He loved to make this business a success and to that end was frequently seen driving his own stages. He invested in lots in the town of Andrew and secured farming land in that vicinity, and thoroughly identified himself with the community and became an active participant and an earnest worker in all public enterprises for the good of the community. Such was his prominence and recognized ability as a leader, not only in that community, but in the political affairs of the county, that he was elected in the year 1836 to represent Jackson County in

GOV. ANSEL BRIGGS.

First Executive of the State of Iowa.

(Written for the Jackson County Historical Society by Hon. W. O. Gregory.)

The early history of Jackson County has been enriched by the fact that it was the home of Ansel Briggs, the first governor of the State of Iowa.

It is a commendable trait of human character which prompts and engenders a reverence for the sturdy, heroic characters, who laid the foundations of our great commonwealth, or who built thereon or in any manner assisted in its marvelous and most wonderful development, and I therefore cheerfully respond to an invitation to speak of the public and private life and character of Gov. Briggs.

He was a native of the State of Vermont, and was born on the 3rd day of February, 1806. His boyhood was passed in his native state, where he attended the common schools and received a fair education, and later took a term in Norwich Academy. He moved in the year 1830 to Cambridge in the State of Ohio, where he engaged in the business of establishing and maintaining stage lines. Here he also embarked on his political career by becoming the Whig candidate for the office of County Auditor, but he suffered defeat. A short time thereafter he changed his political views and identified himself with the Democratic party.

The alluring reports of beautiful groves and fertile prairies of the Territory of Iowa prompted him to cross the "Father of Waters" in the year 1836 and locate at the town of Andrew. Here he engaged in his former business of establishing stage lines and contracting for carrying the mails. He made several contracts with the government for carrying the mails from Dubuque to Davenport and to Iowa City, thus opening up and carrying on a very important enterprise in the new country. He labored to make this business a success and to that end was frequently seen driving his own stages. He invested in lots in the town of Andrew and secured farming land in that vicinity, and thoroughly identified himself with the community and became an active participant and an earnest worker in all public enterprises for the good of the community. Such was his prominence and recognized ability as a leader, not only in that community, but in the political affairs of the county, that he was elected in the year 1842 to represent Jackson County in

the Territorial legislature. We have no record of any special legislation that he was the author of at this session of the legislature, which brought him into prominence, but the fact is that his honesty of purpose to serve the entire people of the territory was so manifest that he became prominent in the councils of his party. Subsequent to this service in the legislature, he was elected Sheriff of Jackson County. He was also engaged in the mercantile business in the town of Morrow. He was also engaged in the mercantile business in the town of Morrow. He was also engaged in the mercantile business in the town of Morrow.

He was also the owner of a printing press, and published a newspaper in the town of Morrow in an early day, the name of which was unable to state, which was under the able management of Joseph H. Goss, subsequently Colonel of the 9th Regiment Iowa Cavalry.

The Democratic party held a convention at Iowa City on the 5th day of September, 1846, to place its nominees for Governor and other officers for the new State of Iowa. The Executive Committee of Mr. Briggs complied with the call, and he performed as a member of the 9th territorial legislature while his party presented candidates for this much coveted position. There were three candidates for the nomination, Jesse Williams, James Thompson and Ansel Briggs. Mr. Briggs received 62 votes to 31 and 21 of the other candidates respectively, on the first ballot, whereupon the other candidates withdrew, and he was nominated of the second ballot by acclamation. He was elected over the Whig candidate by a majority of 31.

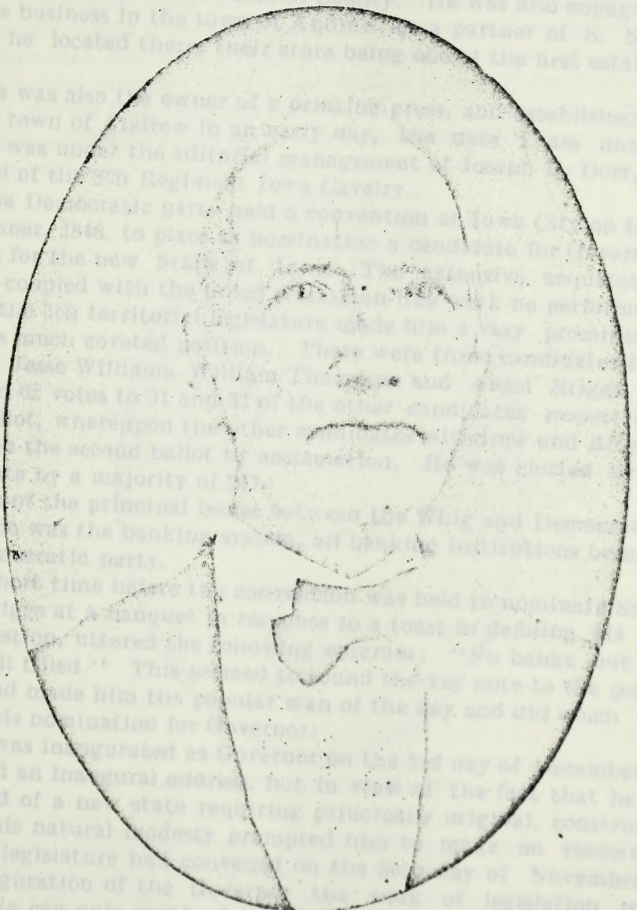
One of the principal issues between the Whig and Democratic parties at this time was the banking system, all banks and institutions being opposed by the Democratic party.

A short time before the convention was held to nominate State officers, Gov. Briggs at a banquet given to a toast in drinking his position on this question, uttered the following words: "We believe not earth, and they well liked." This gained him the key note to the position of his party and made him the popular man of the day and did much towards securing his nomination for Governor.

He was inaugurated as Governor on the 1st day of December, 1846. He delivered an inaugural address, but in substance the fact that he was at the threshold of a new state requiring principles of original constructive legislation, his natural modesty prompted him to make no recommendations.

The legislature in session on the 1st day of November, at the inauguration of the new State, the first session of legislation was entered upon. We can only speak of the fact that the law of the state that were of an original character and we note that at the first session of the legislature an act was passed constituting a complete system of state government, also for the organization of the public school of the State.

That law of the nucleus of the law, which has given us one of the best common school systems in the United States. Also an act providing for a State University at Iowa City; also an act for the establishment and organization of three Normal schools, one of which was located at Andrew in Jackson County, but never completed.



ANSEL BRIGGS.

the Territorial legislature. We have no record of any special legislation that he was the author of at this session of the legislature, which brought him into prominence, but the fact is that his honesty of purpose to serve the entire people of the territory was so manifest that he became prominent in the counsels of his party. Subsequent to this service in the legislature, he was elected Sheriff of Jackson County. He was also engaged in the mercantile business in the town of Andrew, as a partner of S. S. Fenn, soon after he located there, their store being one of the first established in the place.

He was also the owner of a printing press, and established a newspaper in the town of Andrew in an early day, the date I am unable to state, which was under the editorial management of Joseph B. Dorr, subsequently Colonel of the 8th Regiment Iowa Cavalry.

The Democratic party held a convention at Iowa City on the 24th day of September, 1846, to place in nomination a candidate for Governor and other officers for the new State of Iowa. The extensive acquaintance of Mr. Briggs coupled with the broad statesman-like work he performed as a member of the 5th territorial legislature made him a very prominent candidate for this much coveted position. There were three candidates for the nomination, Jesse Williams, William Thompson and Ansel Briggs. Mr. Briggs received 62 votes to 31 and 32 of the other candidates respectively, on the first ballot, whereupon the other candidates withdrew and Briggs was nominated on the second ballot by acclamation. He was elected over the Whig candidate by a majority of 247.

One of the principal issues between the Whig and Democratic party at this time was the banking system, all banking institutions being opposed by the Democratic party.

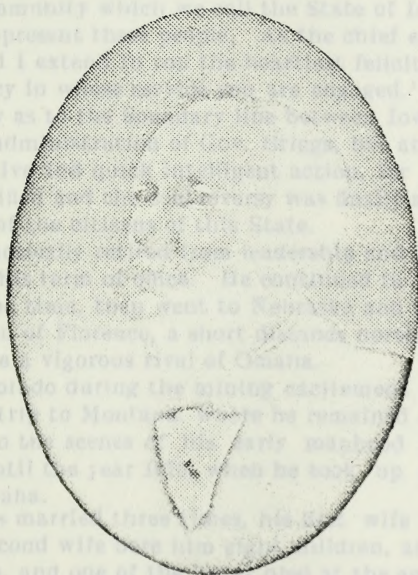
A short time before the convention was held to nominate State officers, Gov. Briggs at a banquet in response to a toast in defining his position on this question, uttered the following epigram: "No banks but earth, and they well tilled." This seemed to sound the key note to the position of his party and made him the popular man of the day and did much towards securing his nomination for Governor.

He was inaugurated as Governor on the 3rd day of December, 1846. He delivered an inaugural address, but in view of the fact that he was at the threshold of a new state requiring principally original, constructive legislation, his natural modesty prompted him to make no recommendations.

The legislature had convened on the 30th day of November, so with the inauguration of the Governor the work of legislation was entered upon. We can only speak of those acts which became the law of the state that were of an original and constructive nature and we note that at the first session of the legislature an act was passed constituting a complete system of state government, also for the organization of the public schools of the State. That law or the nucleus of the law, which has given us one of the best common school systems in the United States. Also an act providing for a State University at Iowa City. Also an act for the establishment and organization of three Normal schools, one of which was located at Andrew in Jackson County, but never completed.

At the next session of the legislature and during the administration of Gov. Briggs, the first act was passed known as the Homestead law, providing for the exemption of the home of the head of the family from judicial sale. At that time nearly all of the people were very poor and struggling to secure homes. The rate of interest was very high—40 per cent.—and those who were unable to pay their indebtedness promptly had found themselves and their families homeless and in destitution and want. This law has been amended and improved from time to time; but the important and vital features remain the settled policy of the State.

Thus it will be seen that the hand of our citizen, neighbor and friend, Ansel Briggs, guided the pen and affixed his signature to some of the most



HON. W. C. GREGORY.

important acts of original, constructive legislation, that have become the laws of this great State for the protection of the home and for educational purposes. If the writing of the poem "Home, Sweet Home," by John Howard Payne has immortalized his name, surely the names of Gov. Briggs and the members of the legislature, who passed those acts should be held in grateful remembrance by the people of this State.

At the time of the election of Gov. Briggs the population of the State was but one hundred thousand and there were but 27 organized counties in the State; the money per capita was \$1.11. To-day our population is over two millions with 99 counties fully organized and the per capita is \$34.68.

Gov. Cummins in his last inaugural address in referring to present conditions and extending his felicitations to the legislature, expressed himself

in the following beautiful language: "But first I must congratulate you upon the character of the people you represent. A kind Providence has bestowed upon them unequalled opportunities for the truest happiness and most enduring prosperity that mortals can enjoy. Our sources of wealth, while prolific and inexhaustible will not create fortunes so vast as to excite discontent, or become a menace to the public good. Our civilization is of the highest type known to the world, for it blends, in perfect proportion, the best qualities of the mind and the noblest virtues of the heart. If our people cannot reach the summit of true greatness, it may well be concluded that the top of the mountain is to be forever inaccessible. There is not another community of two millions of human beings upon the face of the earth so well fitted to accomplish the mighty purposes of the Ruler of all things as is the community which we call the State of Iowa. It is a distinguished honor to represent these people. As the chief executive, I acknowledge the honor, and I extend to you the heartiest felicitations upon the admirable constituency in whose service you are engaged."

The controversy as to the boundary line between Iowa and Missouri was settled during the administration of Gov. Briggs, but at times this matter required firm, positive and quick intelligent action, for all of which Gov. Briggs seemed qualified and the controversy was finally settled in the courts to the satisfaction of the citizens of this State.

Gov. Briggs practically retired from leadership and active work in politics at the close of his term of office. He continued to make Jackson County his home for some time, then went to Nebraska and became one of the founders of the town of Florence, a short distance north of Omaha, which for a time was quite a vigorous rival of Omaha.

He went to Colorado during the mining excitement of 1860 and three years later made a trip to Montana, where he remained until the year 1865. He then returned to the scenes of his early manhood and made Jackson County his home until the year 1870, when he took up his residence with his son John at Omaha.

Gov. Briggs was married three times, his first wife living but a very short time. His second wife bore him eight children, all of whom died in infancy, except two, and one of the latter died at the age of 21 in the year 1867 leaving his son John the only survivor. His second wife died in the year 1847 while he was the Governor of the State. He was subsequently married to Mrs. Francis Carpenter, a widow lady of the town of Andrew, who departed this life sometime prior to the year 1865, the exact date I am unable to ascertain.

Prior to his removal to Omaha he resided with Nathaniel Butterworth near Andrew, mingled freely with the people with whom he was always in touch, and by whom he was admired and loved for the able public services he rendered in pioneer days. He died at the home of his son John after a brief illness on the 5th day of May, 1881. Governor Gear issued a proclamation reciting his services as the first Governor of the State, and the national flag was floated at half mast from the State House on the day of his funeral, but sad to relate, his remains were buried in the State of Nebraska and still repose in the soil of our neighbor State, his grave marked only by an ordinary slab.

It would seem most befitting for this Society to take the preliminary steps towards having his remains removed to, and interred in Jackson County, the home of his early manhood, where he spent so many years of his public active life, and where he loved to dwell when the shadows of the approaching sunset of his life commenced crossing his pathway. The State he served so honorably and so well should make an appropriation for the removal of his remains and for the erection of a suitable monument at his grave commemorative of his services.

He was a man of noble and perfect mould physically, dignified and commanding, without austerity; sociable, but not garrulous; friendly, but not sycophantic; modest, but not bashful; loyal to his party, but not dogmatic; true to his family, loyal to his friends, kind to his neighbors and an honest man.

Historical Society, to honor the memory of the Governor, and written about for many years, and our old friends of the University, I am sure, will be heartily glad to see this measure go through. The press has repeatedly stated openly that it belonged to Iowa to do something to honor her first Governor. The Senate has been systematically passed up by Pioneer Associations, County and State Bar Associations, The Pioneer Law-makers Ass'n of Iowa, and a number of the prominent men in the history of Iowa, have written indorsements and letters urging the great state of Iowa should not only generously appropriate something in honor of her first Governor, but also

The last visit my husband, the late John S. Briggs, made from Iowa just prior to his death was by urgent request to meet with the Putnamville County Bar Association. At that time a resolution was passed by that body, to the effect, that if the descendants of Governor Briggs would consent to the removal of the remains within the state, that it was the sense of that body that the people, through the Governor and Governor Association, should provide for the same and a suitable memorial to his memory. My husband gave his consent to the removal. In their estimation the matter of monument, or whatever should be decided on, should be placed in Captain George of Des Moines. I have two sons and one daughter, Hiram, Leonard, and Ansel Briggs, who will be very glad, I am sure, to entertain this move on the part of Jackson county.

I saw Senator C. U. Saunders in Council House the 10th inst., and explained this matter to him, and he asks for me to write to your people immediately and to say to you to draft your bill as yet it before the Legislature as quick as possible, and he would do all that he possibly could to further it. Senator Saunders is on the appropriation committee.

In an interview with Governor Cummins the day after his meeting, he told me he would do all in his power for this, and thought it was the proper thing for the State of Iowa to do to honor her first Governor in such a manner. In fact, he thought it had been left too long.

We have a great many things in connection with the late Governor Briggs, and if there is any service that these men can do, I will say for Mrs. Hoberman that an answer to your letter will be forthcoming at an early date. I am,

Very truly yours,

MRS. J. S. BRIGGS

Des Moines, Ia., March 10, 1891

OF INTEREST TO ALL IOWA

A Letter From Mrs Briggs Concerning a Monument to Our First Governor.

Omaha, Nebr., Feb. 12th, 1907.

J. W. Ellis, Sec. Jackson Co. Historical Ass'n, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 6th inst. to my daughter, Mrs. Alex. D. Robertson of Washta, Iowa, was forwarded to me for perusal. I was greatly pleased to learn of this contemplated move on the part of Jackson County Historical Society, to honor Governor Briggs. This matter has been discussed and written about for many years, and the old friends of the Governor, I am sure, will be heartily glad to see this measure go through. The press has repeatedly stated openly that it belonged to Iowa to do something to honor her first Governor. The measure has been affirmatively passed on by Pioneer Associations, County and State Bar Associations, The Pioneer Law-makers Ass'n of Iowa, and a number of the prominent men in the Annals of Iowa, have written indorsements and letters saying the great state of Iowa should make a generous appropriation, specifying in sums from \$5,000 to \$25,000.

The last visit my husband, the late John S. Briggs, made from home just prior to his death was by urgent request to meet with the Pottawattamie County Bar Association. At that time a resolution was passed by this body, to the effect, that if the descendants of Governor Briggs would consent to the removal of the remains within the state, that it was the sense of that body that the people, through the Governor and General Assembly, should provide for the same and a suitable memorial to his memory. My husband gave his consent to the removal. In their estimation the statue or monument, or whatever should be decided on, should be placed in Capitol grounds at Des Moines. I have two sons and one daughter, lineal descendants of Ansel Briggs, who will be very glad, I am sure, to sanction this move on the part of Jackson county.

I saw Senator C. G. Saunders in Council Bluffs the 10th inst., and mentioned this matter to him, and he said for me to write to your people immediately and to say to you to draft your bill and get it before the legislature as quick as possible, and he would do all that he possibly could to further it. Senator Saunders is on the appropriation committee.

In an interview with Governor Cummins the day after his election he told me he would do all in his power for this, and thought it the right thing for the state of Iowa to do to honor her first Governor in some suitable manner. In fact, he thought it had been left too long undone.

We have a great many things in connection with the life and acts of Governor Briggs, and if there is any service that these may do you, I pray you bid me. Will say for Mrs. Robertson that an answer to your letter will be forthcoming at an early date. I am,

Very truly yours,

MRS. JOHN S. BRIGGS,
2809 Bristol St., Omaha.

Review of Our Historical Society.

By Hon. Geo. L. Mitchell, President Jackson County Historical Society.

The Jackson County Historical Society was organized April 25th, 1903, but not much was accomplished by it until it was reorganized and incorporated under the laws of Iowa, June 20th, 1905. Its object, of course, is to gather together and place upon record all that it can in regard to the history of the County and the community in which we live, a portion of Iowa rich in historic interest, but incident, fact and story were rapidly passing into the unknown as of then there was little of record, and as each pioneer crossed the great river there also passed away and out of human knowledge, some fact or story that would have been to us of keenest interest, and perhaps, of priceless value. And it is that, as much of this matter as possible, may be recorded in our Annals and preserved, that this society has been formed.

It appeals, especially it seems to me, to the descendants of those hardy pioneers who, in the early days, crossed the great "Father of Waters" settled in these villages, and upon these beautiful prairies of eastern Iowa, builded their cabin homes and first turned the furrows of this virgin soil, that it is now contributing so bountifully, so magnificently to the wealth of the world.

I remember as a boy sitting almost entranced by the stories told by Lyman Bates, as seated in the store by the stove his mind went back to the days of 1838 and '39, when he and John E. Goodenow settled here, where is now our beautiful city of Maquoketa. Incident after incident he mentioned, and story after story he told, but incident and story are now gone forever, and it is that such matter as this may be preserved that this society has been organized.

We congratulate ourselves that our efforts have not been in vain, for a stimulus has been given to research and investigation, and much that is valuable has been written and personal error has been corrected, and the truth has been recorded. And in addition to the historical matter which has been collected by the Society, it has acquired the nucleus of a library of about 150 volumes of rare historical value.

During the last year we have issued three numbers of a publication entitled "Annals of Jackson County," pamphlets full of facts in regard to by-gone days and as interesting as a romance of Scott, or the popular historical novel of the day. On the fourth day of July, 1905, under the auspices of the Society was unveiled a monument to the memory of a Jackson County pioneer lawmaker, the Hon. Thos. Cox, with fitting and appropriate exercises which attracted more than state-wide interest.

That our efforts may be successful, however, in an imminent degree we need the support and the cooperation of each and every citizen who is interested in preserving the history of our community, but to-night I feel that I can say that much has been accomplished and that our efforts have met with ample reward, that future generations, at least, will appreciate our humble efforts in preserving what we may of the fact and story of this land in which we live.

To it there may not attach the interest, or the importance that clusters around the shores of New England, for that was ushered in the dawn of a new civilization, but around these scenes there gathers the memory of father and mother and that halo that clusters around the sacred name of home, your home and my home.

I honor the pioneer, his life, his trials, his joys have for me a peculiar charm, and my thoughts are best expressed in lines which I have used before, but which I trust I may use again.

God bless those noble heroes,
The West's brave pioneers;
All honor to their courage,
To their memory our tears.

They bore the toil and hardship,
They gave their noblest powers;
To build in matchless beauty
This glorious state of ours.

God help us keep the treasures
Committed to our trust.
And may angels keep their vigils
Above their sacred dust.

High on the roll of glory
Will their sacred names be seen;
And love in song and story,
Will keep their memory green.

See — log houses
pt 5, p. 14

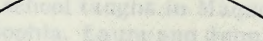
also
p. 69

The Old, Sod Covered, Log School-house

(Compiled for the Jackson County Historical Society by J. W. Ellis, Curator)

According to the best recollection of A. J. Phillips, George Earl, A. H. Wilson and others still living here, the first term of school taught in the village of Springfield, as it was then called, was in a sod covered, log school-house, that had been built by J. E. Goodenow and Alfonso Gowan for a blacksmith shop in 1838. The first teacher was Miss Eunice Dennison who taught the spring term in 1842. Miss Catherine Earl taught the next or summer term and Mr. Ebenezer Dorr, who later married Miss Earl, taught the winter term. The building stood on East side of Main street, and there is some contention as to exact location. A J. Phillips says about where the Nelson building stands on southeast corner Pleasant and Main, but Mr. A. H. Wilson says it stood about where Servatius' store is, and he is corroborated by Mrs. Susan Usher Forbes, who in a letter to the writer dated at Ida Grove, June 30th, 1901, says: "When I came to Springfield, now Maquoketa, in 1842, the houses as I remember them, was a log house occupied by J. E. Goodenow for hotel and postoffice, a log house occupied by John Shaw for store and dwelling, and just across the road was a sod covered, log house in which my aunt, Miss Dennison, taught the first school taught in Springfield. George Earl also thinks the school-house was about opposite Shaw's store. N. O. Rhodes, who says he attended school in the sod covered school-house in 1846, thinks the school-house stood about where Servatius' store is.

The building was made of rough, unhewed logs chinked up and plastered between the logs with mud; was first covered with slabs split out of oak timber and covered with sod, out of which grass and weeds grew profusely. In the spring of 1842, there was 18 or 20 children in the village and vicinity of school age, and the people began to cast about for a teacher and a place to teach in. About that time or prior, two men, John and William Abbey, had come to the village and built a blacksmith shop, and in consequence there was no further use for Mr. Goodenow's building for a shop and he offered to donate it for a school-house if those interested would fit it up, which proposition was accepted, and a floor was put in and windows, one on each side, made by cutting out a couple of logs and setting in the two parts or sash of a 12 light, 6 by 8 window side ways, instead of one above the other in the ordinary manner. There was but one door and it was in the end facing the road which is now Main street, and near the southwest corner. The seats were made by splitting logs in halves, boring holes in the bark side and inserting pegs for legs, leaving the flat surface up. These seats were 8 or 10 feet long without back or foot rest; would accommodate from 6 to 10 pupils according to size, if it could be called an accommodation. The desks on which the scholars practiced writing were made by boring

[illegible]

J. W. ELLIS.

holes in a log the proper height, and driving pegs into the logs, and fastening a smooth plank on the pegs. The seats were arranged lengthwise about the room. When the pupils were studying their lessons they faced inward, and when time came for practicing writing they reversed their positions and faced outward.

The pupils of the first school taught in Maquoketa were two daughters and a son of John Shaw, Sophia, Laura and John; Nancy, Serena, Bolivar, Margaret and A. J. Phillips, Mary, Julia and Phoebe McCloy, Mary, Sarah and Herbert Pangborn, Sarah Wright, a half sister to Mrs. J. E. Goodenow, Columbus Billups, Henry and Charley Hall, Frank and Matilda Battles, Rhoda Effner, George, Lizzie and Hattie Earl.

Mary McCloy married Pierce Mitchell. Sarah Pangborn married Horace Salter; Mary Pangborn married Fred DeGrush; Herbert Pangborn died before reaching maturity; Sophia Shaw married Judge Joseph Kelso; Laura married John Broeksmit, and the son, John, I think his name was, died when about 17. Julia McCloy died young. Phebe McCloy married Fred Dunham, Helen Wright married Columbus Billups, Henry Hall married a Miss Smith, Nancy Phillips married Joel Higgins, Serena married Alfred Clark, Bolivar married a lady in California and A. J. married Elizabeth Springer. There might have been other pupils attending the first school taught here as Mr. Phillips says some of the first families that came to the Valley only remained a short time and then moved on to other parts further West. Of the pupils of 1842 named above, there are 9 or 10 known to be living at this writing, but they are scattered through many states several being on the Pacific coast.

The first cabin built in what is now the business part of Maquoketa, was built in the fall of 1837 by a Mr. Parmeter, and this cabin and the claim it was built upon became the property of J. E. Goodenow in the spring of 1838. The next cabin was built by Nelson Brown, and the next was a small frame building erected by James Sherman, a carpenter, on lands which he later sold to John Shaw.

The first store in the village was owned and operated by a man by the name of S. M. Marr, who came up from Nauvoo, and after looking over the situation said that if he had a building he would put in a stock of goods here. Goodenow told Marr to go after his goods and there would be a building ready by the time he got back. Goodenow had a new crib which had not been used, and this crib he proceeded to remodel and put shelves in and when Marr came back with his stock of goods the store room was ready for him. Mr. A. H. Wilson, who came here in the spring of 1839 and remained, is positive that this was the first store started in the village of Maquoketa, or Springfield as it was then called. Mr. Wilson is also positive that the cabin occupied by J. E. Goodenow, and the Nels Brown cabin, and the sod covered cabin that Goodenow had built for a blacksmith shop were the only cabins in the village in 1839.

An item of history of which I had been entirely ignorant came out in a conversation with A. H. Wilson on the 4th of November, 1906, when Mr. Wilson informed me that the first town site in the Maquoketa Valley was

made by Nels Brown prior to 1839. That Brown had platted and laid out a town site about where Dostal's brewrey now stands, and had offered town lots for sale in the East before Goodenow had done any surveying for the present site of Maquoketa. Mr. Wilson recalls a visit he had with Nels Brown in 1839. Brown had invited Wilson to stay over night with him in his cabin in which he bached, and of course he, Brown, was general house-keeper. Wilson says when Brown started to get supper he put some cold water in a kettle and hung over the fire and put in some corn meal, and sat down to visit while the mush cooked. Wilson says it was the first time he ever saw mush made by putting the meal in cold water, but says it tasted pretty good with sweetened water.

A. H. Wilson says the first preacher that he remembers in the Maquoketa Valley was Simeon Clark. Other early day preachers were Jenkins, Roberts, Weed and a man from near Sabula whose name he cannot recall, who occasionally preached here. Amasa Nims and wife thought so well of Rev. Weed that they named a son for him. Rev. William Jenkins who settled in Perry township in 1839 preached here occasionally. He usually came on horseback with a sheep-skin for a saddle.

The first cabin, the one occupied by J. E. Goodenow, stood about where Trout and Mathias store is. The second cabin built by Nels Brown was where Stephens' Bank is, and the frame building put up by James Sherman stood about where the First National Bank is. The crib which Goodenow converted into a store room stood where D. H. Anderson's building is on East side of Main street.

The well dug by Mr. Wilson for J. E. Goodenow in 1839, which was the first well in the village, was dug about where the gutter now is directly in front of Trout & Matthias hardware store. As early as 1842 John Shaw had erected a two story log building not far from where Comstock's store is on West side of Main street. The lower story was used for a general store and the family lived up stairs.

The first school was in the summer of 1842 taught by Miss Jannison, a sister of Mrs. Doctor Colver, to whom she was visiting. The only distinct incident I remember about the school, she was a pious person and on the first day, and my first in school, when Julia Wright (perhaps) and I were called up to read, she in her seventh year and I in my sixth. She had the spelling book opened to the alphabet. We read and said nothing, but felt quite humiliated as we could read quite fluently having been taught at home. She soon found out our attainments. The scholars of that summer I do not positively remember. Mary McKee (Mrs. Mitchell), her sister Julia who died when 12 or 13, Nelson Current (Mrs. Henry Eastman), her sister Harriet deceased, Mary Pangborn, Mrs. Fred Ballou, not under Sarah (Mrs. Horace Salter). These were children of Mr. William Phillips. Baliver, Jackson, Margaret, Nancy and John, living nearly a mile north, children of Mr. John Clark, living a mile east, Catherine Sloan and John, Hoen and Melvina Brookfield, Mrs. Swartz, Jane Day (Mrs. John Morris). These are the first I recall, while others but attended later in the old

Mrs. S. F. Kelso's Reminiscence of the Old Sod Covered School-House.

The following reminiscence of the old, sod covered school-house was furnished by Mrs. S. F. Kelso at the request of J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.

The building used as the first school-house in Maquoketa was put up for a blacksmith shop, but by whom I do not remember of ever hearing. The first blacksmith shop I remember was Mr. Charles Gordon on or near the corner of Main and Platt streets. The school-house was of unhewed logs facing the west, on or very near the northeast corner of what is now Main and Pleasant streets. It was just thrown out of Mr. Goodenow's field. I remember one school day in winter we saw a deer standing outside the window.

There were two long, low windows, one on each side. A tall person had to stoop slightly on entering the door. On the north was the teacher's rude table or desk, the same on Sunday serving for a pulpit. It was not plastered nor shingled, but board covered roof. In winter sod was laid on to make it warmer, and the sides were banked up nearly as high as the windows. In summer the roof was quite verdant. The desks were a wide board on each side and across east end with three rudely constructed benches in front of same, some extra ones in front of these without desks, no backs to any of them. But there was no upholstering, nor more than one or two rocking chairs in any home then.

The first school was in the summer of 1842 taught by Miss Dennison, a sister of Mrs. Doctor Usher, with whom she was visiting. The only distinct incident I remember about the school, she was a pleasant person and on the first day, and my first in school, when Helen Wright (Billups) and I were called up to read, she in her seventh year and I in my sixth, she had the spelling book opened to the ab-abs. We read and said nothing, but felt quite humiliated as we could read quite fluently having been taught at home. She soon found out our attainments. The scholars of that summer I do not positively remember. Mary McCloy (Mrs. Mitchell), her sister Julia who died when 12 or 13, Maloa Current (Mrs. Henry Taubman), her sister Harriet deceased, Mary Pangborn (Mrs. Fred DeGrush), her sister Sarah (Mrs. Horace Salter). There were children of Mr. William Phillips, Boliver, Jackson, Margaret, Nancy and John, living nearly a mile north; children of Mr. John Clark, living a mile east, Catherine Susan and John; Huen and Melvina Brookfield, Mrs. Stuart, Jane Gay (Mrs. John Morris.) These are the first I recall, while others that attended later in the old

school-house if not a few of them then, were children of William Montgomery, Armanda, Melinda and Thadeus; of Dominic Jobanna, George and sister Caroline, I think. Jerome Efner, a son of Dr. E.: children of Achillis Gordon, Emily, Sallie and Stephen; of Abraham Livermore, Julia (Mrs. Wendell), and a brother Abraham; children of Elial Nims, Nathaniel and Elizabeth; of Mr. Fairbrother, the name of the oldest I cannot recall, Laura (Mrs. Taubman), Harriet, Aaron and Hannah Esterbrook; children of Asabel Hall, Henry and Charles, Edwin, a cousin, also Ormund Plato; the Van Horns, Joseph and Frank, Phebe McCloy (Mrs. Fred Dunham, William Redmond, Henry Lamson, Catherine Earl, who became the wife of the first male teacher, Mr. Dorr.

There were probably others I do not recall. The winter of 1843-4 I know the room was well filled, for having left my book at home it was sent over by a little brother 4 years old. He said on going home the teacher asked him to stay. When asked why he did not stay, said there was no room on the board to sit. He was told that he could take his little chair and go over if he liked, which he did. The other women teachers were Miss Marcia Nickerson (Mrs. Dr. Hubbard) of Monmouth, Miss Mariette Esterbrook, Miss Mary Lamson (Mrs. Alonzo Spalding). The summer of 1846 was the last term of school in the old log school-house. I think Mr. Dorr taught two winters. The winter of 1844-45 a Mr. Steen taught perhaps a month. He was not at all liked and Mr. W. P. Bowers took his place. Mr. C. T. Lamson taught the first school in the brick school-house in 1846-47, and Mr. Bowers the next winter. There was a pond just east of the school-house which afforded a skating place at recess and noon time in winter. There were spelling schools, at which to be the champion, one ranked as high in the estimation of the people as the local champions in athletic games at the present day. Wood for fuel was supplied by the patrons of the school. Salaries or wages of teachers paid by the patrons in proportion to the number of pupils they sent, and number of days in attendance. There were debates and temperance meetings in the old school-house. The M. E. and Congregational churches were there organized.

There were the circuit riders, good faithful men, sometimes unlettered, as well as others more fully equipped for their work. My mother in the earliest times was often chorister, and my father started the fire Sunday mornings, and the family down to the baby was at the services. At first there were but few hymn books and the minister lined the hymns reading two lines at one time. The room was lighted in the evenings by candles brought by the liberal hearted.

On the 16th day of Jan., 1907, Mrs. Kelso wrote to Mr. Ellis as follows:

Mr. J. W. Ellis

In the summer of 1842 (June) when my father moved from Bellevue to Maquoketa, Mr. Goodenow's log house stood near or on the corner of Main and Platt streets. A log cabin belonging to a bachelor Brown near where Mrs. Eliza Reeves' house stands, that eighty was bought by Mr. Spaulding. Mr. Jasen Pangborn's log house near where the house now stands. My father hewed a log or block house where the Shaw block stands, but not on the street. These are all that were in the village. Mr. McCloy a mile

south, Mr. William Current west, Mr. William Phillips north. My father having been in the mercantile business for two years in Bellevue brought his stock of dry goods, groceries and drugs and placed them in the front part of the house—the first store which he continued for a time. There was so much fever and ague, there was a demand for drugs, unless herbs were used. Quinine came then as extract of Peruvian bark a black salvy mixture in cups to be formed into pills. Having been in the drug business previously my father was prepared to prescribe. The second store was kept by Mr Marr, south of Mr. Goodenow's house a few rods. The first frame house I think was built by Mr. Livermore. MRS. S. F. KELSO.

Amel Briggs. It is a great pleasure to note that the work of securing an appropriation for such a memorial has been taken up by the representative body from Jackson county where the hero spent so many years of his life.

As a liberal descendant I heartily endorse its action and appreciate its efforts and I hereby give my consent to the removal of the remains of the late Amel Briggs to the State of Iowa, providing suitable appropriation can be secured. An appropriation of ten thousand dollars has been specially suggested by many representative bodies of the State. The Federalists county bar association, The Governor Lawmakers and many other representative men of Iowa have said that Governor Briggs had done much for the state out of his own pocket and that Iowa should not be parsimonious when dealing on the matter of memorializing Iowa's first Governor.

Many editors of the western part of the state have written articles favoring a memorial movement. Shurtz, Adams, Deliver, Dodge and Governor Cummins have all enthusiastically expressed themselves in favor of a fitting memorial to Iowa's first governor but the consensus of opinion has always and persistently been that the memorial should go to Iowa women. However, I should feel greatly ashamed and consider it a slight endorsement to have the Jackson County Historical Society go ahead with this movement, and I am sure its loyalty and enthusiasm would not permit it to be content with a smaller appropriation than that suggested for some other place.

I have two brothers, John and Amel B. Briggs, but I think there would be no difficulty in securing their consent to this matter. One portion of my grandfather he alongside those of my father in a vault that sit in the old Hill cemetery at Omaha, but there is nothing at that cemetery, however the people of Omaha have and will have great respect for Iowa's first governor and Nebraska's first governor when in any way they can. Some newspapers have repeatedly said it seemed to them as if something to honor her first governor.

I have forwarded your letter to my brother, Mrs. Amel B. Briggs of Omaha, who if you so desire will see to it that the remains are removed there gradually for you yourself will know in better of your own mind. I would deem it a honor to have you put your name on the list of donors. I might do more and more for you in this way.

Concerning Briggs Monument.

Washta, Iowa, February 14th 1907

Prof. J. W. Ellis,

Secretary and Curator Jackson County Historical Society.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 16th inst. was duly received. Immediate consideration thereof was deferred by the sudden illness and death of a near relative. In reply to your communication I should like to compliment the Historical Society of Jackson County upon the laudible motives in undertaking the movement toward the erection of a monument to the late Gov. Ansel Briggs. It is a great pleasure to note that the work of securing an appropriation for such a memorial has been taken up by the representative body from Jackson county where the Governor spent so many years of his life.

As a lineal descendant I heartily endorse its action and appreciate its efforts and I hereby give my consent to the removal of the remains of the late Ansel Briggs to the State of Iowa, providing a suitable appropriation can be secured. An appropriation of ten thousand dollars has been repeatedly suggested by many representative bodies of the State. The Pottawatamie county bar association, The Pioneer Lawmakers, and many old representative men of Iowa have said that Governor Briggs had done much for the state out of his own pocket and, that Iowa should not be parsimonious when dealing on the matter of memorializing Iowa's first Governor.

Many editors of the western part of the state have written articles favoring a memorial movement. Shaw, Allison, Dolliver, Dodge and Governor Cummins have all enthusiastically expressed themselves in favor of a befitting memorial to Iowa's first governor but the consensus of opinion has always and persistently been that the memorial should go to Des Moines. However, I should feel greatly esteemed and consider it a strong endorsement to have the Jackson County Historical Society go ahead with this movement, and I am sure its loyalty and enthusiasm would not permit it to be content with a smaller appropriation than that suggested for some other place.

I have two brothers, John S. and Ansel S. Briggs, but I know there would be no difficulty in securing their consent to this matter. The remains of my grandfather lie alongside those of my father in a very fine lot in Prospect Hill cemetery at Omaha, but there is nothing to mark the grave. However the people of Omaha have always been proud to speak that Iowa's first governor and Nebraska's first governor rested in this cemetery and Omaha newspapers have repeatedly said it belonged to Iowa to do something to honor her first governor.

I have forwarded your letter to my mother, Mrs. John S. Briggs of Omaha, who if you so desire will also communicate with you. I wish to thank you personally for your interest and effort in behalf of this movement. I would deem it a favor to receive from you a reply and advice of anything I might do toward the furtherance of this movement. I am,

Most respectfully yours,

MRS. ALEX. D. ROBERTSON.

County Seat Contests in Jackson County.

Written by Hon. William Graham for the Jackson County Historical Society.

The county of Jackson was organized by the legislature of the Territory of Wisconsin when Iowa was part of that domain. Bellevue was made the county seat and it remained the county seat when Congress organized the Territory of Iowa. In the year 1840, the Territorial Legislature of Iowa at its extra session held at Burlington in July, appointed three commissioners to locate the county seat of Jackson county as a majority of them might agree, "having reference to the geographical centre, water, timber and the welfare and convenience of the present and future population," and providing "That the site selected shall be the seat of Justice from and after the first day of December next: Provided that, until suitable buildings are erected at the place selected as the county seat, the district court shall be held at the town of Bellevue."

Just what proceedings were taken under this act the writer is not advised, nor does he know whether there is any record of the proceedings of the commission, but on the 15th of January, 1841, the legislature at its regular session amended this act by appointing different commissioners, who were authorized to select a site and give it a name, and that when they had made such selection a special election should be held to determine whether the site so selected, or the original county seat, should be the permanent seat of Justice, at which election each voter should mention viva voce the place for which he wished to vote. The law also provided that when the result should be ascertained, the Board of County Commissioners should borrow enough money to purchase from the government the quarter section selected by the commissioners, and pay interest thereon at not exceeding forty per cent. and with the money enter the quarter section selected under the preemption Act, and then after surveying the land and laying it out in lots, sell enough of them to build public buildings and refund the money borrowed to enter the land, but the District Court should be held at Bellevue until the public building should be erected.

As under this law a quarter section was selected near what was claimed to be "the geographical centre," and named Andrew, and as the county seat was removed to that place, and Courts were held there until 1851, it is presumed that the election was carried in favor of Andrew, and that the money was borrowed, and the town surveyed. At any rate, Andrew was the county seat until 1851.

The third General Assembly of the State of Iowa at its regular session passed an act approved February 5th, 1851, providing that at the next April election the legal voters of Jackson county might vote for such points as they might think proper, and if any point received a majority over all the others, then such point should be and remain the permanent seat of Justice of such county. But if no point received a majority then a special election should be held on the first Monday of May between the three points receiving the highest number of votes, and if no point received a majority of all the votes, then another election should be held on the first Monday in June, between the two points receiving the highest number of votes, and the winner should take the county seat. Whether there was more than one election held under this law, the writer is not advised, but he never heard of any special election under it. At any rate the county records were moved back to Bellevue, which in the meantime had, by the authority of the Legislature, changed the spelling of its name from Bellview to Bellevue, and no attempt to move it was made until 1857.

In 1856 the late Nathaniel Butterworth laid out a town plat on his farm something less than a mile from the centre of the town of Andrew, and named it Centreville. The law had been changed as to provide that on the presentation of a petition signed by a majority of voters of a county asking for the re-location of the county seat, the county judge must order that a vote be taken at the next April election between the place named in the petition and the existing county seat. Mr. Butterworth presented such a petition and Judge Spur ordered the election to be held in April following. People living in the town of Andrew were not enthusiastic for the establishment of a county seat, so near their town and yet, outside of it, and joined with Bellevue to defeat the application, and Centerville lost by a majority of about 180, so Centerville passed into history. No person ever lived in the town; nor was there ever a building of any kind on the town site; nor was any lot ever sold and the town plat was vacated not long afterward.

Squire William Morden had laid out the town of Fulton in the early fifties, and a petition was presented to the county court in 1857, asking for a vote at the next April election, for the county seat between Fulton and Bellevue, and the vote was ordered accordingly; but although the contest was sharp and vigorous, Bellevue won by a majority of twenty. A contest was begun by the Fulton people alleging that a sufficient number of illegal votes had been cast in the town of Bellevue to change the result. The action was by proceeding in quo warranto, and the friends of Bellevue retorted that more illegal votes had been cast in Farmers Creek and adjoining townships than would balance the illegal votes cast in the eastern part of the county. As the case was never tried, the truth cannot now be ascertained. Both parties continued to be of their own opinion. For my own part, I never doubted that there was a great deal of truth in the allegations on both sides. I recall going over to the polling place in Bellevue, the old court house on election day. Capt. E. G. Potter was one of the trustees, and was at that moment receiving the ballots offered. John A. Weston owned a large timber lot in Illinois, on the islands opposite Bellevue, and as I arrived he brought up his wood choppers, about thirty in

number to vote. I remember one of them, a German, about fifty years old who could speak no word of English. As he handed his ballot to Capt. Potter, the captain asked him. "What is your name?" The voter said "Pellfew." "No," said the Captain, "I don't want to know what you are voting for, I want to know your name." The German thinking him hard of hearing raised his voice and answered "Pellfew." The captain tried him again—"where do you live?" The answer came louder still "Pellfew." The captain appealed to the crowd "does anybody know this man's name?" The German thinking the captain very deaf shouted in tones of thunder "Pellfew." The captain gave it up, and putting the ballot in the box said to the clerks, "John Smith," and it was so recorded. The votes in the rival towns were greater than they ever polled before, or for some years after. I was one of the attorneys for the defendants in the quo warranto proceeding and we were always ready for trial, and why it was not tried was never explained to me.

The same year 1858, a petition was presented to the county court asking for a vote at the next April election between Bellevue and Andrew. The legislature of 1858, had changed the time of electing all officers to the general election in the fall leaving no officer to be elected in April. In fact the last election was held in 1858. No April election was held in 1859 or 1860. Judge Kelso, then county judge, held that the April election had been abolished, and refused the application. No appeal was taken and matters remained in statu quo until 1860.

When the political conventions of 1859 were held, Judge Kelso was beaten in the democratic convention by Charles Rich of Maquoketa, and the republicans nominated Joseph H. Smith, of Andrew, and the old settler, Smith, beat the new comer, Rich, at the polls, though both were pledged to order a county seat election wherever a petition should be presented. In the spring of 1860 such a petition was presented by such a majority of voters that no attempt was made to file a remonstrance other than enough to give standing in court for the attorneys who appeared to oppose the application. I think the remonstrance was signed by only a half dozen voters. J. Y. Blackwell elected himself the commanding officer of the Andrew forces, and was ably seconded by Judge Bradley, C. M. Dunbar and A. L. Palmer. As for myself, I was satisfied that this petition was sufficient in form, and was signed by the requisite number of voters, and whether it was or not, Judge Smith would order the election, and further that when the election should be held, Andrew would win out by a large majority. I therefore declined to take any part in the legal fight. Judge Booth and Judge Kelso represented Bellevue in the county court. My part in the contest was editing the Bellevue paper in conjunction with the late W. L. Redmond through the campaign.

While the application was pending in court, Jerry Jenkins, then Senator from Jackson, in the state senate, called at our office in Bellevue one morning and after some conversation we went over to the court house together and on entering the court room it was evident that the fight was waxing hot. Judge Smith was just saying "I see the pint, Judge Booth, go on, I see the pint." Thus encouraged Judge Booth, went on with

great warmth and earnest gesticulation. It was one of the peculiarities of this gentleman that when speaking rapidly, he would sometimes substitute for the word he wished to use and was certain he did use another of similar sound and so in trying to impress on the mind of the court that the proposed action would be a nullity, he wound up his argument with the astounding assertion, "Beside sir, if your Honor, sir, should grant such an order as this, sir, it would be a perfect nudity, sir, a perfect nudity, sir, a perfect nudity."

As the Judge resumed his seat the Commander-in-chief of the Andrew force rose with great dignity and with the assurance of complete victory written all over his countenance, and putting both thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and majestically clearing his throat began; "Your Honor, I dont' see anything in this case for my friend Judge Booth to take odium at." Then replacing his thumbs in his armholes and clearing his throat with greater majesty than before went on: "If the Court please, we have made out a perfect case of prima facieousness anyhow." With that Senator Jenkins grasped me by the shoulder saying, "Lets get out where we can laugh." And a few minutes after we got into the hall the bailiff came out to inform us that our laughter was disturbing the deliberations of the Court.

About two weeks before the date set for the election Judge Dillon held a term of court at Bellevue. At about eleven o'clock of the second day he interrupted the counsel who were trying a jury case with "We will postpone the further hearing until afternoon. I understand that there are a number of persons here who wish to be naturalized." Then addressing the audience who filled the court room, said, "If there is anybody here who wishes to be naturalized let him stand up." And everybody outside of the bar arose as one man. Both parties had scoured the county, and about four hundred were naturalized at that term. There was no failure on either side for want of witnesses. The writer knows of one person, now a large land holder, who had arrived in America from Luxemburg in October, 1860, who was told that he ought to go down to Bellevue and get his first papers—that is to declare his intention of becoming a citizen—who went home from court that evening with full naturalization papers in his pocket, thanks to the vigilant care of Fred Scarborough, the clerk of the district court, and he has been voting on these papers ever since.

Just before the election an attempt was made by the Bellevue people to enjoin the holding of the election, but Judge Dillon refused the writ, though urged by both Judge Booth and Judge Leffingwell in speeches of remarkable force. Henry O'Connor appeared with the advocates of Andrew's claims. The excitement increased in intensity as the date of the election drew near. In fact, if a statement in the Bellevue paper was correct, it came near having tragic consequences. In the issue just preceeding the election that paper lamented the personal feeling that was manifested, and stated that on the Saturday before active hostilities had broken out between the contending forces and that one of the Bellevue volunteers from Clinton county, had opened the war by discharging a loaded shell from a window in the second story of the Sublette House at the Commander in Chief of the Andrew forces, which had missed the head of that August-personage by a narrow

margin. It is believed that the statement was true, but the shell was an ordinary household utensil of pottery and not the "iron shard" that Kipling writes of, and was discharged in the manner of a hand grenade, and not from the "reeking tube" of his Recessional.

The majority in favor of Andrew at this election was five hundred and sixty. Another effort was made in the court to defeat the removal of the records but it was unsuccessful, and the Supreme Court decided that because the April election had not been expressly abolished by name an election for county seat could be held at that time, but not for any other purpose. I recall telling the learned counsel for the appellants that there was just five hundred and sixty reasons why they should be beaten, and they were. All the same I still think Judge Kelsos' construction of the law was correct.

A few years afterward Bellevue made another attempt to have another vote taken between Andrew and Bellevue, and filed a petition signed by the requisite number of voters, but before it was passed on by the Board of Supervisors. Andrew procured enough of the signers to the petition to sign a remonstrance, and so reduced the number below the requisite majority. This ended the efforts of Bellevue to recover the county seat from Andrew.

When the last movement began to be agitated, I was asked to attend a meeting of some of its promoters, and at the meeting was also asked to give my opinion as to the proposed step. I advised against making the attempt, basing my judgement not only on the decisive majority against Bellevue on the former contest, but also on the fact that a majority of the voters in the county lived on the south side of the Maquoketa river, and on the further fact that the people of Bellevue had without remonstrance allowed the principal roads leading into their own to be so changed for the worse that Dubuque on the one side and Lyons on the other were more easily accessible to more than two-thirds of the people of the county than Bellevue. All my attempts to inaugurate "a good road movement" in that town had met with no response whatever. The others however, knew better and determined to go ahead; and assigned me to the task of canvassing the four townships in the southwestern part of the county, which was certainly "the enemy's country," assuring me that if I could get fifty signatures from that territory we could get the vote ordered, and carry the election. I returned the petitions with three or four times the number assigned to me. I did the canvassing principally through others. A good many of them afterward signed the remonstrance also. If my friends who were so sure of winning the contest had canvassed their own territory with half the care that I did mine the vote would have been ordered and Bellevue would have been beaten at the polls.

About this time the Andrew people in order to "cinch" their hold on the county seat made an offer to the board of supervisors to sell to the county the court house, which they had erected at their own expense, at a trifle over one-third of its cost. The board before acting on the offer referred the matter to myself and a brother lawyer to examine the title, greatly to the disgust of the persons making the offer; and while we were engaged

in making the examination of the records I heard them expressing their opinion of the board for putting a Bellevue man on this committee, in terms more forcible than elegant. As chairman of this committee I reported that the title was defective, as the record of the town plat showed that it was located in township five (5) range three (3), which was somewhere in Arkansas, while Andrew was actually located in township 85 north for range three (3) east. While reading this I heard my Andrew friends muttering "I told you so; that is what we get by their having a Bellevue man pass on the title," and it would have taken but little to cause an explosion. But as I went on with statement that this defect was not in our judgment fatal, and was probably due to an error in copying by the Recorder which, if necessary, could be corrected by a decree of the court, and that in our judgment the title was sufficient and the bargain a desirable one, and recommended the board to close with the offer, their astonishment was greater than their previous anger. They acknowledged that even a Bellevue man knew a good thing when he saw it and though the building was not what it ought to have been for a court house, its purchase saved the county a good deal of money but it failed to keep the county seat there.

The contest which ended in October, 1873 in the transfer of the county seat from Andrew to Maquoketa was after I had removed from the county, and I had no part in it. Andrew was handicapped by the rumors of maladministration of the county affairs, which the same month proved well founded: and the removal of the county seat was a blow from which after the lapse of a third of a century it has not yet recovered. The other attempts to obtain a vote on the question since 1867, I have but little knowledge of and leave it to others to speak of. Maquoketa has been the county seat for nearly one-half of the time that Jackson county has had its political existence, and will probably remain the county seat of that political division of Iowa until some Japanese Historian, viewing the ruins of the State Capitol at Des Moines and meditating on the marvellous extinction of the great America Republic, shall outline his history of the decline and fall of that great commonwealth of corn and cattle, of * hens and hogs and horses of which Jackson county was once so notable a part and of which the old stone court house at Andrew shall be the only surviving monument of its greatness.

See Congressman Dawson's speech on "The Iowa Hen."

Southwest of Preston, now known as the site of the place. The captain will be remembered as the old man who captain that made his home in Maquoketa at the Miller House. The farmers loaded in Van Buren township on the 17th day of May, 1861. They got from a party who occupied the above named cabin an ox team and sled and loaded their goods in the northeast quarter of section 23, now owned by Sam McNeil, and built a log cabin. Mr. Farley was killed in the Redbank war in 1862 leaving a family of nine children, the eldest being the late Christopher Farley, who during his life was so well and favorably known in Jackson county. A boy of 17, as the head. Mr. Farley had gone to Bellevue to sail with an ox team, and was having gone on foot and drove the team home with his father's dead

Early Pioneers of Van Buren Township.

(Written for the Jackson County Historical Society by Hon. Chas. Wyckoff.)

To the Members of the Historical Society:

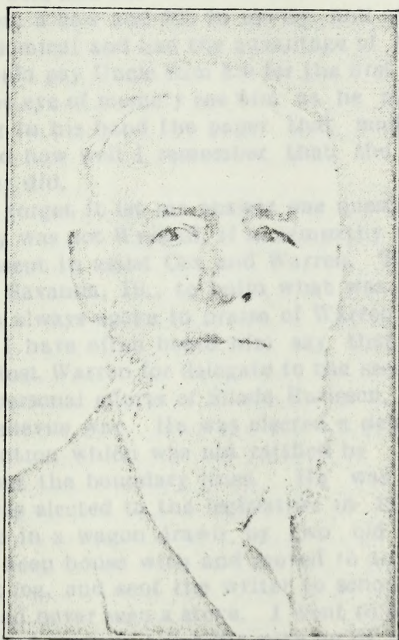
I feel honored by the program committee in asking me to furnish the society with a few items relative to the early settling of Van Buren township, Jackson county, and while I realize my inability to so arrange a few facts as to make them as interesting as could some one more skilled in writing, still I am willing to add my little mite to assist in this good work—arranging historical facts so they can be published and handed down to future men and women.

John Jones was the first settler of Van Buren township. He built the first cabin in the northeast quarter of section 14, known as the copper diggings. The stone in that locality is mixed with iron ore and he succeeded in making a number of people believe that he had found a valuable copper mine. Some of the families he induced to come were so poor they could not get away; was compelled to stay and take up claims and become good citizens. Some stayed in Jackson county and some in Clinton county. The Griswold family, father and mother of the late George Griswold, who was so long president of the old settlers' organization of Clinton county and took great pride in promoting its interest. Jones came from Galena to Van Buren township in the fall of 1836. After his copper mines failed he left the country and I think died in St. Louis.

The next settler in the township was Andrew Farley. The Farley family came up the Mississippi river to the mouth of the Maquoketa river and landed and then went to work and constructed a raft on which was placed the few household goods. The raft was towed up the river, canal fashion, the Farley boys acting as canal horses, to the mouth of Deep Creek. There was at that time a log cabin in Clinton county built by Captain Hubbard, southwest of Preston, now known as the John Bascom place. The captain will be remembered as the old steam boat captain that made his home in Maquoketa at the Miller House. The Farleys landed in Van Buren township on the 17th day of May, 1837. They got from a party who occupied the above named cabin an ox team and sled and hauled their goods to the northeast quarter of section 28, now owned by Sam McNeil, and built a log cabin. Mr. Farley was killed in the Bellevue war in 1840, leaving a family of nine children, the oldest being the late Christopher Farley, who during his life was so well and favorably known in Jackson county, a boy of 17, as its head. Mr. Farley had gone to Bellevue to mill with an ox team, his son having gone on foot and drove the team home with his father's dead

body as part of the load. Mr. Farley knew nothing about the trouble and one man that was shot asked some one to for God's sake raise his head and Mr. Farley went to do as requested and was shot, and it was never known which side fired the fatal shot, but it was the general opinion that it was not intended for him.

The next settlers in Van Buren township were W. H. Vandeventer, who built a cabin in section 18 near Deep Creek. William Latta, M. W. Tisdale, a Mr Walker and Azariah Prussia built a cabin on section 15, near the big spring in the famous town of Buckeye, in the fall of 1837. In the



CHAS. WYCKOFF

spring of 1838 Samuel Durant, Ephraim Elsworth and Bartholomew Corwan built cabins—Durant on section 22, Elsworth on 23, Corwan on section 24. Mrs. Corwan died in August the same year, she being the first white woman dying in Jackson county, her remains resting in the old cemetery near the cabins of Corwan and Elsworth. On the first day of September, 1838, my father came to Van Buren and built a log cabin on southeast quarter of section 2. In the spring of 1839 David and Fletcher Swaney, T. J. Pearce came from Michigan and built cabins. T. J. Pearce on section 9, David Swaney on section 22, Fletcher on section 15. As far as I am able to learn those were the only settlers in Van Buren township in the fall of 1839.

Now I hardly know what was expected of me by the program committee. They announced that I would read a paper on "Early Pioneers of Van Buren Township," and should I undertake to write any special reminiscences of each of those early pioneers, it would require more time to read it than your patience would allow, so I will only speak of him whom I love the best, my father, R. B. Wyckoff. He was born in Delaware county, New York, on the 28th day of October, 1815 and died at his home in Lyons the 25th day of January, 1895, at the age of 80 years. While a boy he learned the mason trade. In 1835 he came to Michigan and worked at his trade: in 1836 he married Esther Jones who died in 1856. When he crossed the Mississippi he had a wife and the writer of this article, a babe six months old, a yoke of oxen, a cow and \$25 in money, and although a hard working man and economical and had the advantage of his trade, it was ten years before he could pay Uncle Sam \$50 for the first 0 acres now my home, and I can with the eye of memory see him as he rode into the yard on horseback holding in his hand the paper that made him owner of his humble home, and how well I remember that the writer cried because father and mother did.

Lest I should forget it let me answer one question asked by some writer of history, why was not Wyckoff, if in sympathy with the so-called Bellevue mob, not present to assist Cox and Warren. The reason was because he had moved to Savanna, Ill., to build what was the first brick building in that city. He always spoke in praise of Warren's action in the matter and furthermore I have often heard him say that he owed his defeat when he ran against Warren for delegate to the second constitutional convention, to the personal efforts of Shade Burleson, which convention was held after the Bellevue war. He was elected a delegate to the first constitutional convention which was not ratified by the people because of some dispute about the boundary lines. He was at one time elected probate judge; was elected to the legislature in 1850 and took his wife and four children in a wagon drawn by two old horses and household goods enough to keep house with and moved to Iowa City and rented a little house, part log, and sent the writer to school. At that time I was a boy of 12 and had never seen a stove. I went to school and chopped wood which a man snaked up from the river with an ox team to keep the fireplace going in the little house. J. E. Goodenow was the other member, Jackson county having two members at that time.

Father was elected Treasurer and Recorder either in 1856 or '57, the election being held at that time in August. The county seat was in Bellevue. He served four years and from August until January, as at that time a county officer took possession within a short time after being elected. The law was changed during his term of office, the election from August to October, the time of taking possession put off to the 1st of January. During his term of office the county seat was moved to Andrew.

He always took a great interest in politics; was always present at Democratic caucuses; in attendance at county conventions and quite often attended state conventions. I once went with him to Des Moines with a team to attend a Democratic state convention.

For a good many years he was the doctor, the preacher and the lawyer. When anyone was sick in the neighborhood they sent for Wyckoff. If anyone had a tooth that was unruly he twisted it out with those old-fashioned turn-keys, which can be seen at any time at the Ellisonian museum. The medicine used at that time was not put up in tablet form, but was mostly compounded in liquid form. The first dose given was what we called "pike." It was aloes dissolved in whiskey, given as a cathartic and you may talk about Carter's Little Liver pills and DeWitt's Early Risers, but if you want to open up the channels of nature give "pike." The second course consisted of quinine and whiskey, given in proportion to the stage of the patient.

I well remember that one Charles Wentworth came to Van Buren township about the time the great Maine temperance movement started and was one of its strongest advocates, and he was attacked with what was called "ager", which was known in those days to not only shake a fellow out of bed, but would shake the bedstead at him. Wyckoff and Wentworth, who represented the two extreme sides of the question.

A Maine liquor law, had had a number of set-tuos in the old log school house in debate. Wentworth declaring that under no circumstances should the vile stuff enter his lips. Doctor Wyckoff was sent for and promptly responded to the call and boy like, I concluded to go along, not because there were a number of girls in the Wentworth family, but because I wanted to. Arriving at the house we found Wentworth sitting by the fireplace shaking so you could almost see the stones in the chimney shake. Father then and there proceeded to prescribe, but both prescriptions contained whiskey. Wentworth declared then and there that before he would take the cussed stuff he would allow the ager to shake him out of the house. Father insisted that it would not be safe to give him the quinine except in whiskey and although my father, whom I loved and esteemed above all men, I still believe that it was more to compel Wentworth to take the whiskey than fear of any bad result that might happen from giving the quinine without it. At any rate we went home without his taking the medicine, but the ager stayed and shook the old man so hard that he again sent for Dr. Wyckoff and took the medicine according to rule. I also remember that the patient was instructed as a diet to take buttermilk pop, which I often made father in his last sickness.

As a preacher he would call his neighbors together in the old log school house and teach them to sing and would read a sermon. He was a very strong believer in the universal salvation of all, but was free from sectarian prejudice and willing to assist any religious organization that he thought would benefit his neighbors. When any of his neighbors were sick he was always ready to nurse them—no \$25 per week nurses then. He believed in remembering the Sabbath day and denied me the privilege of going fishing on Sunday, which always seemed to me to be the best day to fish, because my neighbor boys went, and although a good boy I would sometimes run away and go and as a result would receive as a reminder of my disobedience the properly administered hazel sprout. I remember at one time father went to Bellevue on Saturday and was not expected home

until Monday, so I bethought me that it would be a good time for me to go fishing. I dared not ask mother, but I was sure that if I went without leave she would not tell. Sunday morning I got up and done up my chores which took me until after the other boys had gone, dug some bait, and away I went down to the old black walnut log on the bank of the river. baited my hook, threw it into the water and in less time than it takes me to write it, I had a nice pickerel that would dress four pounds. After securing him I again threw in my hook and in a short time had another about the same size. That was fish enough for one boy, so I cut a croched willow and strung my fish on it and looking up the river, here came my father on horseback, returning from Bellevue. I stepped up to him and handed him the fish; he carried them home and mother dressed them and cooked them, and I have always been of the opinion that nothing succeeds like success, for I believe had I been caught fishing without catching any I would have come in contact with the hazel sprout.

Father never received any pay for his service as preacher or doctor, but as attorney he expected his pay. He did not hve a fee bill posted up in his office, as has the lawyer of today, but when any of his neighbors got into trouble and came to him he tried to persuade them to settle out of court, and his success as a trial lawyer was perhaps due more to his having choice of sides than his ability. But some of his neighbors were so unkind as to insinuate that part of his success as a trial lawyer was accomplished when he succeeded in getting a certain man elected justice of the peace. His fee bill was as follows: For consultation what he believed to be good advice, when he could not effect a settlement; for commencing suit, sometimes acting as constable, trying the case and writing up the docket, the fee was \$3, which he sometimes got in work, not often in money and quite frequently never got.

And now while I have already made this sketch longer than I had intended, and as must be expected of me, to let the mantle of charity fall gently over his faults, I still believe that he was the best all-around man that Van Buren township ever had, and in closing permit me to say he was a man of high mental attainments, strong purpose, was well read, was considered a substantial man in the community and a man of high character; and was a man of a cheerful and happy disposition. He always had a kind word for all and was always inclined to look on the bright side of life. He was in early life a leader in the social enjoyments of his home neighborhood, and when the hand of affliction was laid on his neighbor he was always ready to administer to the sick, close the eyes of the dying and ask God's blessing on those who mourned.

He lived a widower eleven years. In February, 1867, he was married to Mrs. Charlotte Pursell, whose husband was killed in the Camanche tornado, and in 1878 moved to Lyons, Clinton county, where his widow still lives, a lady of 84 years of age. He was taken sick on the 2nd day of October. I was sent for. In a few days appeared a little sore on the end of his big toe which developed into gangrene. He was a patient sufferer for four monthes, when death relieved him. And the one act of my life that I am the most proud of is that I had the disposition and was so situated

that I could leave my home, my family, my business, give my whole time and attention in nursing so good and kind a father, away from whose bedside I only stayed one night for the last four months of his life; and that in all his long suffering he was so patient—in his estimation everything I did was done right.

He died as he had lived, honored and respected by all, and I have often thought of what the late Supervisor Wells, who was one of the pallbearers and a lifelong friend, said: "It was a pity that such men had to die." Peace to his ashes.

When Maquoketa was in its first period of development, the children of school age went to school in a log building standing on the southwest corner of block 19, the spot being about the rear of Mr. Cedar's very good store. That building had been a blacksmith's shop, was after a period of usefulness as such, was converted into a temple of learning. What teachers wished the red in that humble place, or what pupils felt its want as occasion required, I have no record thereof, and I think there is not any now living in the city of Maquoketa who ever saw the building except Mrs. J. E. Gustafson.

As I am informed that the true beginnings and history of that pioneer of schools in Maquoketa will be presented here by that distinguished deliverer into records of the past, our beloved and learned secretary, I cheerfully pass on to our schools of a later date.

The first record of any school in Maquoketa that I have been able to find, is one, when on call of the then School Fund Commissioner of Jackson county, one Joseph Palmer, a meeting of the citizens of sub-district No. 2 was held October 30th, 1853, in the Congregational church of Maquoketa, of which meeting Pierce Mitchell was secretary. The territory included in this district was what is now the northwestern quarter of the present city. The first census of persons of school age in this sub-district, in May, 1854, numbered 85 persons, whose names are given in the record; not one of whom is now living here.

The southeastern portion of the town of Maquoketa was organized as sub-district No. 1, at a date I am not able to state but I think at a date earlier than district No. 2; and in 1850 the school was held in a brick school-house on the hill side, on Main street in that city. That part of Maquoketa lying west of Main street was known as sub-district No. 1 of South Fork township and was organized as such probably as early as 1848 or 1851. A lot for school purposes was donated to this district by John Shaw, and a one story brick school-house was erected upon it and school maintained there until as late as 1837 or perhaps 1838. This lot and building was sold in April 1850 for \$300.

In May, 1853, these three sub-districts were consolidated into the present Independent District of Maquoketa, the first meeting of the board of directors of the new district being held May 15th, 1853. Rev. L. Vathin, then engaged in the hardware business here, was the first president; Charles Rich, an attorney, P. A. Wells, a brick mason, and William Current, a farmer, constituting the first board of directors, and Russell Petham was the secretary.

The Early Schools of Maquoketa.

(Written for the Jackson County Historical Society by D. A. Fletcher.)

When Maquoketa was in its first period of incubation, its children of school age went to school in a log building standing on the southwest corner of block 19, the spot being about the rear of Mr. Goller's dry goods store. That building had been a blacksmith's shop, and after a period of usefulness as such, was converted into a temple of learning. What teachers wielded the rod in that humble place, or what pupils felt its smart as occasion required, I have no record thereof, and I think there is no one now living in the city of Maquoketa who ever saw the building except Mrs. J. E. Goodenow.

As I am informed that the true inwardness and history of that pioneer of schools in Maquoketa will be presented here by that distinguished deliver into records of the past, our esteemed and learned secretary, I cheerfully pass on to our schools of a later date.

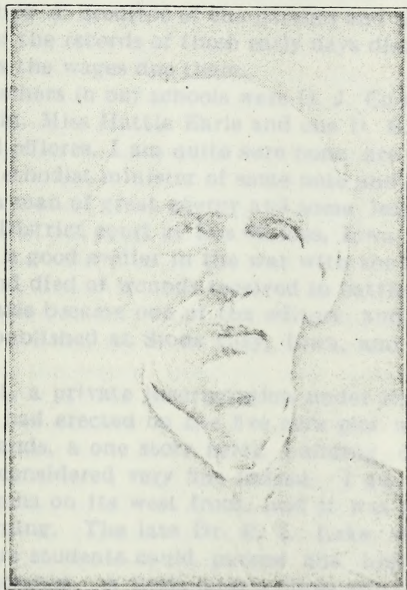
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In May, 1858, these three sub-districts were consolidated into the present Independent District of Maquoketa, the first meeting of the board of directors of the new district being held May 14th. 1858. Rev. L. Catlin, then engaged in the hardware business here, was the first president; Charles Rich, an attorney, P. A. Wolff, a brick mason, and William Current, a farmer, constituting the first board of directors, and Russell Perham was its secretary.

These early school officers had a hard time in carrying on the schools under their charge, owing probably in equal parts to the defective school laws then in force, and to the general condition of impecuniosity then prevailing; for as late as August, 1858, the district was out of funds and in debt in the sum of \$119.09.

In 1858 the total contingent expenses of the district for a year were estimated at \$281 50, a prominent item of which was fuel which cost, as the record affirms, eighteen "York" shillings or \$2 25 a cord. In September of 1858 the census of the entire district was, males 218, females 221, total 439 children of school age. Of these 439 children only 208 were registered as attending school; and the average attendance was only 133. As showing how peo-



D. A. FLETCHER.

ple die or migrate, I can say, that on a careful examination of this census, only thirty of those children are now living in Maquoketa. The wages of teachers was on a par with the attendance; the school principal receiving but \$40.00 per school month, and the other teachers on an average \$25.75 per month.

As late as 1859, the total tax levied for all funds in this consolidated district was 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ mills. The names of the two teachers employed for subdistricts one and two in 1857 and 1858 were Mrs. Estelle and C. Miller. In the school west of Main street David C. Shaw and R. L. Grosvenor taught a part of the time.

In the earliest days of our public schools, and to the time of consolidation of the three sub-districts into one Independent District, by virtue of what was called "The Free School Law," the expenses of tuition of pupils was met by a rate bill; the parents or guardians of the pupils attending school being charged pro-rata according to their attendance. The serious defect of this plan of running the schools was this: Although the teachers were employed by the directors at an agreed rate of wages per month, the understanding with the teacher was, first, that the teacher must wait until the end of the term before receiving any part of his salary: because until that time it could not be ascertained how many days each pupil would attend school, and how much the parent must pay; second, at the end of the term the teacher could not be sure of receiving his full pay, because many parents would be found unable or unwilling to pay. The teacher was thus a creditor of the parents and an oftentime bankrupt teacher's fund; and the records of those early days disclose great difficulty in paying the teachers the wages due them.

In 1859, the teachers in our schools were O. J. Cowles, C. P. Holmes, C. Miller, L. L. Martin, Miss Hattie Earle and one D. R. Cowles. Of all these teachers and school officers, I am quite sure none are now living. O. J. Cowles became a Methodist minister of some note and died in Connecticut; C. P. Holmes was a man of great energy and some learning, was for many years judge of the District court at Des Moines, Iowa, and died there; L. L. Martin became a good soldier in the war with the South, was promoted to a lieutenancy, and died of wounds received in battle, in a southern hospital; Miss Hattie Earle became one of the editors and proprietors of the "Stylus" a paper published at Sioux City, Iowa, and died there about a year ago.

As early as 1851, a private incorporation under the name of The Maquoketa Academy, had erected on the five acre plot where now the High School building stands, a one story brick building of two rooms. For those days, it was considered very fine indeed. I am told it had a row of lofty white columns on its west front, and it was held to be a veritable Temple of Learning. The late Dr. P. L. Lake was installed as the first principal. Here students could pursue the higher studies and be fitted for college entrance. A little later a three story brick building, containing four school rooms on the ground floor was prefixed to the one story structure in the rear. This front building was constructed under a partnership agreement, the "Academy" owning the ground floor, and Mr. John E. Goodenow owning one-half of the second and third stories and Mr. C. Miller the other half. The expectation was, that students would be attracted from far and near to the advantages of the "Academy," and so the two upper stories of the building was divided up into rooms for the especial use of such students.

When the writer hereof first visited this building in 1856, its condition as to the two upper floors was shocking. Students from abroad had not flocked in in crowds as was expected, the rear building seemed to be ample for all demands; the four rooms in front had none of them been finished or furnished; and were catch-alls for all manner of rubbish; upstairs some of

the doors had been torn from thier hinges; the fine walnut balustrade in the main hall, leading to the upper stories was half wrecked, and the rooms above were filthy in the extreme and unfit for occupancy.

All this condition of things grew out of the fact that the institution was ahead of the public demands of the times. The "Academy" corporation was bankrupt and overwhelmed with debt. It had borrowed money which it could not pay. A mortgage given on the property to secure its debts in whole or part, was finally foreclosed, and the entire property fell into the hands of the Independent District by purchase for a comparatively small sum.

On gaining possession of the property, the Independent District finished up and furnished and occupied the four ground floor rooms; the old, brick school property on West Platt street was sold for \$200; the brick school-house and lot in the old number one was sold, both being no longer needed. Up to about this time the district had been renting a room for the lower grade pupils of the northeastern portion of the city. A lot was purchased and a brick one story building was erected in the First ward where the present First Ward Primary stands.

In 1859 a want was felt for a school of higher grade than those already established, and the original Academy building was rented for that purpose and Mr. C. D. Mead was employed as the first teacher of the new school. He also acted as principal of all the schools.

For some reason Mr. Mead did not give entire satisfaction to the board of directors, although a scholarly and very excellent man in every way. He is still living in Vermont, in declining health and retired, after having spent a long and useful life as a teacher of the higher grades. The writer hereof succeeded Mr. Mead as the second principal, and mounted the pedagogical throne in the Fall of 1861, at the munificent salary of \$40.00 per month.

As illustrating the economical ideas of those days in connection with school management, it may be added, that the principal at that time was required to conduct and teach a large school of sixty or seventy pupils and to superintend the conduct of all the other schools at the same time. He had to purchase at his own expense the lump chalk used on the blackboards of his room, for chalk crayons were then a new invention, costing seventy-five cents a box, and deemed a luxurious extravagance. He had to sweep the floor of his own room or cause it to be done; build his own fires and ring the school bell; and for this janitor work, he was allowed twenty-five cents per week, which sum was all the janitor service the district paid for. For some time last past, the District has been paying \$1185 per year for janitor service alone and it pays for all the blackboard crayons used besides, don't you forget it.

I think the old three story square "Academy" building with its square tower, was the most unsightly public structure in an architectural point of view, to be found on the western continent; and yet, no doubt, its builders pointed to it with honest pride. One day in about 1865, fortunately, the lightning struck that tower, and knocked it into more or less confusion. Regarding that tower in a philosophical way, there was always some question what it was originally constructed for. It was a square box in the

center of the roof. I have heard it suggested in the old days, that the "Academy" trustees intended, when a professor of sufficient learning could be had, to use it as an astronomical observatory. That eminent professor never came and no one knows what the world of science has lost thereby. When the lightning struck this tower, there was doubt whether the bolt was intended as a signal of Divine wrath at the untoward pride of its desingers and builders, or merely a condemnation of the negligence of the trustees in allowing the lower end of the lightning rod to hang dangling for some years by the side of a third story window instead of being buried in moist earth, as authorities, like Downing of Andrew, always insist on.

It is certain that the school trustees deemed that tower as well as the third story of the building neither ornamental nor useful and caused both to be removed, also the old one story structure in the rear. The second story was fitted up with two large rooms, and the "Academy" building thus remained until torn down in 1876.

The first record book of the Maquoketa school district contains its records to February, 1863. The present writer has carefully inspected its pages, and finds that of all the persons who in any way participated in any of its proceedings up to that date, as officers, teachers, or voters, only two are living anywhere in this vicinity; one, this writer, and P. A. Wolff formerly a director, now living at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Maquoketa, Iowa, Jan. 24th, 1907.

The regulating resources of industry and labor, the water power of Maquoketa was the headquarters of this gang of outlaws, while the whole country around suffered from the depredations of these marauding marauders. But thanks to the eternal vigilance of our pioneers, law and order triumphed, and the enemies of good government were forced to seek more congenial localities for their illicit depredations.

This locality presided over by the Jackson County Historical Society has never lacking in resources for honest toil. It is true in their northern members no one dreamed of oil wells or gushing fountains of crude petroleum. Nor is it clear that our pioneers indulged in hopes of traffic and transportation over trolley lines of interurban roads, in palace cars with lighting as a motive power. But despite all these engines of modern civilization, attractions innumerable for their varied inclinations and tastes surrounded.

The great belt of primeval forests, with its wealth of resource was ever in evidence. Our deposits of lime stone, with their inexhaustible supply of building material. The water-power furnished by innumerable streams. While above all Nature's broad acres furnished untold stores of wealth in the virgin soil.

The Red man abandoned this happy hunting ground, so typical of the Indian heaven, with sad hearts, after Hiawatha had exhausted their resources. For here was a sportsman's paradise, and they had their muskets.

"The labors of life their joys had found,
Where the rolling prairies and forests bound."

Personal Estimate of Dr. Holt.

(Read Before Jackson County Historical Society by Dr. A. B. Bowen.)

Few localities held out to the prospector and the pioneer greater attractions for future homes than this stretch of hill and dale, upland and prairie, timber land and river bottom that constituted Jackson County in the early days.

Its wealth of resource bordering the "Father of Waters" were sufficient-ly alluring to attract men of all temperaments and inclinations. The toil-ing home seeker here found congenial surroundings and achieved success and fame in subduing the wilderness and carving out a heritage and a home. There was not lacking those of baser motives who infest new domains, giving the confines of civilization their preference over old established and law abiding communities which offer better facilities for preying upon the accumulating resources of industry and toil. Our sister town of Bellevue was the headquarters of this gang of outlaws, while the whole country around suffered from the depredations of these midnight marauders. But thanks to the eternal vigilance of our pioneers, law and order triumphed, and the enemies of good government were forced to seek more congenial localities for their illicit depredations.

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The Red man abandoned this happy hunting ground, so typical of the Indians heaven, with sad hearts, after Black-hawk had exhausted their resources. For this was a sportsman's paradise, and they like their successors felt,

"The labors of life their joys best lend,
Where the rolling prairies and forests blend."

To the pioneers is not a little of this prosperity due, for they builded better than they knew. Our pioneers had in their ranks men of unselfish propensities, men like John E. Goodenow, Nature's noblemen, whose unselfish devotion to the homeseekers, prompted them to forget self-interests and the accumulation of wealth, that would have enriched posterity.

The log cabin tavern presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Goodenow in the early days, was ever the home of the wanderer, and the homeseeker, his capacity or inclination to settle his bills made little difference with the philanthropic landlord. Some travelers of note also found lodging here, for no less a personage than Stephen A. Douglas was once a guest at this famous hostelry.

But the life of the pioneer was not devoid of comfort. Their social gatherings were of a primitive type and enjoyable. The ox-cart, farm wagon and sled furnished ample means for locomotion and transportation.

"In the cradle of hardship genius rocks her biggest children."

Among the pioneer physicians of Jackson County, Harrison Holt M. D., was perhaps the best known and his varied accomplishments, broad culture and sagacity of intellect attracted friends and made him a conspicuous and valued citizen of this inland community. He seemed actuated by motives of kindness and consideration for the feelings of others, and an urbanity of manner so unusual in modern civilization, (where avarice and greed are so conspicuous), were among the predominating characteristics in the life and character of Harrison Holt M. D. Such unusual traits of character attract the attention of the busy world and provoke criticism from envious rivalry but, "truth crushed to earth will rise again," and envious criticism of recognized merit has little power to detract.

His respect for the opinion of his patient even though the patient might have been whimsical, sometimes amounted to a decided condescension. There was none of that austerity of manner in the make-up of Dr. Holt, which we so often find associated with egotism, but a frank, friendly, cordial greeting that recognized a degree of merit in everyone. Few practitioners of the healing art were ever more devoted to the best interests of their patients than Dr. Holt, and though time and progress have made many changes in pharmacology and accuracy of diagnosis, yet his capacity to discriminate disease in the absence of modern instruments of precision like the fever thermometer, the hypodermic syringe, the microscope, or the X-ray, was based on clinical knowledge acquired by experience and observation—the world's best teachers. And his therapeutics were of the quality that inspired hope and confidence.

More than a generation has passed since Dr. Holt ceased his labors in this community, yet his name is often quoted by those who appreciated his skill and kindness and were the recipients of his professional attention. Some in this audience were met at life's portals by his kindly administrations and welcome, while not a few had their sufferings ameliorated and the span of life prolonged by his timely interference. His devotion to his patients was exemplified in his last illness, for he was stricken with his mortal sickness at the bedside of a patient on a cold winter's night, at a lonely

farm house in the country. Like the Roman soldier stretched at the post

My observations of Dr. Holt are, he possessed two rare qualities, character, in an eminent degree, honesty of purpose and gentlemanliness.

Harrison Holt M. D. was born at Andover, Mass., A. D. 1819. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, from whence he went to Andover, N. J. and spent the majority of his life as a teacher in various schools. At this time he acquired the reputation of a good teacher, which he supported at Andover, Mass., and elsewhere. He was elected to the office of teacher at Andover, Mass., and spent the remainder of his life there. Many of his pupils have become eminent scholars, and he has been in the employ of various schools.

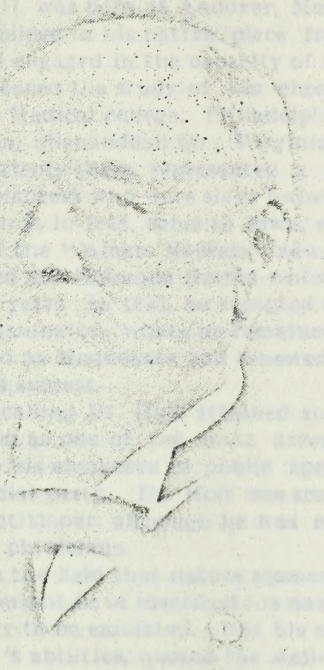
Dr. Holt was a man of high character, and was a member of the Andover and editorial boards of the Andover Standard, and other papers. He was a man of high character, and was a member of the Andover and editorial boards of the Andover Standard, and other papers. He was a man of high character, and was a member of the Andover and editorial boards of the Andover Standard, and other papers.

In each and every respect Dr. Holt was a man of high character. As an editor he established a reputation for himself, and as a writer he was a man of high character. He was a man of high character, and was a member of the Andover and editorial boards of the Andover Standard, and other papers.

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There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
That might be all true replied the doctor, but the same might say:
"There's a Providence which shapes our ends rough, how they come,
We'll not feel," thus implying that his destiny was settled.

A contemporary said of him, "Dr. Holt was a man of high character, and was a member of the Andover and editorial boards of the Andover Standard, and other papers. He was a man of high character, and was a member of the Andover and editorial boards of the Andover Standard, and other papers."



He has been a man of high character, and was a member of the Andover and editorial boards of the Andover Standard, and other papers. He was a man of high character, and was a member of the Andover and editorial boards of the Andover Standard, and other papers.

DR. A. B. BOWEN.

He has done his duty fairly and has lived out his path."

farm house in the country. Like the Roman soldier stricken at the post of duty.

My observations of Dr. Holt are, he possessed two rare traits of character, in an eminent degree, honesty of purpose and gentlemanly in manners.

Harrison Holt M. D. was born at Andover, Mass., A. D. 1815. He was educated at Phillips College in his native place from whence he went to Bridgetown, N. J. and engaged in the capacity of teacher in an academy. At this time he commenced the study of his chosen profession which he completed at Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia. He first located in practice at Mt. Jackson, Shenandoah Co., Virginia, where he remained five years. Many of his patients there represented a money valuation, as he was in the employ of planters who were slave owners.

Dr. Holt left Virginia in 1848, came to Iowa, settled in Dubuque and had editorial charge of the "Miners Express" newspaper till 1852, when he, with others, established the Dubuque Herald which he edited with ability and success for several years. In 1855, he accepted an appointment in one of the departments in Washington, where he remained till 1860 when he returned to Iowa, located at Maquoketa and renewed the practice of his profession with ability and success.

In each and every calling Dr. Holt attained success. As an editor he established a reputation as one of the most accomplished writers. Occasionally giving vent to his eloquence in public speeches, making him the champion of his political party. Dr. Holt was scarcely in his proper element as a medical practitioner, although he was one of the most accomplished and successful physicians.

Statesmanship was the field that nature seemed to have marked out for him. In this field he might have inscribed his name high on the rolls of fame and left a memory to be emulated. But his ambition was not realized. An admirer of the Dr.'s abilities, quoted the well-known lines of Shakespeare:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

That might be all true replied the doctor, but the same author says:

"There's a Providence which shapes our ends rough, hew them as we will," thus implying that his destiny was settled.

A contemporary said of him, "Dr. Holt combined in an eminent degree, those social qualities which attract and retain friends. Genial, courteous, sensitive and the soul of honor, he was ever mindful of the feelings of those about him, while his fine personal appearance, happy command of language and great general information rendered him the most agreeable of companions. In his warm, ardent nature impressions took deep and lasting hold, making him a true, firm friend. He left a very large social circle, bereft of one of its most valued members."

"But perhaps it still is better that this busy life is done,

He has seen old views and patients, disappearing one by one.

He has learned that death is master, both of science and of art;

He has done his duty fairly and has acted out his part."

Mobs in Jackson County.

(Written for the Jackson County Historical Society by Levi Keck.)

Having been requested to tell my experience with mobs in Jackson County on this occasion, I will briefly relate some of the events which came under my personal observation.

I came to Iowa in the fall of 1855 and settled at Andrew in this county. At that time one William Barger was confined in the old stone jail in Andrew awaiting his trial for the murder of his divorced wife in Bellevue, about a year prior to that time, as I was informed. Some time after this he had a trial in this county, the result of which I am not familiar with, but afterward on the application of his attorney a change of venue was granted, and the cause transferred to Clinton county, and Barger was taken to Clinton county and confined in the Clinton county jail at DeWitt. (I will speak further of him hereafter.)

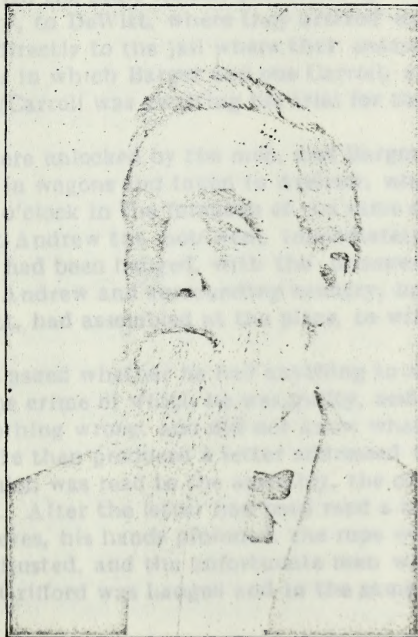
On March 27th, 1857, one John Ingle was murdered in Farmers Creek township, his body being found three days later. He had been shot in the back of the head. One Grifford having been seen with Ingle on the day of the murder was immediately arrested after the body was found, on suspicion and was held to the District Court to await the action of the grand jury and was taken to Andrew and confined in the county jail at that place.

At that time I was clerking in Mann & Barnhart's store in Andrew, and on the 11th day of April, 1857, at about one or two o'clock in the afternoon a large crowd of men marched into town in double file. I had just returned from dinner and was seated alone, in the rear of the store at the time, when the door opened and a crowd of men entered the store, and they kept on coming until all the space between the counters was completely filled, the leader of the crowd asked if I had any rope and I answered in the affirmative and showed him the several different sizes of rope which we had on hand. He selected one which he said would answer the purpose, and one of the men taking the end of the rope proceeded to the front of the store and out into the street, and when they concluded that they had enough, ordered me to cut the rope, which I did. All of the crowd then left the store, but in a few minutes several of them returned and asked for some black cloth. I showed them some black alpaca, which they said was all right and I cut off what they desired (about a yard) and not waiting to have the goods wrapped up, left the store. They did not pay for the goods and I was too modest to ask them to pay under the circumstances.

I then went to the door to ascertain what was going on, as I had not seen any of the crowd before these men entered the store. Soon after I went to the door I saw the crowd going from the jail toward a pile of lum-

ber near where the Presbyterian church now stands (I afterward learned that part of the mob had gone directly to the jail to secure Grifford, while the others had gone in search of a rope). When they came to the pile of lumber they halted and I then learned that they had broken down the jail door and had taken out the prisoner.

The crowd, or rather mob, remained a short time at the lumber pile, then proceeded to a crooked oak tree standing on a vacant lot nearby. By this time nearly all the citizens of Andrew, including myself, had collected near the spot, anxious to learn what was going on. Arriving at the tree, the rope was adjusted about the prisoner's neck, and Grifford was given an



HON. LEVI KECK.

opportunity to speak. He confessed that he had murdered Ingle, and said David McDonald and Henry Jarrett wanted to have Ingle put out of the way and had offered to pay him One Hundred and Fifty Dollars if he would put him out of the way. He said McDonald and Jarrett were equally guilty of the crime as himself, and that if he had to suffer the penalty for the crime, they ought to suffer the same penalty. After his confession and after prayer had been offered for the prisoner by Rev. Babcock, a Methodist minister, the piece of Alpaca before mentioned, was tied over his eyes, his hands secured behind his back, the rope thrown over a limb of the tree, J. K. Landis of Iron Hill, the leader of the mob, called his men to the rope, and the

unfortunate man was drawn into the air, the rope secured and the body left hanging for about an hour, and was then taken by the mob and buried. This was my first experience with mob law.

Barger, during all this time, was confined in the Clinton county jail at DeWitt, having previously had a trial in that county, at which trial a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree was returned by the jury, but subsequently, one of the jurors made affidavit that he had formed an opinion before he was selected as a juror, in consequence of which the verdict was set aside, and a new trial granted.

On the night of the 28th day of May, 1857, a body of about sixty armed men composed mostly of the men who composed the mob that had hanged Grifford, and with the same leader, proceeded by wagon and on horseback from this county, to DeWitt, where they arrived early the next morning, and proceeded directly to the jail where they secured from the jailer the keys to the cells in which Barger and one Carroll, also of Jackson county, were confined, (Carroll was awaiting his trial for the murder of a German at Lamotte).

The cells were unlocked by the mob, and Barger and Carroll were taken out and placed in wagons and taken to Andrew, where they arrived between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the same day.

Arriving at Andrew the mob went immediately to the same tree on which Grifford had been hanged, with the prisoners. A large number of the citizens of Andrew and surrounding country, having heard of the mob going to DeWitt, had assembled at the place, to witness what subsequently took place.

Barger was asked whether he had anything to say why he should not be punished for the crime of which he was guilty, and as I remember he said he had done nothing wrong, and did not know what they were going to punish him for. He then produced a letter addressed to his attorney, W. E. Leffingwell, which was read to the assembly, the contents of which I do not now remember. After the letter had been read a handkerchief wastied over the prisoner's eyes, his hands pinioned, the rope which was used in hanging Grifford was adjusted, and the unfortunate man was hanged on the same tree on which Grifford was hanged and in the same manner, until he was dead.

Then some of the more law abiding citizens of Andrew interceded in behalf of Carroll, showing that he had never been brought to trial for the crime of which he was charged, whereupon it was put to a vote whether he should be hanged or handed over to the jailer at Andrew to await trial at the next term of the District Court; the latter received a majority of the votes of the mob, and Carroll was lodged in the jail at Andrew, after which the body of Barger was taken down and buried by the mob.

At that time the county was infested with horse thieves and counterfeiters, and it was known that at least fifteen murders had been committed in the county up to that time, and only one murderer had been punished for his crime, and very few criminals had been apprehended and punished by the law; the people had become exasperated and complained that the criminal law was poorly executed, that criminals in most instances went

"scott free." This general sentiment prevailing in the community, I think, was the main cause which led to the lynching of both Grifford and Barger. A proper enforcement of the law during this time would undoubtedly have prevented both of these lynchings.

After the hanging of Grifford and Barger the excitement caused by these events soon subsided and nothing more was heard of lynchings or mobs until the murder of Samuel S. Cronk whose body was found near Cottonville on the morning of January 24th, 1867, he having been murdered the night previous. Soon after finding the body of Cronk, Samuel P. Watkins who had been with Cronk on the night of the murder, was arrested but was soon released, there not being sufficient testimony to hold him. The horse which Cronk rode the night of the murder could not be found, though diligent search was made, and nothing of much consequence was accomplished in ferreting out the guilty parties until the sixth day of the following April when a neighbor found the carcass of Cronk's horse in a piece of timber, within a half mile of the scene of the murder, the horse having been tied to a sapling, had starved to death.

Watkins was immediately re-arrested charged with the murder of Cronk and John B. Bucklin and Calvin Nelson were also arrested as accomplices, and taken to the court house in Andrew for preliminary examination before James Thompson, a justice of the peace. At the conclusion of the hearing the prisoners were held to the District Court to await the action of the grand jury, and were imprisoned in the old stone jail in Andrew during the following night.

The failure to find Cronk's horse had led the people to believe that Cronk's slayer had taken the animal and made his escape, and when the carcass of the horse was found, indicating that local parties had been guilty of the crime, and when Watkins, Bucklin and Nelson were arrested charged with the murder, the excitement was intense and rapidly spread through the county.

It was late in the afternoon when the preliminary examination was concluded. During the day a large crowd had congregated about the Court house in Andrew, while the trial was in progress, the feeling and excitement increased, and numerous threats of lynching were heard, but no demonstration was made when the prisoners were taken from the Court house to the jail.

That night after the prisoners were lodged in the jail a mob formed and not only watched to prevent the prisoners from being taken away, but placed pickets about the town to prevent word from going out of the events transpiring. Sheriff Belden fearing for the safety of his prisoners sought aid from the citizens of Andrew and the surrounding country, but was only able to secure five men to assist him, J. M. Fitzgerald, T. E. Blanchard, and myself among the number, the names of the others I am unable to recall. The community at large seemed to be in sympathy with the mob, and refused to assist the sheriff.

Early the next morning the sheriff and the five men above mentioned formed in open order and marched the prisoners from the jail to the sheriff's office, which was in the second story of the Court house, as the jail was such

a weak affair that it was impossible to properly defend the prisoners there, especially with such a small force of men. The stairway to the second floor of the Court house came up through and opened on the floor of the second story, and securing boards we covered over this stairway, thus really flooring over the stairway, which made our position as strong as possible. We were all well armed with revolvers, and the sheriff's orders were not to fire until he gave the order, but when we did fire not to waste any ammunition.

By this time the mob began to arrive and soon numbered about one hundred and fifty men. They advanced up the stairway and demanded the prisoners. Sheriff Belden informed them that he was able to defend the prisoners and would not surrender them, and that the first man to show his head above the boards would get hurt. Possibly the position of the defending party at the head of the stairs with revolvers drawn, added some weight to the sheriff's statement, for after consulting among themselves, they asked to talk to Belden privately, promising to return him if they should fail to come to an agreement with him. They promised not to molest the prisoners if Belden would give his word that he would take Watkins to Dubuque and place him in the jail at that place. This he promised to do and the mob began to disperse. We were in the Court house with the prisoners about two hours before the mob began to leave.

Shortly after this time about thirty horsemen arrived from Maquoketa, Belden having succeeded in sending word to his deputy, to send him aid at once. Belden soon started for Dubuque with Watkins, and placed him in the jail at that place as he had promised to do. The other two prisoners furnished bonds and were released.

This was the last demonstration of a mob in Jackson county so far as I am informed, and was also my last experience with a mob.

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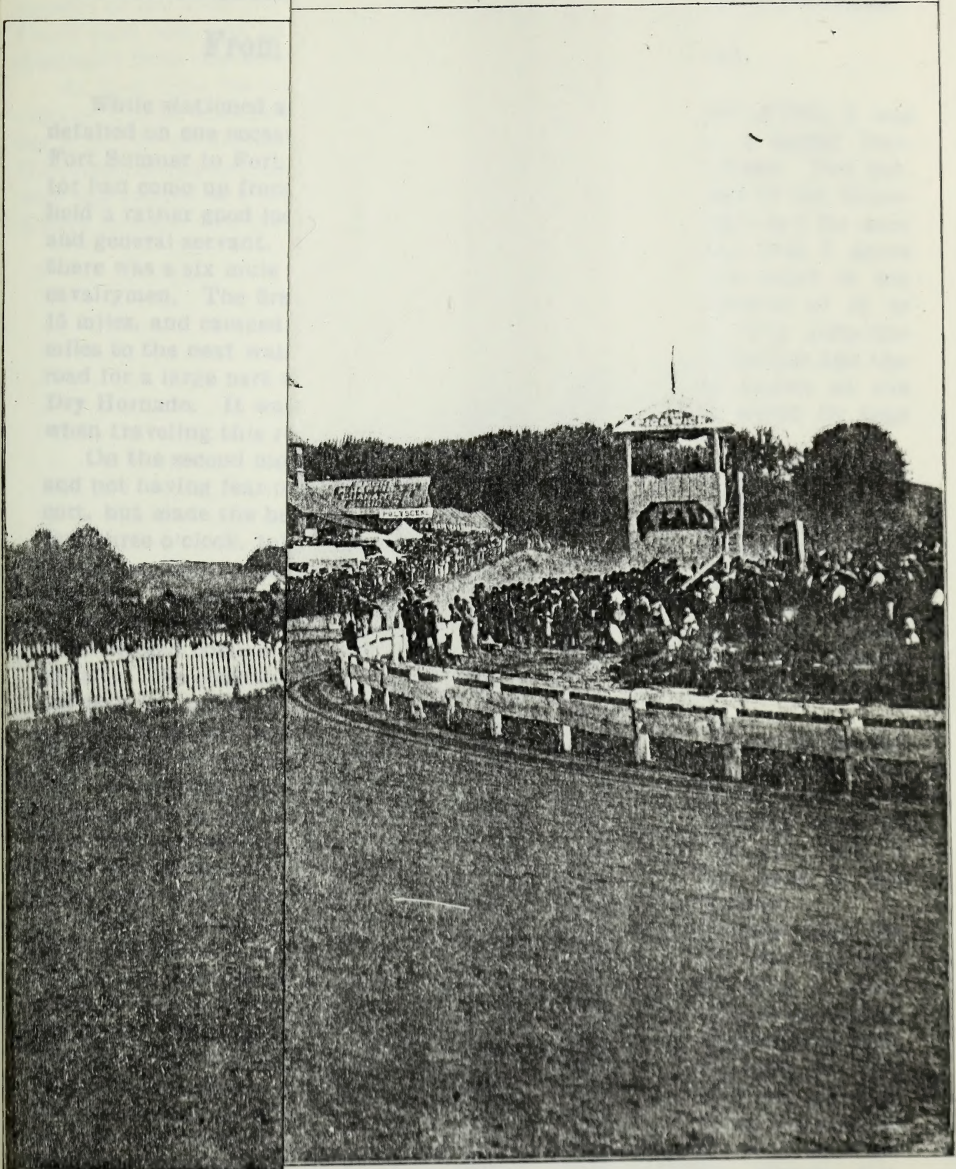
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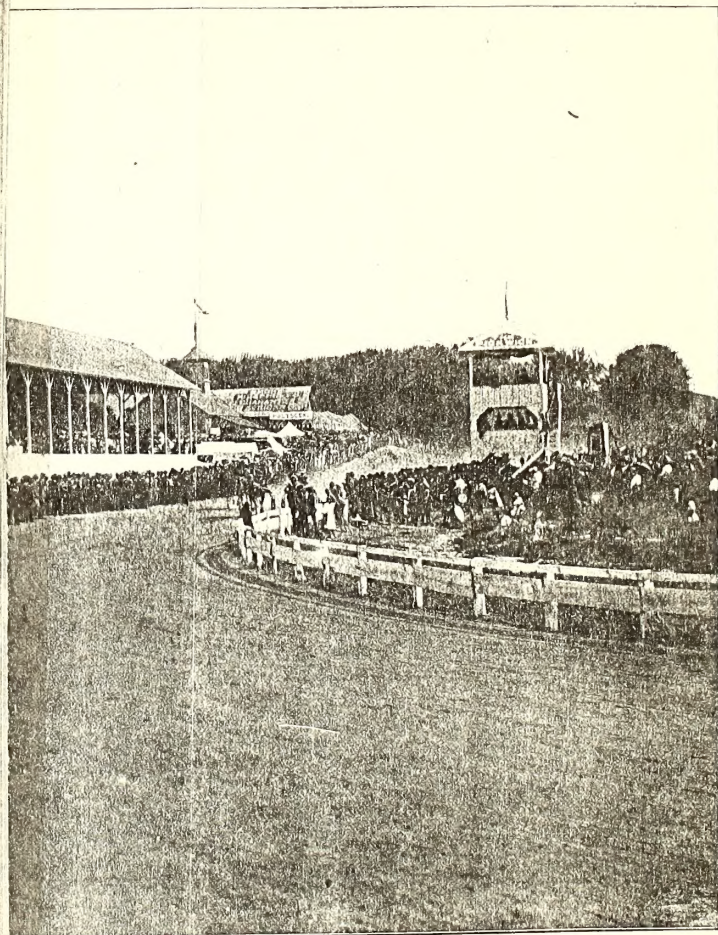
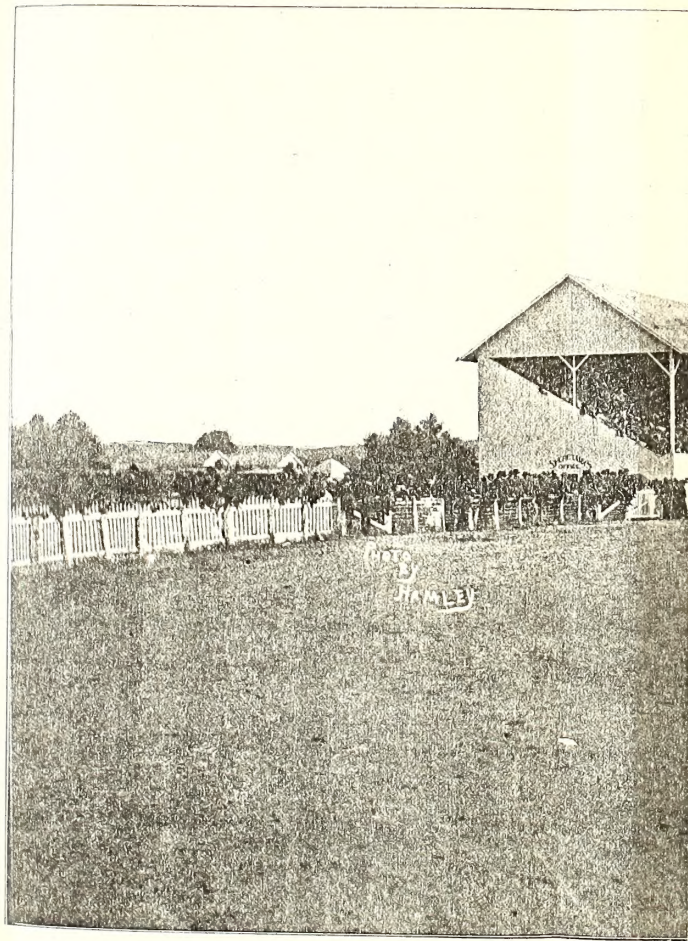
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0000 JACKSON COUNTY FAIR 0000

MAQUOKET -- IOWA



0000 SEPTEMBER 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1907 0000

Early Local History.

From J. W. Ellis' Life on the Plains.

While stationed at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, in the fall of 1866, I was detailed on one occasion to drive an ambulance to convey a doctor from Fort Sumner to Fort Stanton, a distance of more than 100 miles. The doctor had come up from Albuquerque and had with him as part of his household a rather good looking young Mexican woman, and a negro boy for cook and general servant. In addition to the four mule ambulance that I drove there was a six mule team carrying the doctors outfit, and an escort of ten cavalymen. The first day we drove out to Salt Creek a distance of 12 or 15 miles, and camped, for the next drive was a long one, fully sixty-five miles to the next watering place which was called Stinking Springs, and the road for a large part of the way was extremely rough, being known as the Dry Hornado. It was customary for freight teams to carry water in kegs when traveling this road for the horses or cattle.

On the second morning out we got an early start with the ambulance and not having fear of Indians in such a desert we did not wait for the escort, but made the best time we could and arrived at Stinking Springs before three o'clock, fully two hours ahead of the escort. We found the water about the worst we had ever tried to use, but managed to drink coffee made with it. The next morning we started pretty early and by noon had reached the salt wells near the Pass on the side of the Turkey Mountains. These wells seemed bottomless, the water being as clear as sea water and almost as salty. We cooked dinner and ate it and then crossed the range and came out into the valley in which Fort Stanton was situated.

We found two companies of soldiers stationed there—II Troop of the 3rd Cavalry and a Company of colored troops that had not been mustered out yet. Lieutenant Dean Monahan, a bright and fearless young officer was commandant at the Fort, and was a man fully intent on doing his duty as he saw it regardless of who was affected by it. Arriving at the Fort, I drove the doctor to the quarters assigned him, then took the team to the corral, and was assigned to the Cavalry troop for rations and bunk.

The next morning the commandant sent for me, and questioned me about the doctor's family, wanted to know particularly about the relationship of the Mexican girl to the doctor. I told him that all that I knew about it was that the doctor and the Mexican girl occupied the same bed on the route. That seemed to confirm his suspicions, and he immediately sent a Corporal and file of men to conduct the Mexican girl to the town of Placita about two miles, I think, from the Fort. The doctor was very angry at the Lieutenant for sending away his servant, as he claimed the Mexican to be, but the officer told him he was not sending his servant away but his mistress. The doctor followed up and secured a place for the woman, but was bent on revenge, for what he claimed to be the unwarranted meddling

with his domestic affairs. He drew up charges or a complaint, at least, and forwarded through the Lieutenant as Commander of the Post, to the Commander of the District. This made the Lieutenant more angry than he would have been and he preferred charges against the doctor and had him dismissed from the service.

At that time the Quartermaster at Fort Stanton was an officer of the Colored Troops stationed there, and Monahan discovered that he was disposing of all the government stores that he possibly could for his own benefit. He preferred charges against him and had him court-martialed. Monahan, who was retired as a Major a few years ago, is now residing in Denver, and I have recently had some very pleasant correspondence with him.

George Ballou, who was an early pioneer of the big woods in the forks of the Maquoketa river, and who left the country in 1841 and came back to the Maquoketa Home-coming Association, told the writer of an experience that his father had with the Claim Society in 1847, which came very near to precipitating a bloody conflict. His father, Amasa Ballou, at that time owned with one Gannett, what was in later years better known as Kilgore Hill on the north fork near Patton, and lived near the mill. In 1847 Ballou bargained with a man by the name of Lindsey for the relinquishment of his claim of 160 acres, 91 of which he, Lindsey, owned, and the other 69 he had claimed. The bargain was made in the morning and the parties were to meet at Squire Hunter's in the afternoon and complete the transfer. But before the time agreed upon, William Spicer met Lindsey and offered more than Ballou had bought it for, and Lindsey sold to Spicer. When Ballou found that he had lost the purchase he set out for Dubuque by way of Andrew and Bellevue, stopping over at the latter place, and the next day learned that Ballou had gone to Dubuque. He suspected his object, and he too started for Dubuque. He said that he met some convivial companions on the road and spent the long, and when he reached the land office, found that Ballou had entered the land.



A few days later a committee of the Claim Society waited upon Ballou and ordered him to transfer the 91 acres of land in question to Spicer under penalty of being taken to the saw mill, tied on a log and being run through and sawed into fence boards. Ballou refused to be coerced and the committee left, setting date on which the Claim Society would come to Dubuque and carry out the sentence. After they left Ballou wrote several notes, addressed them to Nathaniel Butterworth, Doctor McMeane and several others, and told George to get on a horse and deliver the notes as addressed.

On the day set by the committee for carrying out the threat, about twenty men, all armed and for the most part on horseback, assembled at Ballou's home. About the same time of their assembling came a large body of men were assembling in an open spot between the Ballou farm and the saw mill. After apparently holding a council, a committee of three was seen approaching the house. There was a red fence around the house and when the three men arrived at the fence, Ballou stepped outside and warned

An Incident of Early Days When the Claim Society Was Supreme.

(Written by J. W. Ellis for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

George Ballou, who was an early pioneer of the big woods in the forks of the Maquoketa river, and who left the county in 1854 and came back to the Maquoketa Home-coming celebration, told the writer of an experience that his father had with the Claim Society in 1851, which came very near to precipitating a bloody conflict. His father, Amasa Ballou, at that time owned with one Gammel, what was in later years better known as Slippers Mill on the north fork near Fulton, and lived near the mill. In 1851 Ballou bargained with a man by the name of Lindsey for the relinquishment of his claim of 160 acres, 80 of which he, Lindsey, owned, and the other 80 he had claimed. The bargain was made in the morning and the parties were to meet at Squire Huntley's in the afternoon and complete the transfer. But before the time agreed upon, William Spicer met Lindsey and offered more than Ballou had bought it for, and Lindsey sold to Spicer. When Ballou found that he had lost the purchase he set out for Dubuque by way of Andrew and Bellevue, stopping over night in the latter place, and the next day entered from the government the 80 acres claimed by Lindsey. When Spicer learned that Ballou had gone away from home, he suspicioned his object, and he too started for Dubuque but it was said that he met some convivial companions on the road and tarried too long, and when he reached the Land office, found that Ballou had entered the land.

A few days later a committee of the Claim Society waited upon Ballou and ordered him to transfer the 80 acres of land in question to Spicer under penalty of being taken to the saw mill, tied on a log and being run through and sawed into fence boards. Ballou refused to be coerced and the committee left, setting date on which the Claim Society would come in force and carry out the sentence. After they left Ballou wrote several notes, addressed them to Nathaniel Butterworth, Doctor McMeans and several others, and told George to get on a horse and deliver the notes as addressed.

On the day set by the committee for carrying out the threat, about twenty men, all armed and for the most part on horseback, assembled at Ballou's home. About the same time of their assembling quite a large body of men were assembling in an open spot between the Ballou house and the saw mill. After apparently holding a council, a committee of three was seen approaching the house. There was a rail fence around the house and when the three men arrived at the fence, Ballou stepped outside and warned

them not to cross the fence with their guns, assuring them that they would be fired upon and hurt if they attempted to do so. George and his brother, were stationed at a loop hole upstairs with shot guns loaded with buckshot and had strict orders from their father, in case the men whom they considered enemies attempted to invade the enclosure with guns, to shoot to kill, and George said they would have surely carried out his orders. The committee at first were inclined to disregard the order to halt, but finally became convinced that Ballou was in earnest, and halted for a parley, leaving their guns on the outside of the enclosure.

Ballou demanded to know their errand, and was told that they had come to take him before the Claim Society, and of course Ballou refused to go, and about that stage of proceedings Ballou's friends came out of the house. After some further parleying, Paul Ward and two others of Ballou's friends accompanied the committee back to where the main body of the Society was assembled, and Ballou's position was fully explained, and after a full conference of both parties the Claim Society decided that Ballou was in the right and withdrew leaving him in full possession, and it was said they expelled his adversary from the committee. Some person or persons afterwards sought revenge on Ballou by burning his property.

Charles Wyckoff, of Van Buren township, died at the home of his son, Henry J., in Lyons, at the age of 84 years, on the 10th inst.

Mrs. Wyckoff went to Lyons by the stage of February and accompanied an operation for cancer of the breast. The operation was successful but the aged lady did not recover and was obliged to return to her old home. About two weeks before her death she was very restless and it was soon evident that she was near death. Her death was the result of careful nursing by loved ones and was a great loss to the family. The services of the disease could not be overcome. The death of this old lady on Thursday evening of last week was the last of a long and useful life.



Mary A. Wyckoff was born in New York, on the 12th day of August, 1835. She came to Van Buren township, the neighborhood where she now lives, in the month of September, 1857, she was married to Charles Wyckoff, and the 10th day of the month of September was celebrated by the wedding ceremony. This occasion was one of the happiest of the life of Mr. and Mrs. Wyckoff, for it is seldom indeed that a couple who are united in such an earnest demonstration of their love.

There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Wyckoff, eleven children, all living but one daughter, Alice, who passed away at the age of two years. All of the children, with the father, were at their father's bedside during his last hours, and all came to their father's funeral home. The children are: Theodore of Charles Oak, Iowa; John, who resides in Van Buren; Henry, near Mrs. David Smith of Lyons; William of Lyons; and John of Dutch Island. Twenty-three grandchildren and five great grandchildren are left to mourn the loving father of "Theodore." There are members of the family living in Pennsylvania.

THE PASSING OF A PIONEER

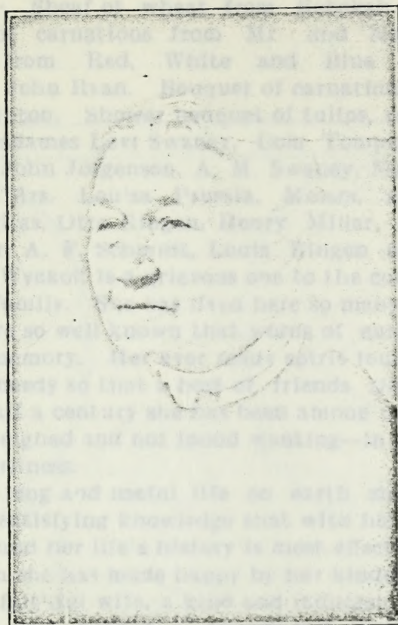
Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Charles Wyckoff, Pioneer of Van Buren Township, Who Passed Away on the 16th of April.

In the Gazette of last week brief mention was made of the death of Mrs. Charles Wyckoff, of Van Buren township, which occurred at the home of her son, Henry J., in Lyons, at nine o'clock Thursday evening, April 16th.

Mrs. Wyckoff went to Lyons the last week of February and submitted to an operation for cancer of the breast. The operation was apparently successful but the aged lady did not rally from its effects sufficiently to return to her old home. About two weeks ago her condition became very critical and it was soon evident that the end was near. Skilled medical aid and the careful nursing by loved ones did much to ease the last hours, but the ravages of the disease could not be combated successfully and at nine o'clock on Thursday evening of last week the spirit of this noble woman was wafted to the higher life.

Mary A. Wyckoff was born at Valona Sprngs, New York, on the 11th day of August, 1835. She came to Iowa in 1855, settling in Van Buren township, the neighborhood which has since been her home. On September 18, 1857, she was married to Charles Wyckoff and the golden wedding of the venerable couple was celebrated by the entire community last September. This occasion was one of the happiest spots in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Wyckoff, for it is seldom indeed that a couple are the objects of such an earnest demonstration of friendship.

There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Wyckoff eight children, all living but one daughter, Alice, who passed away at the age of two years. All of the children, with the father, were at their mother's bedside during her last hours, and all came in time for her to recognize them. The children are: Theodore of Charter Oak, Iowa; Mrs. John Gries of Ute, Iowa; Henry, Sam and Mrs. David Smith of Lyons; Edwin of Clinton, and John of Green Island. Twenty-three grandchildren and fourteen great grandchildren are left to mourn the loving adoration of "Grandma." There also remains a sister living in Pennsylvania.



MRS. CHAS. WYCKOFF.

A prayer was offered at the home of Henry Wyckoff in Lyons, Saturday morning, by Rev. McCawley and the remains accompanied by a party of relatives and friends was taken by train to Green Island. Here the party was met by neighbors and proceeded to the old home. The funeral was held at the house at two o'clock Sunday afternoon, Rev. B. F. Meyers of the Miles Congregational church officiating. The singing was conducted by her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Van Steinberg, assisted by the Congregational choir of Preston. The children acted as pall bearers and interment was made in Van Buren cemetery, the resting place which the Wyckoff's have tried so hard to help keep in proper shape. Over 100 teams formed the cortege following the remains to their last resting place.

The floral contributions were numerous and beautiful, among them were the following: Shower bouquet of carnations from Messrs. and Mesdames Thos. Coleman, John Grant, Samuel McNeil, Henry McNeil, Thos. Holroyd, Geo. Bartlett, Sr., Geo. Bartlett Jr., John Kroeger, Jos. Schaefer, John Menneke, Bert Menneke and Mrs. Geo. Tompkins. Calla Lilies, ferns and roses from Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bartholomew. Sheaf of Wheat from Messrs. and Mesdames Theo. Westphal, W. A. Altfilisch, Frank E. Tripp and G. H. Lucas. Basket and dove of flowers from the patrons of the Baker Telephone Line. Standing wreath from families of the Bram-

merlo neighborhood. Sheaf of wheat from Rebekah Lodge No. 369 of Clinton. Bouquet of carnations from Mr and Mrs. Henry Wyckoff. Standing wreath from Red, White and Blue Lodge of Lyons. Floral bouquet from John Ryan. Bouquet of carnations from Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hancock of Clinton. Shower bouquet of tulips, roses and carnations from Messrs. and Mesdames Levi Swaney, Cole Tompkins, Chas. Prussia, Albert Demperwolf, John Jorgenson, A. M. Swaney, Mrs. Martha Allworth, Mrs. Harry Bechtel, Mrs. Louisa Prussia, Messrs. and Mesdames Geo. Schmidt, Fred Brandfas, Otto Ringen, Henry Miller, Claus Godes, Claus Ringen, W. C. Meyer, A. F. Schmidt, Louis Ringen and Mrs. E. Osburn.

The loss of Mrs. Wyckoff is a grievous one to the community as well as to the husband and family. She has lived here so many years and her noble traits of character are so well known that words of eulogy are not needed to make sacred her memory. Her ever ready spirit found a service at hand among the sick and needy so that a host of friends rise up and call her blessed. For over half a century she has been among us and in hundreds of instances has been weighed and not found wanting—in motherly love, charity and true neighborliness.

At the close of a long and useful life on earth she entered into the higher life with the satisfying knowledge that with her all had been faithfully and well done, and her life's history is most effectually written in the hearts of those whom she has made happy by her kindness, charity and hospitality. She was a faithful wife, a kind and indulgent mother and true, sincere friend to all who needed a friend and worthy of an unselfish friendship. Even the stranger ever found in her home a cheerful welcome and an open hospitality, and for more than fifty years the comforts of that home was never denied to any person worthy of being taken into a home.

She rests in peaceful slumber, but the remembrance of her virtues and the joy of her presence gone from the home, makes the hearts of loved ones hard to cheer in their deep sorrow, and the truth that God alone knows best is the only balm that can heal the wounded spirit and serve as an uplift from darkness and sorrow.

"In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,

Beloved in life and saintly in the grave:

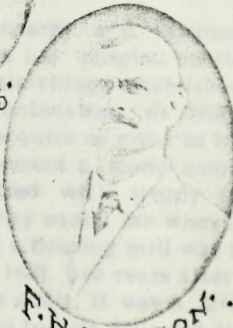
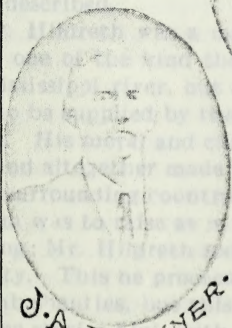
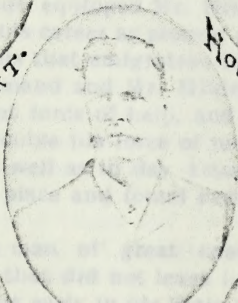
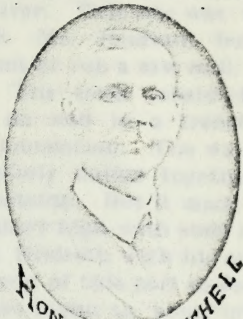
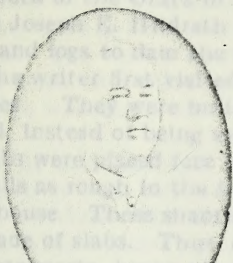
With God to guide her on her way,

'Twas equal joy for her to go or stay."

—Sabula Gazette.



OZARK FIFTY YEARS AGO



W.B. SWIGART.

HON. G.L. MITCHELL

J.W. ELLIS.

J.A. BUCHNER.

F.H. WILSON.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
HOME COMING
MAQUOKETA, SEPTEMBER, 1907

The first settlers throughout the country almost invariably kept skins enough for the wants of the family for clothing, which was spun and woven in nearly every home, which was the case in all parts of our country before we had woolen factories as at the present day. Mr. Hildreth

OZARK FIFTY YEARS AGO.

As early as 1847 there was a settlement begun around what is now the village of Ozark. At this point was found an excellent water power on the north fork of the Ozark or Maquoketa river. This site was first improved by one Joseph E. Hildreth in about 1848. Mr. Hildreth built a dam of brush and logs to dam the water sufficient to run a saw mill. It was in 1850 that the writer first visited the place. The town consisted of five slab shanties. They were built of slabs set on end in a trench dug in the ground, instead of being set on a stone foundation. The walls were double, the slabs were placed face to face and solidly nailed together, which left the walls as rough in the inside as the outside. But it made a strong and warm house. These shanties were one story high with shed roof which was also made of slabs. Thus equipped Mr. Hildreth with his crew of half a dozen stalwarts, began his career as pioneer of this part of Jackson county.

It was soon after this that emigration began to pour into Iowa, and lumber was in large demand and Mr. Hildreth was unable to supply the demand with his present force of help, and he found it necessary to build more slab houses and double his force of men around the mill to enable him to run at night as well as in day time. It was in 1850 that the writer first visited the place and found everything in running order as above described.

Mr. Hildreth was a man of great energy and business ability, and withal one of the kind that did not leave his religion on the east side of the Mississippi river, but early in his little village established a preaching point to be supplied by the itinerant missionaries, as they made their rounds. His moral and christian zeal was quite as great as his business energy, and altogether made this first settlement a model community. And as the surrounding country was being settled with sturdy farmers whose first aim was to raise as much wheat as they could, for wheat in those days was king; Mr. Hildreth soon learned that a flouring mill was the next great necessity. This he proceeded to build in 1853, five years after he built his first slab shanties, but this was not a slab affair, it was a first-class structure two stories high with a capacity of 60 barrels flour per 24 hours, for it, as did the sawmill run day and night, and still was not sufficient to keep up with the constant increasing business for the reason that there was not then a flouring mill, north nor east, short of the Mississippi river 25 miles distant.

In addition to the mills Mr. Hildreth found it necessary to establish a general store. This enterprise he begun on a small scale which he increased as the business increased, until the stock in the store amounted to \$15,000, and employed the time of four clerks.

The first settlers throughout the country almost invariably kept sheep enough for the wants of the family for clothing, which was spun and wove in nearly every house, which was the case in all parts of our country before we had woolen factories as at the present day. Mr. Hildreth

being a man that was always up-to-date now began to see the necessity of a wollen factory in connection with his other business, and this industry he brought into activity in about 1858.

It was now full 10 years since Mr. Hildreth had began his career at Ozark, and it looked now like being fully developed as a village of over 100 population. There were no other inducements to build up a town at this point outside the mills that were already there. Among the employees at the flouring mills as boss millers were a Mr. A. Boyd, Mr. Harry Spray and A. Heister. The woollen mills were run under the supervision of John Reynor & Sons. All these mills were run to their full capacity and the little village was one of the busy places of Iowa, notwithstanding its tender age.

It was at this time that the village received its death blow. Mr. Hildreth, together with Mr. Heister, his miller, were making repairs in a breach of the dam. Mr. Hildreth with a heavy crowbar, was trying to dislodge a large boulder on the bluff to be used in mending the breach. The rock in rolling down struck the crowbar in Hildreth's hands and the bar in turn struck his head and scattered his brains over several yards of ground. This catastrophe acted as a pall over the village and also affected the settlement of the country around. The property now was placed in the hands of administrators, and when finally settled was sold to parties in Dubuque, under whose management the decline was steady from start to finish. Now there is scarcely a vestige of its former importance remaining.

Among the first settlers of Ozark and its vicinity may be named James Ryan, John Hayden, Tom Mulford, the Howard brothers, Tom Boyd, Geo. Turner, Snyder Horton, E. Harding, Sam Bickford, A. Hildreth, A. Heister, E. Ralston, J. Ratlson, Chas. Basely and others.

Among other industries of the town the cooper business also deserves mention. In those days flour was all packed in wooden barrels, of these the mill used daily from 40 to 60, and of pork barrels that were manufactured here, Dubuque and Galena furnished the market. The number of coopers that found steady employment at this point often exceeded twenty, that is including those who manufactured shingles which were made from the fine native oak that was found for a number of miles around the village. In this forest the native hoop pole was also found in great abundance.

Of other settlers who came to the vicinity when Jackson county had its greatest boom in 1850, the following may be named: Geo. Duel, John Sinkey, Jack McCullough, John M. McCullough Sr., Van Shirley, Geo. McCullough, Joe Pennell, Millen Ralston, Rube Jacobs and others, for the most part these early settlers have lived in this vicinity continuous since that time, but by far the larger number are now dead and their places occupied by the generation that followed.

Having now given a brief description of the early settlement of Ozark and its vicinity we will now follow the river down stream three miles in quest of another early settlement that was made near the beginning of 1845, and is at the present time best known as Crabtown, which I will describe in my next letter.

LEVI WAGONER.

Crabtown Fifty-Five Years Ago.

No. 2.

In my last letter my reminiscences were confined to the village of Ozark and its vicinity. We will now go southeast and follow the river, for in the early settlement of Jackson county as in other places the first aim of the settlers was to get as near as possible to the water courses; not that the land was better or even as good as on the adjacent ridges, but was almost invariably rough, but the water privileges seemed to out weigh the advantages of the up lands. There was a prevalent idea among the first settlers that the man who owned a good strip of the river had a bonanza, a mill seat, that only needed development to make him rich. So prevalent was this idea that the river land and that which lay along the creeks was the first to be occupied. And in due time the best of the water powers along the Maquoketa rivers were improved. Sawmills usually preceded flouring mills and it was about the year 1845 that a Rev. Dr. Blackburn from Licking county, Ohio, built a sawmill three miles below Ozark on the north Maquoketa river.

This gentleman was no exception to the general rule, but like others that improved the water power along this stream, was a man of energy and grit, and well calculated for a pioneer leader. A doctor who stood at the head of his profession, and as a preacher his ability was second to none of the pioneer ministers, in those early years, and withal a No. 1 mechanic, and was also in every way affable and easy of approach. On one occasion the writer took the liberty to question him as to his adaptability to the different professions he had acquired. To this he replied, a man must be a natural mechanic to be a successful doctor or a successful preacher, and if he lacks mechanism he should seek some other profession.

Almost simultaneous with the building of this first sawmill the adjacent country began to be settled. It was about 1848 when a large portion of the land was settled by emigrants from Licking county, Ohio. Among these may be named Shepherd Caven, Ezariah Clark, Geo. Houston, Thomas Houston, Andy Houston, I. W. McCullough, Tom Oliver, Tom Saunders, Nathan Said and sons, James and Rev. J. W. Said, both of whom are yet living. But by far the most numerous among these first settlers were the Edwards and Streets families. With these the writer had not sufficient acquaintance to correctly call them by their given names, but their offspring are quite numerous and still outnumber in name all others in this community.

And now after a lapse of eight years after the first sawmill was built by Mr. Blackburn, it became apparent that a flouring mill was needed at this point, which the proprietor was not slow to build. The new mill was a fine building with a capacity of about 25 barrels per day. But this mill did not do the business that was expected by the proprietor, for the reason that the territory was somewhat circumscribed by other mills above on the same stream, and for this reason the custom work of the neighborhood was all the patronage that centered at this place.

It was about 14 years after the first sawmill was built that Dr. Blackburn began to be infirm and old. He sold or traded the mill property to Isaiah and Washington Crabb. They were brothers and practical millers as well as practical mechanics, and were men of energy and push in all their undertakings, and withal were men of unblemished character, strictly honest in business and thoroughly christian in sentiment. These two brother conducted the business for a number of years to which they added a fairly good country store. Finally the senior partner died and the property became an estate, and is now operated by the grandsons of Isaiah Crabb, deceased. These boys seem to have inherited all the characteristics of their forefathers and bid fair to perpetuate the good name of their progenitors.

In the 15 years that elapsed from the first settlement of Rev. Dr. Blackburn, the country was fairly settled by 1860. The war of the rebellion soon followed and patriotism among the boys around Crabbtown ran extremely high as also it did all over the western part of Jackson county. Nearly all the boys who were of proper age and muscle around Crabbtown enlisted at the first call of the government. Although Brandon township had at that time a population of less than 900 all told, out of this population 77 men, the cream of the township, went into the service of Uncle Sam during the four years of that war, or nearly 9 per cent. of the entire population. Of these in the immediate vicinity of Crabbtown were T. J. Houston, Amby Harden, Richard Clark, Alfred Baty, Eli Heath, Daniel Heath, Chas. Said, J. W. Said, James Said, Christopher Barger and brother, Zackariah Said, Tom Edwards, Tom Post, Abe Post, Chas. McCullough, Jacob Lusere, Geo. Johnson, James Johnson, (19 all told of the Crabbtown school district.) Of the other 57 of Brandon's soldiers no less credit is due. If patriotism can be measured by the large proportion of the brave men who responded to the government's call, then this part of Jackson county stands in the front row with any other district of like population in the state. By far the largest number of the Brandon boys were in the 26th Iowa Regiment, and among all these there were killed or wounded from which they died, John Sinkey Jr., Leonades Miller, Harvey Swift, Chas. Said. Of those who died of disease while in the service were the following: John Cooley, Ambrose Robins, James Johnson, Charles Johnson, Tom Mulford, Admant Cooley, Sam Alberry, and a Mr. Boyd, eight men in all.

It will readily be seen how the industrial interests of the country would be affected by so heavy a drain on the bread winners of the over-patriotic districts. The young men who composed the bone and muscle of what makes business win, were now in the sunny south, and the farmers were hard put too to secure the necessary help to run their business even

at reduced proportions. But this difficulty was soon, at least partially overcome. The ladies now began to enlist, not as gunners but as plowmen, as drivers on mowers and reapers, as corn huskers, in short they took to themselves all the rights that men had or could have, except the right to vote at the elections. This same condition was common in all sections of the country and especially so in districts like the western part of the county, where an overdue proportion of the men had obeyed the government call. It is but due to the ladies to here say that to them belongs a full share of credit and honor for the part they took in sharing the burdens, not in the fields of blood but, in the harvest fields and other industries that furnished supplies for the vast armies that were battling for the supremacy of the flag of our beloved country.

In my next letter I will speak of the draft that was ordered in the last year of the war, and how it occurred that Jackson county was drafted at all.

LEVI WAGONER, ("Old Observer.")

Kunau, one on the David Wright place, now owned by Mr. Barnum, and one on the H. F. Gage place, now owned by John Bruce. Then came the one on the Samuel Darling farm, but what of whose Sidney State now resides, and the next that of John W. and on the farm now owned by Theo. Redden. The next on the H. F. Gage place, now occupied by Henry Biss, and another on the John Gage farm, now starting then owned by L. K. Mulard, and later passing into the hands of J. F. Gage, an uncle of J. B. Gage, of Stirling, and the last was the house of John S. Dole, in the big hollow north of Stirling.

C. R. Colls now owns the third where the Darling and Dole houses stood. The one on the Wm. Davis place was occupied by a man named Wills. He was a great reader and his wife was a great housekeeper. Books and newspapers were scarce in those days as well as money. To hide the bare log walls Mrs. Wills had pinned them with all the newspapers she could get hold of, and many times I have seen Mr. Wills with his face to the walls, reading. When Mr. Wagoner, moving his chair along, or getting up, or sitting down, he was necessary to catch the place he was reading.



The John McCabe house was a quarter mile northwest of the E. L. Davis place, now owned by Mr. Redden, and it was one of the prettiest and cleanest log houses I ever saw. How it was kept so white in all kinds of weather was a wonder to me. John McCabe, as his name would indicate, was an Irishman, a very mild mannered, sensitive little old man. Johnny, as we used to call him, always worked for his food, and the only food I ever remember his bringing was a loaf, and it was not such a bad loaf either, in the hands of Johnny, in feeding off the scraper's work. The Samuel Darling house was further up the hollow, and I do not remember ever visiting there while they lived in the log house.

The old log house on the Graham place was about half-way between the Samuel Wick house and Stirling. After James named the place at that time, and he was quite a hunter. - One winter while he was confined to his

Some Old Log Houses.

(From the Sabula Gazette.)

Recent reminiscences in the Gazette call to my mind several of the old land marks that have disappeared some years ago. If I remember correctly there were twelve log houses standing along the Maquoketa road in what is now Union and Iowa townships, in 1852. One was in the ravine south of where Sam Clark now lives, one on the Carman place, now owned by John Kunau, one on the David Wyant farm, and another on the Geo. Milliner place. The next was on the John Graham farm, now owned by Mr. Harmen, and one on the H. F. Graham farm, now owned by Jerry Bruce. Then came the one on the Samuel Darling farm, just west of where Sidney Brake now resides, and the next that of John McCabe, on the farm now owned by Theo. Redden. The next on the R. C. Kellogg place, now occupied by Henry Biss, and another on the John Cotter farm, near Sterling, then owned by I. K. Millard, and later passing into the hands of J. P. Gage, an uncle of J. D. Gage, of Sabula, and the last was the home of John S. Dille, in the big hollow north of Sterling.

C. R. Colis now owns the land where the Darling and Dille houses stood. The one on the Wm. Davis place was occupied by a man named Wills. He was a great reader and his wife was a neat housekeeper. Books and newspapers were scarce in those days, as well as money. To hide the bare log walls Mrs. Wills had papered them with all the newspapers she could get hold of, and many times I have been there and seen Mr. Wills with his face to the walls, reading the papers posted thereon, moving his chair along, or getting up, or sitting down as necessary to catch the piece he was reading.

The John McCabe house was a quarter mile northeast of the S. L. Watts place, now owned by Mr. Redden, and it was one of the neatest and cleanest log houses I ever saw. How it was kept so white in all kinds of weather was a wonder to me. John McCabe, as his name would indicate, was an Irishman, a very mild mannered, inoffensive little old man. Johnny, as we used to call him, always worked out his road tax, and the only tool I ever remember his bringing was a hoe, and it was not such a bad tool either, in the hands of Johnnie, in leveling off the scraper's work. The Samuel Darling house was farther up the hollow, and I do not remember ever visiting there while they lived in the log house.

The old log house on the Graham place was about halfway between the present brick house and Sterling. Alex James owned the place at that time, and he was quite a hunter. One winter while he was confined to his

home by sickness, a flock of prairie chickens settled in a clump of trees near the house. James' old flintlock gun was out of order, but he could not resist the opportunity for a shot. It will be remembered by those who have seen an old flintlock gun, that there was a concave place in the breech which held a small amount of powder, which, being ignited by a spark from the flint, communicated with the powder in the barrel. It was the sparking part in James' gun that would not work, so after loading the gun, he put the powder in the pan, shoved the muzzle out of an open window, and getting aim at the chickens, had his daughter touch off the powder with a hot poker. The recoil sent James and the gun to the opposite side of the room, and I never knew just how many chickens he got.

One of the log cabins that I remember well was that of Geo. Milliner and his mother, and it was a charm and a pleasure to sit by their fireplace on a winter's night and hear the crickets singing under the hearth stone. No other cabin house or place was ever kept cleaner than Mother Milliner kept hers. The floors and walls were so clean, and the tinware seemed to shine just a little brighter than anywhere else. There were many interesting incidents connected with each of these old log houses, and each had its history—some pleasing, some pathetic, but all interesting, especially the older pioneers.

I do not think there is a trace remaining of anyone of the twelve cabins referred to, unless it be the Milliner cabin. Two years ago I was at the spring near the site of this old cabin, and curiosity led me to follow up the path that used to lead to its door, many years ago. Parting the tangle of woods and vines I found a few stones burned red, and think perhaps if I had dug down in the mould I might have found the old hearthstone. But it is now only a memory we can have of those old log cabins.

AN OLD SETTLER.



Excitement Over Draft Order in War Times.

In my last letter I mentioned that I would next speak of the draft that was made in 1864 for the purpose of replenishing the depleted ranks of the union armies of the war of the rebellion. It became apparent at the end of three years of fierce warfare that the confederate states were neither conquered nor convinced that their's was an unrighteous cause, and it now became necessary, in order to bring the war to a successful close, to place an army in the field large enough and strong enough to overpower the confederates into submission by force of numbers. Although the government had already been taxed to the straining point to maintain and equip the vast armies that were already in the field, it was with great reluctance that the government was forced to the unpopular method of ordering a draft to use arbitrary power to produce national strength. But such was the case in the autumn of 1864. At the now advanced state of the war it was impossible to keep the army to standard fulness by enlistments as had been the case in the earlier stages of the war. The great tug of war was now on, and neither novelty nor patriotism was sufficient to bring out the required force to make a finish of coercing a union of all our states. It was Americans against Americans that made the contest perhaps the most stubborn and fiercest that the world ever witnessed.

Although there were at this time nearly 1,00,000 of enlisted men already in the field, the government again made a call for 500,000 men. and all the recruiting stations in the land were again called into requisition. But now the recruiting process went slow. Although many of the counties in the different states offered large bounties which were raised by voting a tax sufficient to raise the required amount. In fact, this method was employed in some of the counties in the early stages of the war. Such was the case in the adjoining county of Clinton. A bounty of \$100 was offered to every man who would enlist in that county under the government call for 300,000 men. This bounty proved a tempting bait and many of the young men of adjoining counties went to Clinton to enlist, and among those who went there to enlist from the western part of Jackson county were eighteen of the Brandon township boys. These, together with the others that did not go outside the county to enlist, made the whole number that Brandon township furnished during the war seventy-one men all told, out of a population of less than 900, or about 8 per cent. of the whole.

But this was not the end of what was required of our Brandon population. A general draft was now ordered out of the remaining able-bodied men. A certain quota was required of each county according to population. Each county, however, was given full credit for all the men who had enlist-

ed therein during the war. The coming draft was apportioned among the several counties of the state according to the number of men that had been previously furnished. It will now be seen how Jackson county lost the credit of the eighteen men who went from Brandon township to Clinton county to enlist in order to secure the bounty that that county promised to pay. But there were other instances of this kind in our county, but nowhere did it fall so heavily as in the township of Brandon, which had already furnished more than its full quota before the draft was ordered. Preliminary to the draft there was a census taken in the latter part of 1863 for the purpose of ascertaining the number of able bodied men who were of proper age for military purposes throughout the state, and the names from the census books were returned to a commission whose duty it was to make a physical examination of all such as claimed exemption on account of physical defects, or other reasons. All these were summoned to appear on set days for the purpose at the several county seats of the state, and all who passed this examination satisfactory were reported to the Adjutant State General as fit subjects for the approaching draft.

At this examination matters began to assume a serious aspect. These men were for the most part of a very different cast from those who had voluntarily enlisted and entered the service of the government. Instead of trying to conceal their physical defects as did the volunteers, the prospective draft men sought to exhibit some real and some imaginary ailments prominently to the examining surgeons. It was frequently laughable to see to what extent men would humble themselves to escape the verdict of the examining commission. But it was only those who claimed exemption from military duty on account of some real or imaginary physical defects that were subject to this preliminary examination. But the crowds who attended were very large, and took on somewhat the resemblance of a political rally. Not only were the men out in force but ladies and boys helped to make up the crowd that thronged the street in front of the examining rooms. In the afternoon a man who lived three miles out presented himself before the commission on the plea that he was an alien and claimed protection under the British flag. The commissioner now asked him how old he was. "Forty-three years" answered the would-be Britisher. And how long have you lived in Iowa? Twenty-three years said the man. And why are you not a citizen? Because I am not in sympathy with the government. Is it possible that you have lived all these years under the protection of our laws and have voted at the elections, I am told, and still not in sympathy with the government, asked the official? The commissioner now said, My dear man I advise you to never say again that you are not in sympathy with this government, at least not loud enough that this crowd of boys in front of the door can hear it, for I have my doubts if they should hear such talk. Yes, I doubt whether we will be able to prevent these young bloods from running you out of this town in a hurry. This the commissioner said quite loud enough to be heard through the open door clear across the street, which the boys construed as a license, and scarcely had he uttered the last sentence till more than a score of boys made a bee-line for the door and quickly brushed aside the guard who made no attempt to

prevent their entrance. But the would-be Britisher quickly interpreted the spirit of the young braves, and in another instant made his escape through a back door, and made Flora temple time across lots to a street that pointed to a dense thicket a half mile distant. But the boys were prevented from following by the prompt closing of the door through which the man escaped, but the boys were not to be thwarted in their design, but quickly went out where they come in and soon turned the corner that lead to the street by which their game was escaping, by this time the man had at least 20 rods start, and now the race for the cops was fairly on. The boys were doing their best and yelling at the top of their voices like demons and were soon out of sight except the cloud of dust that they raised in their hot pursuit. All business in the office was for a time suspended, and the officers together with the crowd on the street were all out looking down the road in the direction where the dust cloud was the thickest. It was nearly an hour before the boys returned and reported that they were unable to catch the traitor.

It was simply wonderful in those days to note how readily the young boys and girls caught on the idea of loyalty to government, and the manifest interest was apparently quite as great as those of mature years. It was not until the following year, Sept. 24, 1864, when the final draft was made and the writer was among those who drew a winning card. Although the war had already been on for three and a half years and through all this time anxiety among all classes had been at fever heat, it is not too much to say that this compulsory service climaxed all that had preceded. It was the inconvenience that cut the greatest figure. By far the most of the drafted men were men of families, and were compelled to leave their little ones and better halves behind with a prospect to never return to administer to their wants again. While on the other hand the enlisted men were mostly young and unmarried and therefore for the most part carried their cares with them. While the drafted man of family left by far the greatest share of his cares behind it is not true that men who went into the service as drafted were cowards. No, not by 99 per cent. Loyal to the core, loyal to their little ones, loyal to their better halves and loyal to their government. But it is true that a few,—a very few—dodged, went into voluntary exile, and did not again show up till the end of the war. But for these who voluntarily deserted, leaving their families and their government in the same boat we must exercise charity according to the size and intelligence of the man, for with them self-preservation certainly outweighed fidelity to family and government alike. And if cowardice is a sin, then are they guilty. But when we take a glance back to those four years of worry, of anxiety, of mental and physical suffering, we sometimes wonder whether the great victory gained will ever be sufficient to pay for the anguish, the physical suffering and the treasure that was expended. The great question now before the world is the value of universal peace. It does seem but reasonable to believe that the world after so many thousand years should now be far enough advanced in civilization and intelligence to solve international differences without appealing to the barbarous sword.

LEVI WAGONER.

the examining surgeons could do their work. It was a full week before all the men of the district were disposed of and installed in the service of the government.

But there was another encampment on the outskirts of Davenport, and quite different from that of Camp McClellan. This was the camp of rather the prison of that band of Indians who committed the Minnesota massacre. In a stockade which enclosed about three acres was the prison of the savages who engaged in the massacre. The wigwags of the Indians and their lodges were situated in the stockade. The wigwags in true Indian style were constructed of the bark of the birch tree.

Camp McClellan and the Redskins.

It was not until Sept. 2, 1864, that the impending draft was finally made in the district of which Davenport was headquarters for rendezvous. It was at this point where Adjutant General Baker had his principal office and it was after the draft had already been made that a party meeting was called in the western part of Jackson county to determine on some plan by which this part of the county would get a full credit for men who had enlisted during the progress of the war and especially of the 18 who were all Brandon township men, who went into Clinton county to enlist on account of the bounty that was promised and voted in that county for a stimulus to induce men to be patriotic. The plan adopted at the meeting was to appoint a committee of three, whose business it was to immediately set out for Davenport, Iowa, and report the grievance to Adjutant General Baker and if possible obtain credit for the 18 men before referred to. This committee was composed of James Ryan, J. W. Dillance and the writer. On the 11th of October the committee obtained a hearing before the general, who immediately examined the records and found all the names of the 18 men of whom our committee furnished him a list. Yes, said the General, the names are all here, but these men according to the enlistment belong to Clinton county and not to Jackson county as you men claim. The fact of that is that this same complaint comes to me from all over the State. If it was bounty that induced your men to go to an adjoining county to enlist, you should have taken the precaution to provide a bounty of equal amount in your own county, and by that means your men would have enlisted at home. No, I am not now able to make a change in the situation. It was on the 11th of October 1864, that the drafted men of Jackson county were required to report and they did report in such numbers that Davenport resembles the site of a State fair. The hotels were crowded to their utmost capacity for an entire week, in fact, all the shelter, public and private was brought into use, and still many of the people were forced to camp out in vacant lots. It was not on account of the many men who were drafted that the crowds were so large, but it appeared that each man drafted had at least two or three friends to accompany him and see him mustered into the service of Uncle Sam.

Camp McClellan, two miles above Davenport on the Iowa side of the river, was the place where our boys exchanged their wares for the army blue, and to this camp the boys were marched in squads of 24 to 30 in a gang. These squads were formed at the Provost Marshall's office as fast as

the examining surgeons could do their work. It was a full week before all the men of the district were disposed of and installed in the service of the government.

But there was another encampment on the outskirts of Davenport, and quite different from that of Camp McClellan. This was the camp or rather the prison of that band of Indians who committed the Minnesota massacre. In a stockade which enclosed about three acres was the prison of the savages who engaged in the indiscriminate slaughter of several hundred of the frontier settlers of Minnesota. In this stockade the redskins had their wigwams in true Indian style. Here was represented the whole tribe from the gray-haired warrior down to papoose of tender age. The squaws in their filthy garbs were engaged in their accustomed labors of dressing skins and cooking, in their way, for their little ones. The men were lounging around in their sullen mood smoking their pipes and looking daggers at the pale faces whose curiosity prompted them to obtain passes to inspect the prison of the savage tribe. There were about 700 of all ages within the stockade, who were supplied with the necessary provisions as were any other prisoner of war. Among them were stalwart warriors and many of these were models of muscular build and strength. But the government did not propose to punish them with imprisonment alone, but compelled them, under a strong guard, to perform all the drudgery that could be invented in and about Camp McClellan, where our drafted men had their barracks. It was the duty of the redskins to sweep the camp of the boys in blue with brooms made out of hazlebrush or twigs, or whatever would make a clumsy broom, and the order of sweeping must be done in military style. The redskins were placed with their rude brooms in a straight line, and then in regular order, compelled to sweep till the whole camp was gone over, and the sweepings carried to a dump outside the camp. This was not all that was required of them. The camp must be supplied with wood for cooking purposes. Back of the camp on the river bank was a woodyard about 80 rods distant. A steep hill was between camp and wood yard, and up this hill the Indians were compelled to carry the wood to supply the entire camp which at this time was occupied by several thousand of the boys in blue. This pack train reminded the writer of the pack trains that we read of in ancient Asia, the only difference is in the latter being carried by mules and camels while the former named carried the wood under the supposed name of men.

It was not until after the close of the war that these Indian prisoners were released from their captivity. The government was at a loss to know just how to deal with the savage tribe. To put the warriors to the sword would have satisfied justice, but here were their families, male and female of all ages, to be cared for. It was therefore resolved that the guilty must be spared to provide and care for the helpless and the innocent. Some time after the close of the war the camp was moved down the river into Missouri, and still later on they were placed on a reservation in Indian Territory.

In the capturing of this savage tribe and removing from their savage haunts and bringing into close contact with civilization, Camp McClellan

on one side and camp of the redskins on the other, the contrast was so great that the civilized observer was constrained to ask himself the question: Are these also men? A partial comparison may be drawn by comparing the crabb apple with the golden pipin.

But now let us leave the camp of the dark tribe together with Camp McClellan, and look eastward across the main channel of the Mississippi river. Here we see another camp on Rock Island in the middle of the river. This is the camp where several thousand confederate prisoners are held. Here we see a miniature city with regular streets running at right angles, with barracks for houses of equal size, each barrack capable of accommodating sixteen men. Here everything is in order, in true military style, and the prisoners are comfortable and happy, or at least as happy as it is possible for men to be as prisoners of war. The issuing of their daily rations the same in quantity and quality as in Camp McClellan, but the prisoners are civilized men, have regular chaplains, and have a printing press and publish a newspaper edited and managed by the prisoners themselves for their own use in their camp. These civilized prisoners are as strictly guarded as the savages of the Indian camp, but being on an island guard duty was comparatively easy.

Ten days had now elapsed since our drafted men had been brought to Davenport and Camp McClellan, and last of all the men were again subjected to a rigid physical examination and the cripples and the otherwise imperfect weeded out, and among the latter was the writer with a full discharge from military duty for one year. It was not long after this weeding out till our drafted boys were on their way to Dixieland where they joined General Sherman's army, preparing for his famous march to the sea. This march to the sea was the beginning of the end of the great rebellion. It is wholly unnecessary to here enter into further details of the war for it has been written and re-written so much that nearly all juvenile readers are already familiar with its history.

LEVI WAGONER.



WASHINGTON MILLS.

J. L. Saner Its Founder Fifty-five Years Ago

It was about the year 1852 that one, J. L. Saner of western Pennsylvania, was looking for a location in the northwestern part of Jackson county, Iowa, suitable for the erection of a sawmill. This he found on Lytle's creek on the line between Jackson and Dubuque counties. Along the creek for a distance of six or seven miles was a fine body of timber from one to one and a half miles wide. Here Mr. Saner bought several hundred acres of land, not so much for the land as for the timber that was on the land. It was in 1853 that he began building the needed sawmill for this part of Jackson was beginning to be settled with emigrants from the eastern states, and the demand for lumber was already great, although in the vicinity of Mr. Saner's mill site there were no improvements for several miles. It was here that Mr. Saner set a gang of men to work at building the first sawmill in this part of the county. This gang consisted of 16 men. Some were carpenters, some millwrights, and some were hewers of wood, and others plied the pick and the shovel. It was here that I did my first solid work in Iowa. Mr. Saner, the proprietor, had his quarters where his family resided, one mile north of the mill site on the open prairie. His house was a frame shanty 16 16 feet square, one and a half stories high. Around this were temporary sheds for sleeping quarters for the gang of builders.

It was after considerable progress had been made at the mill when a stranger put in an appearance where the men were at work. This stranger told the men that he lived five or six miles north on the open prairie for the last five years and congratulated the men because of the noble work they were engaged in, a work that would greatly facilitate the development of that part of Jackson and Dubuque counties. But, said the stranger, you need not be surprised if some day when out in these woods you will find a herd of wild hogs. This last was by far the most interesting part of the stranger's talk to our gang, for we had several nimrods in our crew.

After hearing of this wild herd of porkers our men never went to the woods without taking several rifles out to where the timber was being hewed for the construction of the dam and fore bay of the prospective mill, and every man was anxious to catch sight of the swine. But after looking in vain for at least two weeks our gang began to believe that the report was purely a fish story and that there were no such aborigines in these woods. It was after the mill was approaching completion, and the head race conducting the water to the mill, which was a canal about 20 rods long and about 5 feet wide and 4 feet deep was finished. Within a few yards of the place where it was to receive water from the dam was the unfinished end, its banks slightly sloping. It was the custom in those days to work early and late, and our breakfast was often served by candlelight, and it was after one of the early breakfasts that our gang started millward. Our nimrods as usual carried their rifles, and after passing through the narrow road that was cut through the thicket that hid from view the dam and the newly dug canal, the wild hogs were discovered. At this sight the mill gang was jubilant and quickly placed a strong guard at the place where the swine had entered, and it was believed that the entire herd might be captured by closing up the entrance. But this calculation had to be given in less time than it takes to tell it. No sooner had the porkers caught the scent of the mill gang when they immediately made a wild rush through the canal and easily scaled its banks in their mad flight for liberty. Although our party fired several shots into the fleeing herd without effect, except one of the largest of the razor backs had a little difficulty in getting out of the canal and therefore was behind time in getting away. In the meantime the guns had all been discharged except one in the hands of one John Creft who was a crack shot, and now leveled his long rifle at the fleeing porker, and at a distance of over 30 rods brought his game to the ground. The ball broke his back and the capture was easy. After the usual blood letting the huge porker was inspected by the whole party and Mr. Saner was also on the ground and soon deployed two out of our gang to take the ox team which was already in sight, and take the carcass home and dress it for future use. The specimen now secured was apparently one of the finest in the herd, and would weigh approximately 300 lbs. It was in fair flesh, and of a dull brown color with here and there a small spot of gray. Our crew were now in ecstasy. The thought of now having plenty of fresh pork made the men feel good, for of the many good things to eat fresh pork was the most in lack which could not be obtained short of Dubuque, 16 miles distant. But we were all disappointed for the meat was not nearly so good as had been expected. It was coarse in grain and ill flavored, but the novelty of having native pork to eat made it go.

But we were not confined to native pork or smoked bacon, for Lyttles creek was literally alive with the finest of fish, fish of large size of different varieties, and often our boys went to the water after nightfall for an hour's angling and in this way secured all the fish that our large family could use, which consisted of 28 persons including women and children.

It was about October 1st, when the dam and mill was completed and our large family began to break up. The carpenters and millwrights went in quest of other jobs, but John Croft of wild hog notoriety and the writer were retained to assist the proprietor in odd jobs and running the mill. But this John Croft was of a hunting disposition and was not satisfied to allow that herd of swine to entirely escape without a thorough search of the woods if perchance he might again get sight of the natives. But in this he was disappointed but succeeded in finding the place where they had their shelter and sleeping quarters. About a mile northwest from the mill in a deep ravine with bluffs on either side was a cave under rocks that run into the hill 50 feet or more was a fine shelter and an abundance of room for the entire herd. In this cave there was an abundance of dry leaves and grass that had evidently been carried in for bedding, and was to all intents and purposes, a good hog nest. But this is all that Mr. Croft found. He never saw the drove after the affair in the canal. This herd as seen by the mill crew numbered about 20, and appeared to represent at least three generations. There were shot of about 60 lbs., and others about 100, and again others of 150 lbs., and a few of the herd would tip the beam at 300. It was not at all difficult to see how these wild rooters could live here from year to year and keep in thriving condition summer and winter, for in this belt of timber all kinds of mast was so abundant that a time of scarcity could hardly occur. The acorn of the white oak literally covered the ground, and then there was the bur oak, the shellbark hickory, and the hazel thickets, all contributed to supply food for the entire year.

It was after this first sawmill had run about five years and much of the adjacent timber was cut and the country around began to be settled that Mr. Saner sold his interest to a company composed of Oliver Bossart and David Kifer. These men in addition to the sawmill, built the large flouring mill that did a large business for a number of years or until wheat raising in these parts gave way to corn raising and corn and hogs became king, and have reigned ever since. The place, where at these mills I did my first hard work, is the present village of Washington Mills, and is on the Narrow Gauge, Bellevue and Cascade Railway. The first settlers in the vicinity of the mills were P. Miller, Geo. Gallagher, the Sweeny brothers, the Stauntons, a Mr. Hughes, Mathias Scholian, D. Kifer, Oliver Bossart, J. L. Saner, Henry Burke, a Mr. Canon, a Mr. McLaughlin and others. Of these first named settlers there is not now any that are living, except Oliver Bossart of Essex, Page county, Iowa.

LEVI WAGONER.

see also Pt. 6 p. 6

Registered Home-comers.

MAQUOKETA, SEPT. 3 TO 6, INCLUSIVE.

We herewith give SENTINEL readers a complete list of all registered Maquoketa Home-comers. Should any errors be discovered it is not intentional and may be credited in part to undue haste on the part of those registering. The publishers, however, have endeavored to make the list as complete as possible.

Name and Residence.	Born	Came	Left
Mrs L C David, Saranac, Mich.....	May, 1863, Maq....	1863	1884
Mrs Sarah Whitmore, Clinton, Iowa.....	Oct. 19, 1843, Pa....	1851	1880
Mrs Jennie Brady-Klema, Albert Lee, Minn.....	Nov 12, 1871, Maq....	1871	1890
F B Ringlep, San Jose, Cal.....	May 7, 1869, Maq....	1864	1892
Lee Taubman, Ferndale, Cal.....	Mar 15, 1859, Maq....	1859	1885
Mrs Lee Taubman, Ferndale Calif.....	June 2, 1860, Iowa....	1860	1885
Master Merton Taubman, Ferndale, Calif.....	Jan 2, 1896, Calif....	1896	
A S Wendel, Sioux City, Iowa.....	Nov 25, 1857, Maq....	1857	1892
Mrs Minnie Smith-Wendel, Sioux City, Iowa....			
Mrs Blanch Fairbrother-Arnold, Sterling, Colo....	Jan 8, 1882, Maq....	1882	1907
Mrs Mary E Anderson-McDonald, Waterloo, Ia....	Oct 25, 1838, Ind....	1848	1901
Ernest M McClure, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....	1875, Ohio.....	1888	1901
Mrs Susan Copp-McClure, Cedar Rapids, Iowa....	1877, Jackson Co....	1877	1901
James B Arnold, Sterling, Colo.....	Nov 13, 1881, Maq....	1881	1907
A W Flathers, Sioux City, Iowa.....	Nov 9, 1841, Ind....	1842	1905
Flora Priaux-Flathers, Sioux City, Iowa.....	May 25, 1860, Ia....	1876	1905
Sarah A Pangborn-Salter, Santa Anna, Calif....	May 23, 1833, N Y....	1839	1854
Margaret Zitterell-Daniels, Stockton, Calif.....	Mch 19, 1863, Maq....	1863	1904
J E Shirk, El Reno, Okla.....	Mch 28, 1828, Pa....	1850	1906
Mrs Percy Dunham-Thompson, Porterville, Cal....	Aug 5, 1850, Pa....	1871	1884
J P Maskrey, Hastings, Minn.....	Sept 10, 1842, Pa....	1863	1870
Dora Hobert-Maskrey, Hastings, Minn.....	Sept 15, 1847, N Y....	1867	1870
Ida Hinman, Chicago, Ill.....	East Pike, N Y....		1905
Geo W Sweesy, Redland, Calif.....	Mch 28, 1839, Pa....	1849	1872
Geo H Reitmeyer, Tallaposa, Ga.....	June 28, 1849, N Y....	1877	1906
Hiram Stephenson, Mitchell, S D.....	Jan 21, 1827, N Y....	1854	1902
J W Sweesy, Los Angeles, Cal.....	Nov 6, 1841, Pa....	1849	1872
A C Pool, Rising City, Nebr.....	Feb 11, 1856, Ont....	1865	1873
Adaline School-Brady, Plankinton, S D.....	July 2, 1859, Maq....	1859	1902
R P Baler, Hawarden, Ia.....	Oct 16, 1856.....	1856	1888
Emily Huling Ellis, Davenport.....	Oct 31, 1857.....	1857	1904
J R Twiss, Meadow Grove, Neb.....	Aug 5, 1839, N Y....		
E L Twiss, Meadow Grove, Neb.....	Aug 22, 1850, Ohio....	1854	1883
Florence Pike-Sherman, Oxford, Ia.....	June 2, 1876, N Y....	1885	1907
W G Branscom, Astoria, Oregon.....	Sept 30, 1881.....	1895	1901

H G Starr, St Louis, Mo.....	Oct 19, 1884, Ia...	1885	1887
Ida Gibson Tompkins, Lima, Ia.....	July 5, 1871, Ia....	1875	1890
Alice Tompkins, Lima, Ia.....	Aug 2 1894, Maq....	1894	1890
C F Randall, Grinnell, Ia.....	Jan 17, 1860, Maq....	1860	1877
Josephine Bowers Twiss, Meadow Grove, Neb.....	1854, Maq.....	1854	1883
Ralph Sherman, Oxford, Ia.....	Nov 12, 1893, Maq....	1894	1907
Dr G C Ellis, Bellevue, Ia.....	1881, Maq.....	1881	1903
W R Oake, Sabula, Ia.....	1852, England.....	1852	1878
Ida Keller Keating, Chicago Ill.....	1864, Monmouth...		1889
Mrs Binns Huff, Warsaw, Ind.....	Iron Hills.....		1905
Millie Hatfield Rickoff, Clinton, Ia.....	Jan 12, 1852, N Y....	1852	1860
R N McDonald, Nabstead, Kan.....	Mar 10, 1844, Ia....		1872
J E Hall, Marion, Iowa.....	1848, New York....	1874	1875
Mary Maskrey Hall, Marion, Ia.....	1848, New York....	1874	1875
Robt Blunt, Hawarden, Ia.....	Aug 17, 1855, Eng....	1870	1884
Mrs Monroe Hazen, Elliot, Ia.....	Sept 2, 1827, Pa....	1850	1888
P J Whittemore, Omaha, Neb.....	Oct 24, 1857, Ia....	1858	1896
N G Dye, Monmouth, Ia.....	June 8, 1843, N Y....	1857	1859
Laura Dye, Monmouth Ia.....	Apr 12, 1871, Va....	1871	
Mary A Oake, Sabula, Ia.....	1846, England.....	1855	1878
F E Truax, Olin, Ia.....	1875, Maquoketa....	1875	1888
E M Wilder, Ladora, Ia.....	1850, Vermont.....	1869	1872
Josephine Gordan Strohm, Clinton, Ia.....	1852, Maquoketa....	1852	1876
Isaac Strohm, Clinton, Ia.....	1842, Ohio.....	1854	1876
Mrs Fannie Ellis Hocker, Jamestown, Ind.....	June 11, 1843, Ind....	1852	1861
Phillip Hocker, Jamestown, Ind.....			
Lulu Hocker, Jamestown, Ind.....			
J G Young, Bellevue, Ia.....	Sept 28, 1838, Ger....	1858	
Mrs C S Hesse Young, Bellevue, Ia.....	Feb 1, 1845, Ger....	1846	
Charles Truax, Chicago, Ill.....	Sept 24, 1852, Wis....	1853	1880
O S Bradley, Bellevue, Ia.....	Sept 22 1877, N Y....	1906	1906
J Q Stephens, Chicago, Ill.....			
Mae McCauley Covell, Minneapolis, Minn.....	1876, Wisconsin....	1888	1897
W G Thomas, Cedar Rapids, Ia.....	1860 Jackson Co....	1860	1897
Mrs W G Thomas, Cedar Rapids, Ia.....			
J D Wilson, St Louis, Mo.....	Jan 2, 1857, Ia....	1857	1877
Luella Stephens Gallagher, Detroit, Mich.....	Mar 27, 1856, Maq....		1880
Mary Wolf Truax, Chicago, Ill.....	Mar 31, 1854, Ill....	1855	1880
Geo G Howes, Dubuque, Ia.....	Aug 11, 1864, Maq....	1864	1890
Geo E Larkey, Los Angeles, Cal.....	1855, Iron Hill....	1855	1878
Wm Wallace Ellis, Mystic, Ia.....	Sept 7, 1831, Ky....	1845	1861
Mary Ann Breeden Ellis, Mystic, Ia.....	Feb 7, 1838, Ill....	1837	1861
Dr W Benadom, Davenport, Ia.....	July 5, 1843, Ohio....	1893	1904
A Wolf Jr, Cedar Rapids, Ia.....	Feb 15, 1856, Maq....		1876
Charles Nigg, Augat Bul, Philippine Islands.....	Feb 1, 1878, Maq....	1878	1899
H J Meyer, Davenport, Ia.....	May 3, 1851, Ger....	1871	1872
Barbara Meyer, Davenport, Ia.....	Jan 23, 1855, N Y....	1860	1874

Peter Grady, Marion, Ia.....	Dec 17, 1875, Ia...	1885	1901
Estella White Grady, Marion, Ia.....	May 11, 1881, Maq.	1881	1901
Seneca Keeley, Clinton, Ia.....	Aug 13, 1870, Maq.	1871	1903
Mary Kelchner Keeley, Clinton, Ia.....	July 22, 1877, Maq.	1877	1903
Edith Helen Gallagher, Detroit, Mich.....	Nov 18, 1888, Maq.	1888	1899
O. J Roath, Chicago, Ill.....	Aug 25, 1867, Ill....	1903	1906
Mrs Useba Dunlap Twiss, Meadow Grove, Neb.	Sep 17, 1835, Va....	1858	1888
G A Hess, Clayton, N M.....	May 18, 1849, Ger....	1870	1906
John Klima, Albert Lea, Minn.....	1867, Progne.....	1873	1900
Mrs Ellen Tubbs Wright, Detroit, Mich.....	July 16, 1841, Can.	1849	1905
Minnie Smith Wendel, Sioux City, Ia.....	1890, Jackson Co...		1892
LaVerna Sherman, Maquoketa.....	1897		1907
Geo Glaser, Minneapolis, Minn....	1879, Maq.....	1879	1901
W Glaser, Minneapolis, Minn.....	1874, Maq.....	1874	1891
Bruce Rinaldo Rhodes, Chicago, Ill.....	1877, Maquoketa...	1877	1890
Minerva Twiss Eckman, Meadow Grove, Neb.	June 6, 1835, N Y.	1854	1884
Wm B Lovell, Sabula, Ia.....	Feb 3 1844, N Y.	1870	1875
Francelia Jenkins Orndorf, Gladbrook, Ia....	Jan 23, 1850.....	1856	1891
Jay Walker French, Everett, Neb.....	March, 1847, N Y.	1850	1870
S L Perin, Sargent, Neb.....	May 13, 1852, La...	1873	1875
Thos E Taubman, Schaller, Ia	Aug 1, 1854, Maq...	1854	1876
Geo B Perham, Chicago, Ill.....	April, 1848, N Y....	1848	1872
Ella Sherrill, Greeley, Colo.....	Apr 4, 1872, Kans.	1894	1899
Louise Swigart-Ellis, Bellevue, Ia.....	May 23, 1884, Maq.	1884	1906
Alice S Keeley, Clinton, Ia.....	Feb 18, 1900, Maq.	1900	
Mattie Harrington Coleman, Preston, Ia..	Sept 27, 1850, N Y.	1868	1874
Anna Meinhardt-Stearns, Marion, Ia.....	Oct 24, 1876 Ky....	1882	1900
James T Demorest, West Liberty, Ia.....	1876, Iowa.....	1877	1901
Jane Anderson Carrington, Oxford Mills, Ia.	Nov 18, 1841, Ind.,	1847	1887
Charlotte Wood Jackson Gourie, Ia.....	June 28, 1847, Ia.	1847	1880
Sarah Wood Bostetter, Independence Ia.....	Dec 18, 1844, Ia.	1844	1900
Sid Boston, Chicago, Ill.....	Apr 25 1884, Ia...	1844	1900
Chas Odgers, Greene, Ia.....	May 31, 1884, Ia.	1884	1900
Edna Heustis Murray, Preston, Ia.....	Apr 5, 1857, N Y.	1863	1905
Carrie Swigart-Lackey, Stanton, Neb.....	Mar 12, 1877, Maq.	1877	1906
B F Shultz, Odebolt, Ia.....	July 7, 1849, Pa...	1859	1882
Mrs B F Shultz, Odebolt, Ia.....	Sept 6, 1849, O....	1857	1882
Maude Williams Thompson, Clinton, Ia.....	Feb 6, 1877, Maq.	1877	1900
Otto Thompson, Clinton, Ia.....			
W H Hand, Mt Vernon, Ia.....	Sept 2, 1854, Ind...	1875	1905
Louis S Dunbar, Eau Claire, Wis.....	June 18, 1872, Maq.	1872	1891
Mrs Frances Johnson Dunbar, Sturgeon Bay, Wis			
Fred German, Des Moines.....	Apr 21, 1877, Maq.	1877	1893
Blanche Drury Hayes, Rock Island, Ill	1886, Nebraska....	1887	1905
Milo Hayes, Rock Island, Ill.....	1876, Ind.....	1877	1905
Jos Thomas, Davenport.....	April, 1843, Eng...	1872	1905
Mary A Thomas, Davenport....	Jan 25, 1848, Eng.	1872	1905

Arch N Perham, Chicago, Ill.....	1859, Maq.....	1859	1885
Fred Holmes, Davenport.....	July, 1885, Ia.....	1899	1905
Laura Templeton Holmes, Davenport.....	Oct, 1885, Maq.....	1885	1897
Mrs W B Lovell, Sabula.....			
Lizzie Kenedy Hamilton, Clinton, Ia.....	July 1, 1857.....	1868	1871
E D Taylor, Davenport, Neb.....	May 11, 1871, Ia.....	1871	1888
R P Conery, Chicago, Ill.....	July 9, 1841, N Y.....	1852	1901
Lizzie Jaynes, Hanover, Ill.....	July 2, 1854, N Y.....	1859	1876
Stephen Gordon, Clinton, Ia.....	Aug 9, 1837, Ohio.....	1839	1860
Mrs A J Smith, Ord, Neb.....	Apr 2, 1848, N Y.....	1868	1876
Mrs M Goodenow, Ord, Neb.....	Apr 23, 1851, N Y.....	1867	1871
Mrs Delia Jones, Hastings, Minn.....	Feb 21, 1839, N Y.....	1852	1868
Mrs Julia E Wills, Hastings, Minn.....	Nov 21, 1840, N Y.....	1852	1861
Nettie Buchanan Montgomery, St Edwards, N Jan 18, 1847, Pa.....		1855	1866
J E Davies, Oxford Jct, Ia.....	May 13, 1873, Va.....	1883	1897
Euclalia Bradway Carter, Sargenus, Ia.....	Jan 21, 1876, Ia.....	1876	1893
Frank S Northrop, Marion, Ia.....	Aug 11, 1849, N Y.....	1853	1873
P A German, Anthon, Ia.....	Oct 9, 1875, Ia.....	1875	1878
Julia Van Steinberg, Preston, Ia.....	May 12, 1857, O.....	1860	1889
Mrs Mary Servatine, El Paso, Tex.....	April, 1838, N Y.....	1901	1903
S I Kellner, Anthon, Ia.....	July, 1881, Ia.....	1881	1903
Effie Sears Hoffman, Savanna, Ill.....	Dec, 1861, Ia.....	1861	1882
F H Cooper, Cedar Rapids.....	Nov, 1879, Ia.....	1880	1900
Mattie Sears Hackley, Bridgewater, N Y.....	Jan, 1858, Ia.....	1898	1880
S H Davenport, Odebolt, Ia.....	1862, Iowa.....	1862	1892
Mrs S H Davenport, Odebolt, Ia.....	April, 1864, Pa.....	1867	1892
Nettie MacAuley, Looner, Chicago, Ill.....	Iowa.....		
Fred Looner, Chicago, Ill.....	1862, Mass.....		
Keosa MacAuley Everson, New Castle, N Y.....	Jackson Co.....		
W W Ingalls, Dubuque, Ia.....	1866, St Lawrence.....		
Anna Smola Ingalls, Dubuque.....	1869, Jackson Co.....		
Mrs May Work-Hall, Clinton, Iowa.....	1873, Maq.....	1873	1893
Name and Residence. Born Came Left			
Geo F Rich, Grand Fork, N D.....	1853, St Lawrence.....	1857	1874
J H Davenport, Odebolt.....	1857, Clinton Co.....		1882
E H Burnette, Rockford, Ia.....	1854, Jackson Co.....		1889
Nettie Gibson Burnette, Rockford, Ia.....	1858, Jackson Co.....		1889
Mary Morey Stewart, Rockford, Ill.....	1855, Jackson Co.....		1877
Fila Stewart, Durand, Ia.....			1875
Sophia Shaw Kelso, Bellevue.....	1836, New York.....	1842	
Jennie Sweesy McDonald, Halstead.....	1844, Pa.....	1849	1872
Sarah Fugate, Correctionville.....	1830, Ill.....		1902
J A Buchner, Cawker City, Kans.....	1854, Jackson.....		1876
Hattie Rich Harrington, Euclid, Minn.....	1863, Jackson Co.....		1885
Chas E Harrington, Euclid, Minn.....	1856, Jackson Co.....		1879
Lizzie Swigart Maurer, Chicago, Ill.....	1859, Jackson Co.....		1882
Mrs M P Swigart Fernando, Cal.....	1833, Vermont.....	1854	1905

Malva Taubman, Lockwood, Mo.....	1881, Jackson Co..	
Cora Massey Davenport, Viola, Ill.....	1867, Jackson Co..	
John Hood, Stone City, Ia.....	1845, Pa.....	1858 1901
J A Cobb, Clear Lake, Ia.....	1841, Jackson Co..	1841 1867
Julia Mason Cobb, Clear Lake, Ia.....	Pa	
Mary E Benton Parkinson, Rock Valley, Ia....	1858, Clinton Co..	
Ida McCreery, Dubuque.....	1876, Jackson Co..	1905
Glen Davenport, Viola, Ill.....	1892, Maquoketa...	1892 1895
Mable Davenport, Viola, Ill.....	1894, Maquoketa...	1894 1895
F D French, Harrisonville, Mo.....	1874, Preston.....	1898 1903
Mrs Marie Henry French, Harrisonville, Mo...	Maquoketa	1903
Mrs Mary Morris, Rock Island....	1866, Maquoketa...	1866 1900
Mr C V Hall, Clinton.....		
Mrs F Roach, Preston.....	1875, Maquoketa...	1875 1903
Mrs Nellie Kaler Thompson, Anamosa, Ia.....	1876, Maquoketa...	1876 1901
Mrs Mary Jerman, Merriman, Neb.....	1857, Dubuque.....	1857 1882
Mrs Peter German, Merriman, Neb.....	1849, Maquoketa...	1849 1882
Mrs Jennie Heustis Hepler, Wyoming, Ia.....	1861, New Hamp..	1863 1885
Mrs Anna Beard, Epworth, Ia.....	1859, Elwood.....	1898 1906
Mrs Francis Bowen Cook, Monmouth, Ia.....	1843, Magnolia, Ill.	1877
J M Hodges, Sioux City.....	1857, Lamotte, Ia..	
M V Daggett, Athens, Ohio.....	1878, Athens, O...	1894
Maude Gordon Jenkins, Western, Neb.....	1881, Maq.....	1905
Mrs Lee Estelle McKee, Chicago.....	1868, N Y.....	1875 1887
Olive M Thompson, Milwaukee.....	1885, Maq.....	1885 1906
Alice McCoven Church, Ambey, Ill.....	1867 Maq.....	1867 1872
Mrs J D Courtney-Perrin, Omaha, Neb.....	1861, Davenport...	1873 1878
Ethel McMullen, Monmouth.....	1892, Monmouth...	1898 1900
Anna Fischer-Dostal, Redlands, Calif.....	Bohemia.....	1854 1887
Miss May Dostal, Redlands, Calif.....	Maq.....	1871 1887
John Dostal, Redlands, Calif.....	Bohemia	1855 1887
Gertie Johnson Hill, Dennis, Kan.....		
Jake Hoffman, Chicago, Ill.....	1886, Maq.....	1886 1904
Harry Follett Chicago, Ill.....	1886, Maq	1886 1904
Mrs W A Carson, Chicago, Ill.....	1868, Maq	1868 1896
David Eaton, Ruthven, Ia.....	1845, Ind.....	1850 1902
Geo Ballou, Taylor Co, Ia.....	1834, N Y.....	1850 1853
Mrs F Kelley, Harrison, Neb.....	1839, N Y.....	1853 1904
L C Billups, Chicago, Ill.....	1854, Maq.....	1854 1866
Geo H Cravens, Minneapolis, Minn.....	1854, N Y.....	1869 1884
Mrs Emma Garlow, Anamoose, N D.....	1865, Maq.....	1865 1900
O Garlow, Anamoose, N D.....	1856, Maq.....	1856 1900
Miss G Welch, Chicago, Ill.....	1884, Maq.....	1884 1887
W R Hancock, Chicago, Ill.....	1873, Chicago.....	1874 1893
Nettie Jaynes-Dendinger, Rock Island.....	1869, Maq.....	1869 1901
S P Williams, Mt. Vernon.....		
M Huntington, Chicago.....	1835, Ohio.....	1854 1905

J Q Stephens, Chicago, Ill.....	1874, Monticello...	1890	1900
Mrs J Q Stephens, Chicago, Ill.....			
Frances West Webb, DeWitt, Ia.....	1843, N Y.....	1856	1856
Elizabeth Said, Emeline.....	1849, Dubuque.....	1849	1849
Mrs Ida Griffin King, Clarkville, Ia.....	1852, N Y.....	1853	1887
Mrs J R Griffin, Red Oak.....	1832, N Y.....		1902
Frances Thompkins, Bellevue.....	1846, Wis.....		
Mrs Jas Gilroy, Lost Nation.....	1839, Ireland.....	1855	1855
Miss Cora Bowman, Davenport.....	1861, Clinton Co ...	1861	1905
Mrs Della Raff, Elgin, Ill.....	1864, Clinton Co....	1864	1903
Mrs Anna Klinefelter, Mt Vernon.....	1858, Maq.....	1858	1900
Margarete Klinefelter, ".....	1895, Maq.....	1895	1900
Elvia ".....			
Ralph ".....			
Mrs Georgia Snoddy-Price, DeWitt.....	1868, Maquoketa...	1868	1895
Mr E Battles, Tama Co, Ia.....	1871, Jackson Co...	1871	1885
Mrs Anna Norton, Monmouth.....	1873, Jackson Co...	1873	1873
A Jennings, Buchanan Co.....	1846, Pa.....	1854	1854
J A Parkinson, Rock Valley.....	1861, Lyons.....	1861	1891
J C Buchanan, Walker, Ia.....	1814, Pa.....	1852	1867
Erma Bentley Hind, Grand Rapids, Wis.....	1879, Maquoketa...	1879	1902
James H Allen, Chicago.....	1846, Concord, N H.	1851	1873
Everet Gregory, DeWitt.....	1877, Maquoketa ...	1877	1877
P N Krogaard, Clinton.....	1873, Germany.....	1904	1904
Cliff L Day, Sabula.....			
F H Latham, Sabula.....			
Ed Hind, Grand Rapids, Wis.....			
Joe Richael, ".....			
Willard Richael, ".....			
Laura Hind, ".....			
Gusta Heath, Anthon, Ia.....	1865, Maq.....	1865	1869
Walter S Wright, Milwaukee.....	1864, Maq.....	1864	1886
Lee Krebs, Milwaukee.....	1860, Indiana.....	1879	1881
James J Henton, Olin.....	1877, Maq.....	1877	1897
Mrs Fuglsang, Battle Creek.....	1875, Denmark.....	1880	1900
Cecelia Clemensen, Battle Creek.....	1896, Maq.....	1896	1900
Estella C Rice, Aurora, Ill	1868, Maq.....	1868	1906
J W Ralston, Dubuque....	1875, Wis.....	1874	1902
Mrs Ralston, Dubuque.....	1876, Ia.....	1901	1902
Mrs Ella Edleman, Davenport.....	1864, Ia.....	1864	1881
Mrs Ida Snoddy, Olin, Ia	1861, Ia.....	1864	1881
Miss Hazel Snoddy, Olin, Ia.....	1895, Ia.....	1895	1883
Flora Priaulx Dell, Beloit, Wis.....	1882, Maq.....	1882	1906
Phineas L Dell, Beloit, Wis.....	1884, Maq	1884	1906
Miss Emma Clark, Delmar.....	1819, Ontario, Can.	1855	1856
Mrs Hattie Rossiter, Delmar.....	1814, Ontario, Can.	1855	1856
W A Davis, Mitchell, S D.....	1856, Indiana.....	1856	1900

Francis Biehle-Hileman, Bel evue, Iowa...	Aug 15, 1872, Maq.	1872	1899
E W Haight, Fortuna, Calif.....	Apr 22, 1852, Wash.	1856	1888
Mrs Belle Haight, Fortuna, Calif.....	Jan 17, 1859, Ia.....	1872	1888
Mrs C O Wellock, Fortuna, Calif.....	Mar. 19, 1879, Kan.....	1880	1888
Eva Calkins-Briggs, St Paul, Minn....	1861, Iowa.....	1886	1889
Mrs Olive L Wright, Lyons, Iowa.....	1840, N Y.....	1853	1891
C D Willock, Fortuna, Calif.....	Aug 13 1871		
Miss Jessie H Willock, Fortuna, Calif,.....			
L E Anderson, Hendricks, Ind.....	1831 Indiana.....	1852	1858
M Bolton Geneva, Neb.....	1854 Ohio.....	1856	1879
Dale Harris, Beaumont, Kan.....	1892 Maq.....	1892	1900
Grace Potter, Davenport.....	1901 Maq.....	1901	1906
J J Frank, Stockton, Calif.....	1882 Maq.....	1882	1901
Mrs Fred Mc Kennett, Perry, Iowa.....	1879 Maq.....	1879	1903
Vern Bowman Davenport.....	1884 Maq.....	1884	1905
Asa Fugate, Correctionville,.....	1868 Maq.....	1868	1903
Bert Robinson, Clinton, Ia.....	'81 Maq.....	'81	'02
Ella Swigart-Clements, Clinton, Ia.....	'57 Maq.....	'57	'00
C Dirby, Marion, Ia.....	'64 Maq.....	'64	'91
V E Hopkins, Grundy Center, Ia.....	'56 Pa.....	'87	'97
Mat Petersen, Battle Creek, Ia.....	'60 Maq.....	'60	'80
Eli Edwards, Correctionville, Ia.....	'50 Maq.....	'50	'75
Jaunita Gage, Topeka, Kans.....	'96 Maq.....	'96	
J U Fugate, Correctionville,.....	'66 Maq.....	'66	'01
Fred Raff, Elgin, Ill.....	'76 Maq.....	'76	'06
Charles Prussia, Savanna, Ill.....	'77 Jackson, Co.....	'77	'99
Celia Miller-Anderson, Lyons, Ia.....	'53 Findley, O.....	'56	'86
Mr Rachel Winterstein Rosecrant, Cedar Rapids.....	'50 Pa.....	'51	'85
Rosie Becker, Davenport,.....	'79 Maq.....	'79	'05
E J Smalley, Watertown.....	'76, Huston, Minn.....	'89	'02
E F Gollobith, Chicago, Ill.....	'85, Maq.....	'85	'92
F J Swift, Draper, S D.....	'83, Emeline, Ia.....	'98	'00
C A Beck, Bellevue, Ia.....	'62, Germany,.....	'81	'87
Pauline Biehle-Beck, Bellevue, Ia.....	'70, Maq.....	'70	'87
H V Shrove, Lyons, Ia.....	'66, Ill.....	'95	'06
Harriet E Shrove, Lyons, Ia.....	'73, Andrew.....	'73	'06
T H French, Preston, Ia.....	'65, Maq.....	'65	'84
Bert Isbell, Mechanicsville,.....	'74 Maq.....	'74	'96
Bert Strohm, Chicago, Ill.....	'72 Maq.....	'72	'76
H B Bryant, Miles, Ia.....	'53 England.....	'71	'73
Mrs Lottie Williams-Thompson, Oklahoma City.....	1884, Maq.....	1884	'03
Jerry S Green, Marshalltown, Iowa.....	1853, Iron Hills.....	1853	'94
Mrs Ed Mitchell, Marion.....	1878, Maq.....	1878	'98
E A Gordon, Ohio.....	1843, Ohio.....	1855	'61
Minnie M Orr, Marion, Iowa.....	'85 Maq.....	'85	'99
Henry Boer, Sioux Falls, S D.....	'48 Pa.....	'51	'06
Eugene A Van Schaick, Bellevue, Iowa.....	'55 N Y.....	'71	'73

E Frank Brown, Vinton, Iowa.....	'66	Maq.....	'66	'70
Mrs Noble Lockhart, Livingston, Mont.....	'86,	Mo.....	'86	'05
Mrs Geo Adair, Jamaica, Iowa.....	'59,	Indiana.....		'02
Mrs Clara Bodkin-Grant, Massilon, Iowa.....	'67,	Va.....	'68	'89
Mrs Nellie Brundage, Miles, Iowa.....	'86,	Maq.....	'86	'06
Mrs Lodisa Allen Staton, Storm Lake, Iowa....	'34,	N Y.....	'55	'65
C E Smith, Moline, Ill.....	'76,	Springbrook...	'82	'96
C A Clarke, Rock Island, Ill.....	'77,	Maq.....	'77	'97
Ivah Emery Van Ness, Amber, Iowa.....	'80,	Maq	'80	'92
Herschill N Pangborn, Thurman, Colo.....	'42,	Maq.....	'42	'73
B Kettler, Albia, Iowa.....	'54,	Germany.....	'91	'91
Mrs Carrie Buxler Flannigan, Davenport, Iowa.	'75,	Marion, Ia.....	'80	'99
Elizabeth Klema, Minneapolis, Minn.....	'76,	Baldwin.....	'77	'95
Bartley Klema, Clinton, Iowa.....	'83,	Maq.....	'83	'00
E H Knittle, Onslcw, Iowa.....	'74,	Maq.....	'74	'99
J C Dennison, Bellevue, Iowa.....	'69,	Alden, N Y....	'85	'87
Mrs Mary Metheney-Brown, Wyoming.....	'76,	Ohio.....	'81	'03
Phyllis Brown, Wyoming	'95,	Cascade, Iowa.	'00	'03
R F McMeans, Leir, S D.....	'42	Pa.....	'47	'06
Sarah Bell McMeans, Leir, S D.....	'49,	Pa.....	'62	'06
Louis Weise, DeWitt, Iowa.....	'71,	Davenport, Ia.	'75	'00
Bert Bowman, Moline, Ill.....	'80,	Maq.....	'80	'06
Dan Wagoner, Stockton, Iowa.....	'29,	Pa.	'45	'95
Ed Mellish Oxford, Iowa.....	'61,	Vermont.....	'73	'84
Mrs Ed Mellish, Oxford, Iowa.....	'64,	Maq.....	'64	'84
H E Griffin, Red Oak, Iowa.....	'73,	Maq.....		'02
Ida Elsentrou-Giffin, Red Oak, Iowa.....	'77,	Iron Hills	'91	'02
Maude Bailey-Smith, DeWitt, Iowa.....	'81,	Welton	'92	'99
Effa Chase-Read, Monroe, Mo.....	'63,	May.....	'63	'71
Name and Residence		Born		Came Left
Lulu Sweet, Fayette, Iowa	'75,	Maq.....	'75	'97
Mrs Abby Murphy Daly, Council Bluffs, Iowa...	'38,	Ireland.....	'64	'82
Mrs Geo G Howes, Dubuque, Iowa	'72,	Andrew.....	'91	'00
W C Bradley, Davenport, Iowa.....	'70,	N J.....	'50	'01
Ruth Bernice Howes, Dubuque, Iowa.....				
Charles V Howes, Dubuque, Iowa.....				
Miss Bess Lancaster, Kenosha, Wis.....				
C P Romer, Bedden, Neb.....	'75,	Maq.....	'75	'04
John W Fenton, Zwingle.....	'59,	Maq.....	'59	'04
Francis Barnice Banghart, Colorado Springs...	'87,	Cascade.....	'90	'04
Rirdie King-Rigby, Davenport.....	'71,	Maq.	'71	'93
Mrs Wm Johnson, Texas	'66,	Germany.....	'80	'95
D M Allison, McCausland	'54,	Pa.....	'61	'05
Mrs Nancy Allen, Clinton.....	'66,	Jackson Co....	'66	'02
F B Tinker, Chicago.....	'70,	Maq.....	'70	'02
Mary Moorhead Roheson, Cedar Rapids.....	'47,	Va	'52	'87
W H Roheson, Cedar Rapids.....				

Geo H Bailey, Chicago.....	'77, Illinois.....	'87	'06
Anna Blunt Bodman, Muscatine.....	'62, Davenport.....	'65	'99
Mrs Lina Monroe Eaton, Dolores, Colo.....	Aug 11, '43, Ohio...	'55	'62
Mrs Sadie Billups Calloway, Chicago.....	'73 Maq.....	'73	'94
Florence Calloway, Chicago.....			
Emma Dunbar-Fleming, Des Moines	'59 Maq		
Laura Shaw Broecksmit, Cedar Rapids.....	'41, Bellevue.....	'42	'73
Ferd C Fiske, Lincoln, Neb.....	'56, N Y.....	'57	'83
Mrs Carrie Kelso Russell, Pittsburg, Pa.....			
Miss Jennie Kelso, Bellevue, Iowa.....			
Rev D Russell, Pittsburg, Pa.....			
Sam Raff, Springville, Iowa.....	'82 Maq.....	'82	'97
Clarence Rowe, Stoughton, Wis.	'83 Maq.....	'83	'03
Melvin Ward, Iowa.....	'84 Maq.....		
Earl A Barker, Chicago.....	'82 Maq	'82	'03
F C Bowman, Marengo.....	'84 Maq.....	'84	'06
Bess Merrill, Cedar Rapids.....	'83, Oxford.....	'03	'06
Myrtle Nims-Huff, Charlotte.....	'78, Maq.....	'78	'02
F L Huff, Charlotte.	'78, Maq.....	'78	'02
E J Eaton, Santa Anna, Calif.....	'56, Maq.....	'56	'78
J B Lyons, Maquoketa.....	'36, N Y.....	'55	'64
Edna Grant, Massilon, Ia.....	'92, Maq.....	'92	'99
Lydia A Lyon,	'41,	'65	'85
A W Fuggett, Correctionville.....	'68, Maq.....	'68	'02
Ralph Kitts, Moline, Ill.....	'81, Maq	'81	'05
S M Faith, Green Island.....	'75, Pa	'00	'04
Eugene Kemerer-Finton, Zwingle.....	'66, Zwingle.....	'00	'04
Flora Russell-Kitts, Moline, Ill	'85, Minn.....	'89	'05
Cornelia Prindle-Stevenson, Aurora, Neb.....	'39, Vermont	'54	'79
M W Guilfoil, Welton	'46 Sabula.....	'69	'69
May Chandler-Lyles, Clinton, Ia.....	'66, Bridgeport....	'66	'80
Clara Dodd-Somers, Bellevue, Ia.....	'77, Maq.....	'77	'04
Blaine Holcomb, Chicago	'84, Fulton	'96	'01
H W Somers, Bellevue, Ia.....			
Alice Hurst-Hunter, Waterloo, Ia	'85, Maq.....	'85	'02
B B Hunter, Waterloo, Ia			
Bert Elwood, Tipton.....	'68, Maq.....	'68	'97
M C Mattingly, DeWitt, Ia.....	'49, Maryland.....	'52	'53
F A Wynkoop, DeWitt, Ia.....	'41, N Y.....	'75	'00
Anna C M Kruse.....			
Mrs F Fedderson, Calumet, Ia.....	'65, Germany	'70	'77
Mrs T J Foley, Chicago, Ill.....	'81, Onslow	'82	'93
Jasper Harding, Clinton.....	'44, Ohio.....	'53	'02
Candace M Farr Bowman, New Market, Ia....	'47, Canada.....	'54	'96
W M Bowman, New Market, Iowa.....	'45, Va.....	'51	'96
Imogene Farr, Madrid, Iowa.....	'88		
Miss Jessie Anderson, Danville, Ind			

Mattie McClury Fisk, Cedar Rapids.....	'82, Ohio.....	'90	'98
Miss Lulu Copp, Cedar Rapids....	'90, Maq.....	'90	'98
Winfield Tubbs, Logunta, Colo.....	'80, Maq.....	'80	'03
Pearl M Breeden, Cedar Falls....	'87, Maq.....	'87	'02
W H Kane, Davenport.....			
Mrs W H Kane, Davenport.....			
A G Bossuot, Great Falls, Mont.....	'63		'91
Chas H Wilcox, Burley, Iowa.....	'53, Maq.....	'53	'80
Dr G A Isbell, Clinton ..	'52, Jackson Co.....	'52	'01
H S Farr, Madrid.....	'53, Ontario.....	'54	'80
Alvin Tate, Michigan.....	'69, Mich.....	'83	'87
Errol Williams, Rockford, Ill.....	'88, Maq.....	'88	'07
F H Wray, Sioux City.....	'49, N Y.....	'53	'70
La Dayne, Moline.....	'86, Jackson Co.....	'86	'01
O Orndorf, Gladbrook.....	'48, Va.....	'65	'90
Mrs Ellen Lamey, Onslow.....	'36, Pa.....	'51	'04
Mrs Myrtie Challis, McClausville.....	'84, Pa.....	'00	'05
Mrs Stella Miller Struble, Chicago	'84, Maq.....	'84	'03
Mrs Mamie Flatthers, Odeboldt.....	'57, Ind.....	'67	'83
Mrs J D Stickley, Cedar Rapids.....	'69, Iowa.....	'69	'06
Charles L Lee, Davenport.....	'85, England.....	'04	'04
John Brundage, Miles.....	'80, Maq.....	'55	'07
Henry Richeal, Manilla, Iowa.....	'55		'06
C E Morehead, Cedar Rapids.....	'78, Maq.....	'78	'97
Frank E Isbell, Clinton.....	Maq.....		'01
Florance Billup Smith, Savanna, Ill.....	Maq.....		'02
F C Sears, Brookston, Ind.....	'62, Maq.....	'62	'04
Mary Keegan, Chicago.....	'00, Maq.....		'05
Cora Rayborn, Davenport	'84, Maq.....		'06
Kate Burnett Sweesey, Davenport.....	'59, Maq.....		'07
Zora Miller Isbell, Mechanicsville, Iowa.....	'72, Ohio.....	'80	'98
Lloyd Waugh, Lebanon, Neb.....			
H E Waugh, Lebanon, Neb.....	'63, Maq	'63	'89
Emma Brinker-Barnes, Ontario.....	'66, Maq.....	'66	'95
Irma Sleigh, Dundee, Ill.....	'Illinois.....		'94
Melvin Goodenow, Nebraska.....	'44, N Y.....	'45	'70
Eugene Brown, Waverly.....	'71, Maq.....	'71	'05
Glen Eaton, Telluride.....	'87, Maq.....	'87	'05
Orville D Stuart, Chicago.....	'67, Ohio.....	'89	'93
Elizabeth Long-Stuart, Chicago	'74, Baldwin	'74	'01
T T Keeney, Marshalltown.....	'45, Lyons.....	'65	'05
Walter Sanger, Miles.....	'88, Maq.....	'88	'07
W D Spurl, Bellevue.....	'72, Vinton, Iowa..	'77	'02
B L Edson, Miles.....	'79, Maq.....	'79	'05
Fred Anderson, Clinton.....	'77, Maq.....	'77	'82
I F Lee, Riverton, Oregon.....	'43 Wis	'44	'89
F M Fort, Clinton.....	'48, Monmouth.....	'71	'86

Emma Wynkoop-Fort, Clinton.....	'50, Ill.....	'73	'86
Paul C Kelley, Dixon, Ill.....	'77.....	'94	'04
Geo J Gurius, Bellevue.....	'72.....	'72	'89
W H Johnson.....	'60 Maq.....	'79	
John Rudolph, Birmingham.....	'62 Germany.....	'80	'03
Mary Jane Rands, Welton.....	'65.....	'88	'90
Chas W Decker, Moline, Ill.....	'71, Maq.....	'71	'98
Luella Simmons-Petersen, Tacoma, Wash.....	'77 Maq.....		'79
J Work, Clinton.....	'36 Pa.....	'67	'02
Mrs Rose Wilcox-Ellis.....	'79 Maq.....	'79	'04
Mrs Otto T Ellis.....	'73 Whatcheer, Ia..	'90	'92
C A Bradley, Marion, Ia.....	'70 Maq.....		'99
D M Beard, Epworth, Ia.....	'57 Maq.....	'57	'96
James B Wright, Sioux City.....	'59 Jackson, Co....	'59	'69
John Barnes, St Thomas, Ont.....	'61.....	'87	'95
Anna Reichling Tier, Davenport.....	'72 Jackson Co....	'82	'91
J Tier.....	'70 Germany.....	'68	'91
Mrs Wm Vosburgh, Fortuna, Calif.....	'35 Ohio.....	'42	'64
Mrs Carrie Swigart Goen, Independence, Iowa..	'61 Maq.....	'91	'86
H F Brockman, Dixon, Iowa.....	'77.....	'77	'01
Amel Brockman, Dixon, Iowa.....	'75,.....	'75	'01
Chas Peterson, Plain View.....	'66,.....	'66	'97
Henry Kettelsen, Dixon, Ill.....	'78,.....	'78	'96
Louis Meyer, Donahue.....	'65,.....	'65	'86
Todd Anderson, Clinton, Iowa.....	'85, Maq.....	'85	'03
Mrs Mary May Work Hall, Clinton.....	'73, Maq.....	'73	'92
Mr C O Hall, Clinton.....			
W A Davis, Mitchell, So Dak.....	'56, Ind.....	'56	'00
Chas N Wilcox, Burley, Iowa.....	'53, Maq.....	'53	'80
Dr G A Isbell, Clinton.....	'52, Jackson Co....	'52	'01
H S Farr, Madrid.....	'53, Ont.....	'54	'80
Wm Tate, Michigan.....	'69, Mich.....	'83	'87
F H Wray, Sioux City.....	'49, N Y.....	'53	'70
Mr La Dayne, Moline, Ill.....	'86, Jackson Co....	'86	'01
A Orndorf, Gladbrook.....	'48, Va.....	'65	'90
Mrs Helen Lamey, Onslow.....	'36, Pa.....	'51	'04
Mrs Myrtle Challis, Mechanicsville.....	'84, Iowa.....	'00	'05
Mrs Stella Miller Struble, Chicago.....	'84, Maq.....	'84	'03
Mrs Mamie Flathers, Odebolt.....	'57, Ind.....	'67	'83
Mrs J D Stickley, Cedar Rapids.....	'69, Iowa.....	'69	'06
Mrs Otto Hunt, Monmouth.....	'79, Jackson Co....	'79	'00
Mrs D L Herbert, Smithtown.....	'37, Va.....	'57	'67
J H Demont, Petersburg, Neb.....	'57, Maq.....	'57	'76
D H Wade, Elwood.....	'33, N Y.....	'52	'52
Isiah DeGraw Woodard, Panama.....	Canada.....	'63	'73
J E Woodard, Panama.....	'71, Maq.....	'71	'73
Fannie D Skiff, Oxford.....	'39, N Y.....	'54	'54

Mrs Currie Gibson Crane, Delmar.....	'72, Maq	,72	'07
Minnie Thomas, Omaha, Neb	'93, Maq	'93	'04
Mrs A Carpenter, Marion	'75, Maq	'75	'87
Mrs Gertrude Stephens Strang, Albert.....	'64, Wis	'01	'03
Netta McCauley.....			
Alice Bailey Harrington, Delmar.....	'55, Maq	'55	'60
W H Grant, Terre Haute, Ind.....	'54, Pa	'77	'80
Mrs W H Gaul, Terre Haute, Ind.....	'60, Ill		
M E Beeman, Rockford, Ill.....	'37, Canada.....	'44	'02
Mae Clark, Monmouth.....	'88, Maq.....	'88	'88
Mrs Anna Hutchins, Omaha			'03
Glen Bailey, Baldwin.....	'92, Maq	'92	'01
Clara Pool Walter, Iowa.....	'63, Canada	'63	'85
Mrs Clara Streets Hood, Stone City.....	'61, Jackson Co.....	'61	'02
Bertha Davies Dickson, San Bernardino, Calif.....	'70 Va	'83	'97
Margaret Dickson, San Bernardino, Calif.....			
Veda Taylor, Winthrop.....	'98, Maq.....	'98	'04
Louis Fisk, Zwingle.....	'25, N Y	'61	'70
Laura Fisk, Zwingle.....			
LeRoy Klenfelter, Mt Vernon.....	'89, Maq	'89	'99
H L Pool, Gladbrook.....	'67, Jackson Co.....	'67	'04
A D Barnes, St Thomas, Ontario.....	'60, Ont	'88	'95
Carl P Bauch, Miles.....	'76, Maq		'91
Charles Sanborn, Minneapolis, Minn	'67, Maq		'95
Bertha Anderson Large, Wells, Minn.....	'78, Maq		'02
Jos D Large, Wells, Minn.....	'78,	'01	'02
David A Large, Wells, Minn.....	'04, Maq.....	'04	'05



JACKSON COUNTY VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

Adjutant Harvey Reid's Memorial Report.

Maquoketa, Iowa, Sept 2, 1907.

It is a sad duty and not a pleasant task to place upon record year by year a mention and report of those who served their country in its peril, but have now passed out of our ranks into the eternal counter-march. Our comrades are gone, no recruits can ever take the vacated files, but we desire to preserve for posterity their names, and some record of what they did for their country's honor.

1. Among those who assembled at our reunion at Miles last year, no one enjoyed the privilege with keener zest than Comrade William M. Trout. The inroads of an insidious malady and defective eyesight made the ministrations of helping hands almost constantly necessary, but he entered thoroughly into the spirit of social enjoyment that the meeting with loved comrades afforded. At the evening camp-fire his voice was heard in patriotic and genial utterances, and we were all thrilled by his warm tribute to the memory of our recently departed comrade, John Monahan. Ten days later on the 8th of September, 1906, a messenger sent to arouse him from what seemed an unusually late nap, found that his sleep was the eternal one. He had passed quietly away several hours before from heart weakness that had been sapping his strength for several years.

William Meisee Trout was of Pennsylvania German parentage, born in Lebanon county in that state June 9th 1841. His parents came to Jackson county in 1848 and settled on a farm just outside the city limits of Maquoketa. William and his brother George (now a banker at Wamego, Kansas) both became members of one of the first companies raised in Jackson county for the war, Company A of the 9th Infantry, commanded by Captain A. W. Drips. George went out with the company on its organization in August, 1861, and William followed as a recruit May 1st, 1862. He re-enlisted as a veteran and was mustered out with his regiment at the close of his term of service. After the war, Comrade Trout engaged in mercantile business, first at Andrew, and then at Delmar, finally removed to Denver, Indiana, the former home of his wife, and was engaged in business for several years there and at Peru, Indiana. His wife died there and his own health having become impaired, he retired from active business and returned to his old home in Iowa about ten years ago.

Wherever he lived his attachment for and interest in his old comrades in arms was strong and sincere. He became a member of the Grand Army

of the Republic in Indiana, and after his return here joined A. W. Drips Post at Maquoketa. He was an ardent promoter of the organization in both places. He was for several years Secretary of the Ninth Iowa Regimental Association. Our lamented comrade will be longest remembered in Maquoketa for his effective work in securing the erection of the soldiers' monument there. The nucleus of a fund dedicated to that purpose had been secured from the surplus left when the expenses of the big Eastern Iowa reunion of 1886 had been paid. This was being held by Comrade Dr. A. B. Bowen who was generously allowing seven per cent. compound interest on it, but no one seemed to have courage to attempt to raise the large additional funds that would be necessary. The problem roused Comrade Trout's mettle. He was appointed on the Monument Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Comrade Dorsey W. Trump, and he was made chairman of the Finance committee. Then things moved. We all helped, but it was largely in response to Comrade Trout's persistent prodding. He called on individuals, lodges, churches, and schools with the result that 795 individuals and 19 organizations contributed, and the monument was dedicated May 30, 1900, in the presence of one of the largest concourses that the city ever contained.

And so in every public enterprise of a beneficial or patriotic nature, our comrade gave hearty sympathy and aid by purse and labor, when, very often, his frail body demanded rest rather than rustle. The community which knew his worth is better and richer for his having lived in it.

2. George William Macomber was a boy of only seventeen when he enlisted in Co. M, 2d New York Mounted Rifles, September 22, 1863. Army service was not kind to him. He spent six months of the time in a hospital, and was discharged August 28, 1865. He removed to Appleton, Wis., in 1866, and to Iowa in 1873, where he lived for some years at Preston, and then at Maquoketa. He was a remarkable sufferer from rheumatic distortion of his limbs and more than thirty years was unable to walk on his feet, or to use his hands and arms with any freedom. Yet such was his indomitable pluck and energy that he found many avenues of employment in what he could do in his crippled condition, until increasing weakness confined him to his house for the last few years of his life. He passed to rest October 8, 1906, and was followed to "God's acre" in Mt. Hope cemetery by a large concourse of sympathizing neighbors and comrades.

3. James M. Carrington, a native of Indiana, born at Danville in that state April 8, 1838, came to Jackson county about four years before the war and settled in Monmouth township. Here he enlisted in Capt. Martin's company (I) of the 24th Iowa, and served through all the perilous service of that devoted regiment. He resumed his vocation of farming after the war in Monmouth township and in Jones county until his death which occurred at his home near Oxford Mills, Jones county, October 20, 1906. He registered at several of our reunions in the western part of the county, and was highly respected as a comrade, and as an upright worthy man and citizen.

4. A face rarely missed at our reunions was that of Joseph H. Fayram of Monmouth. Comrade Fayram was an Englishman, born in Lancashire in 1839, but came to America when a boy, lived for a time in Prov-

dence, R. I., and then removed to Canton in this county. His army service was with Co. K, 56th Illinois Infantry, in which he served in the ranks for a time and then was detailed as a mechanic. He was a jolly companion who greatly enjoyed social meetings with his comrades, and his absence will be sincerely deplored. He died at his home in Monmouth, November 13, 1906 and was interred under the auspices of A. P. Hovey Post G. A. R.

5. We have the right to claim Dwight D. Comstock of Lost Nation as a member of the Jackson County Veteran Association, since he joined with us at several of our reunions. He had, like Carrington, enlisted in Martin's company of the 24th Iowa, and after discharge for disability again served in the 11th Iowa until the close of the war. Soon after his discharge Comrade Comstock engaged in the mercantile business at Smithtown in Clinton county. When the Milwaukee railroad was built he removed his goods to their new station at Lost Nation, and thereafter during his long life was engaged in business enterprises at that place. His life closed on January 11, 1907, at the ripe old age of nearly seventy-nine years, crowned with the honor and respect of his fellow citizens, and the esteem of his soldier comrade to whom he had ever been bound by ties deep and tender.

6. It may seem to be wandering far out of the bound of Jackson county to mention Colonel William E. Small who died at Marshalltown, February 12, 1907, at the age of eighty-five. But he was once a resident of the county, having owned a farm just outside the limits of Sabula from about 1866 for several years, and made his home in the town. In 1868 the writer remembers that he took part in organizing what was probably the first soldiers' society in the county. It was a Post of the old Third Battalion form of organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Col. Small was chosen as the Post Commander. The present writer received the appointment of Post Adjutant. Gen. Add. H. Sanders of Davenport, was Department Commander for the state. The Post lasted, I believe, about as long as the state organization did, but there were inherent defects in both that interfered with their usefulness and they quietly died.

Col. Small was born in Portland, Maine, removed to Davenport in 1854 where he engaged in lumber business. He soon afterwards made his home in Iowa City where he lived when the war broke out. When the Tenth Infantry was organized he received a commission as Lieutenant Colonel, dated September 10, 1861. He was promoted to the colonelcy November 2, 1862, on the resignation of Col. Nicholas Perczel, and was honorably discharged for disability August 19, 1863. After leaving Sabula he lived in Brooklyn, Iowa, for many years, engaged in the grain and lumber business. He was twice elected mayor of Brooklyn, and also served a term as postmaster of that town. He removed to Marshalltown in 1901, and died of old age at the home of his daughter Helen, Mrs. George C. Neil.

7. Jonathan Jaynes was a pioneer in Jackson county. Born in Illinois in 1830 he came with his parents to Iowa in 1846, and settled in Washington township near Bellevue. In 1864 he drew a prize in the lottery of the draft, and promptly accepted the demands of his country. He was assigned to Co. G, 2d Iowa Infantry under date of September 26, 1864, and served

with that regiment in the field during the remainder of its service, and was discharged May 1, 1865. After the war he engaged in farming near Spring Brook, and afterwards in Van Buren township. He died at his home in Van Buren, May 5, 1907. He was essentially a home body and seldom registered at our reunions.

8. It can be said of our jolly Comrade John Streets, on the contrary, that although a resident of Jones county he seldom missed one of our reunions. He was a native of Delaware county, Ohio, born September 3, 1841, and came to Iowa with his parents when seven years old. In 1860 he returned to Ohio and enlisted there in 1861 in Company H, 76th Ohio Infantry, served his full term, re-enlisted as a veteran, and was discharged at the end of the war. His regiment formed part of the Fifteenth Army Corps and participated in most of the engagements of that hard fighting corps including the March to the Sea. Comrade Streets returned to Iowa in 1865 settled first in Jackson county but removed in 1869 to Jones county near Monmouth, where he departed this life May 10, 1907.

9. I am naming several in this report whose residence in Jackson county ceased before this Association was organized, but being Jackson county soldiers, or otherwise closely connected with our county military history, I have deemed it proper to place their names in these records, because they all honored the county in the patriotic service they rendered. One of those soldiers was DeForest Beebe Marikle, who died in Escandideo, California, June 20, 1907. Comrade Marikle, born in Cortland county, New York, November 21, 1844 came to Sabula with his parents in 1857. In June, 1862, he and his friend, William B. Lovell, still living at Sabula, conceived the idea that service with the regulars would be most to their liking, and they went to Freeport and enlisted in Company C. of the 12th United States Infantry. They were sent at once to Fort Hamilton, New York City, and here Marikle was taken sick, and was unable to join the regiment with Lovell, or at all, as he received his discharge in September for disability. Lovell found the regiment serving in the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac and arrived to take his place in the ranks on the last day of McClellan's desperate Seven Days' Battle, being in the engagement at Malvern Hill. He also took part in the battles of Second Bull Run, South Mountain and Antietam. In the latter fight, while working in a battery to which he had been detailed, he was badly hurt by a tree limb falling on him which had been cut off by a cannon ball, so badly hurt that he never rejoined the regiment but received his discharge while still at an army hospital and returned home in December, 1862.

The patriotic ardor of the two young boys was not quenched, however, and in August, 1863 they both re-enlisted in Company G, 8th Iowa Cavalry, and thus completed their army service as volunteers instead of regulars, and in a "critter company" instead of as trappers. The Atlanta campaign and McCork's and Wilson's raids demonstrated that horsemen had no soft snap either, but they both returned at the close of the war. Comrade Marikle removed to South Dakota in the late 60's and owned a farm one and a half miles from the city of Sioux Falls. This he sold in 1889 and took

up his residence at Escondido, Cal. He was prominent in Grand Army circles there, having served as Post Commander and his funeral was conducted by Post and Relief Corps with every mark of sorrow and esteem.

10. And now it becomes my sad duty to record the passing from us of one who had served the Association as an official, and was endeared to all of us by his sterling qualities of character and wholesome comradeship. Lieut. Michael Malony of Bellevue, was elected our Quartermaster in 1902, our color Sergeant in 1904, and our Senior Vice Commander in 1905. It was the writer's privilege to enjoy several social hours with him at the Department Encampment in Dubuque, June 12th to 14th. He seemed well and happy, and greatly enjoyed meeting the large number of comrades gathered there. Only a few days after his return home, however, he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and sank gradually until on the morning of July 9, 1907, death came to relieve his suffering. He was borne to the tomb by six veterans of the civil war as pall bearers amid a throng of sorrowing neighbors and friends that far exceeded the capacity of the Congregational church in which the funeral services were held.

Comrade Maloney was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, August 10, 1842. His parents both died when he was only five years old, when he was adopted by an uncle and aunt by whom he was taken to Bellevue in 1851. His first military service, which began early in 1861, involves a bit of history that has received little or no attention in Iowa print. When the first war alarm was sounded after the attack on Sumter, many Bellevue boys were eager to enlist and a company was promptly organized with John P. Foley as Captain. Iowa's quota was filled, however, with the First Infantry, and the Bellevue company was not accepted. Foley and a large proportion of the company finally, in June, went into Company I of the Fifth Infantry of which regiment Foley became Adjutant. In the meantime some of the boys sought another channel for their martial ardor. Illinois was recruiting actively. A company had been raised in Galena which Captain Ulysses S. Grant of the old army had drilled, and it had been assigned to the 12th Infantry. B. B. Howard, who had been commissioned Captain, was trying to raise another but enlistments lagged. M. V. Foley and Howard Beardsley of Bellevue had gone to Dubuque expecting employment but the places were filled so they concluded to go to Galena and enlist. They enrolled in Capt. Howard's company and told him about the stranded company in Bellevue. The captain immediately sent Sergt. French down there and he recruited enough boys to fill the Galena company.

In the enrollment some mistake or chicanery came about by which Iowa was deprived of the credit due this state for more than half of these enlistments. The company became Co. I Nineteenth Illinois Infantry, and our Adjutant General's Reports show as credited to Iowa in that company, Isaac S. Allison, Howard F. Beardsley, Harrison Cowden, William Frost, Peter M. Fowler, Michael V. Foley, William Galloway, Lyman M. Jones and Charles H. Rhea, nine men. But there also enlisted in that company, and shown upon its rolls as residing in Galena, the following Jackson county boys: Louis M. and Lawrence Caroli and Joseph Smith from Higginsport, Michael Maloney and William C. Smith from near Cottonville and

Lamotte, John M. Michael from near Zwingle, John Morrissey from Smith's Ferry, and Milton Wintersteen from Fulton. The facts in regard to this 19th Illinois squad are given me by Howard F. Beardsley who was one of the Bellevue contingent and now lives in Chicago. Comrade Beardsley includes in his list as from Jackson county, three brothers, Abram, Richard and Henry M. Walker, who, he thinks, came from Iron Hill or in the forks of the Maquoketa somewhere, and that they came to the company with Milt. Wintersteen, but I have made persistent inquiries of those who were residents of that section before the war and have as yet found no one who knew the Walker boys. It is possible that their being credited to Illinois was not incorrect.

The 19th received marching orders in July, campaigned for a few weeks in Missouri and then was ordered transferred to the Army of the Potomac. They took cars on the Illinois Central at Cairo and changed at Sandoral, Ill., to the Ohio and Mississippi. This was on the 17th day of September, 1861, about noon. The train ran in sections, Co. I as in one of the last, together with Col. Turchin and staff and stragglers from other companies, left when preceding trains had pulled out. About 9:30 that night a bridge crossing a small stream in western Indiana gave way beneath the swiftly moving train, the cars were crushed in an awful wreck, and more young American soldiers gave up their lives or were maimed and hurt than ever met the casualties of war in a single company on any battle field during the civil war. Of the more than ninety members of Co. I who answered roll call at Sandoral less than a dozen escaped uninjured. Captain Howard and twenty-four men were killed, and one hundred and five were more or less badly hurt. Among the killed were Lawrence Carroll, Joseph Smith, William Frost and P. M. Fowler of the Jackson county contingent, and Michael Maloney, M. V. Foley, Howard Beardsley, Harrison Cowden and Charlie Rhea were seriously injured. Maloney and Foley were confined in a hospital at Cincinnati for several months and finally discharged from the regiment. Milt. Wintersteen was discharged for disability in November, 1861. The other Jackson county boys served their time out with the 19th, and it is a somewhat singular fact that, notwithstanding the severe fighting and heavy losses of the regiment at Stone River, Chickamauga and elsewhere, none of them suffered any serious casualties after the railroad wreck.

Comrade Maloney bore through life a permanent reminder of his narrow escape with life from the wreck. We all remember that he was always compelled to carry his head a little to one side. But the sterling character of his patriotism was evinced when he again responded to the call for "600,000 more" in the summer of 1862 and enlisted in the company formed at Bellevue which became K of the 31st. His former comrade, M. V. Foley, who had shared the peril of the wreck, joined in the new enlistment and they were both appointed sergeants in the company. Comrade Maloney's efficiency as a drill sergeant was marked, and attracted the attention of officers in other companies. It is mentioned by Capt. Milo Smith and Major Farwell in letters published in Bellevue papers. And it gained him promotion first as Sergeant major of the regiment, and afterwards, May 15, 1864, as First Lieutenant of his old company, K.

Comrade Maloney after the war, was engaged for a time as steamboat captain on the river, and then for more than twenty years was engineer in the saw mill at Bellevue. For the past nine years he had charge of the school building in his home city. He was ever a friend of the school interests of his town and served on the school board and as its president for several years.

11. From far distant California again comes tidings that a Jackson county veteran has passed away, and he one of the oldest native born of our county. George W. Pate was born near Maquoketa, May 8, 1837, one of the very first white children born within the limits of Jackson county. His enlistment in Company F. 31st Iowa Infantry is recorded as from Bridgeport, Iowa. He removed to California in 1889, and died at Rio Dell near Humboldt, July 22, 1907. He never married but made his home in California with a sister, Mrs. R. Tyler. He never registered at any of our reunions, having left the state the year after the organization of this Association at Bellevue in 1888.

12. John A. Wright of Nashville, born November 16, 1843, in Addison county, Vermont, died July 27, 1907, in Mercy Hospital, Clinton. He entered army service October 5, 1861, as a volunteer substitute during the draft period and was assigned to Company F 11th Iowa Infantry. He joined his regiment in the field and was mustered out with them in Louisville, July 15 1865. Comrade Wright was an invalid for several years previous to his death being unable for eight or nine years to leave his home, consequently we did not meet him at our reunions.

13. George Prussia was an Iowa pioneer. He came to Jackson county in 1840 with an older brother when he was only twelve years old. He was born in Ann Arbor, Mich., April 14, 1828. His parents followed in 1841 and took up land in Van Buren township. George was one of the early California gold seekers, having crossed the plains in 1849. He returned in 1851, but made the long journey again in 1853, and spent another two years in gold mining and in lumbering. He was a farmer in Van Buren township when the war began, with a young wife married in the spring of 1861. But he deemed the claims of his country paramount, and when Company A of the Twenty-fourth was recruited among his friends and neighbors he went with them, being entrusted with the position of Corporal.

At the close of the war he returned to his farm which engaged his attention during the ensuing years except that he made his home for several years in Maquoketa. He died in Van Buren, August 13, 1907, and was laid to rest with the Grand Army service rendered by Alf Schofield Post of Miles. He was a frequent participant in our reunions and though of a quiet nature was much respected as a comrade.

14. Among those lost this year was one whose military service antedated that of any other of us. Andrew Clark was a soldier in the Mexican War. He was a native of Ohio and enlisted at Columbus, the capital of that state, in Co. E, 4th Ohio Infantry in 1846 and served to the end of the war. His regiment went down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, and thence by ship to Matamoras. He served first under General Taylor

and then under General Scott. His regiment was left at Pueblo, garrison duty until the fall of Mexico. He was an early settler in Brandon township in this county where he passed away August, 1907. He attended our reunions several times and registered with full recognition of his claims as a comrade

15. It is due a careful record of the military history of Jackson county that we also mention the death during the year in the state of Washington of Samuel S. Scott, better known among his old comrades as "Sim Scott. I have not learned the exact date of his death nor place of residence. Comrade Scott was one of the first enlistments in Capt. Drips (company A) of the Ninth Iowa Infantry under date of July 9, 1861, and when the company was mustered in September 2, he received the appointment of 4th Corporal. He re-enlisted as a veteran in 1864 and when the regiment was discharged he was mustered out as a Sergeant. He was wounded in the Vicksburg campaign, June 7, 1863, but did not leave the command. He was born in western Pennsylvania and with his father's family, was one of the early settlers in Perry township, near Andrew, to which place he returned after the war. He removed soon after the war to Stuart, Iowa, and from there recently to the State of Washington. I regret that I obtained these data too late to secure complete details in time for this report.

The very efficient and sacrificing aid ever given our Association by the county Society of Patriotic Women and by the Relief Corps organizations of the county calls for recognition and appreciation in every possible way. Our duty would not be complete, therefore, if we did not in this manner express the sorrow and regret which we share with A. W. Drips Corps W. R. C. of Maquoketa in the loss of Mrs. Anna L. Allen Allison, who was for two years the very efficient President of that Corps. She was born in Otter Creek township, this county, January 24, 1857, and died at her home in Maquoketa, August 29, 1906. She passed away while our reunion was being held last year at Miles, a gathering which she had anticipated with eager zest, taking a part in as a member of the Society of Patriotic Women. But she was called to higher duties, and our great loss is her eternal gain. Her husband, Delos M. Allison, served a term of enlistment in Company F, First United States Infantry, but it was since the civil war.



REGISTRATION OF PIONEERS AND OLD SETTLERS.

More pioneers and old settlers of Jackson county registered and became members of the association at the September, 1907, meeting than ever before at any annual gathering. A few of the home-comers by error were registered in this list, but are in pretty good company and are not finding much fault with the misake. The list as kept by Secretary-Treasurer, Jas. W. Ellis is as follows;

Name and date of birth	Place	Came to Iowa
Jas W Ellis, November 25, 1848.....	Indiana.....	1852
Celia Hobert Kidder, Sept. 12, 1849.....	Pennsylvania.....	1852
J E Shirk, March 28, 1828.....	Lancaster, Pa.....	1850
C E Duffin, Aug 29, 1849.....	New York.....	1873
I E Benjamin, Feb 10, 1850.....	New York.....	1856
A S Hershburger, March 5, 1846.....	Illinois.....	1846
George Gehro.....	New York.....	1858
Caddie Germond Hubbell, Jan 27, 1862.....	Maquoketa.....	1862
Lutie Belden Crane, Feb 28, 1864.....	Canton.....	1864
France Little-Butlerworth, Aug 7, 1858.....	Maquoketa.....	1858
W P Dunlap, July 7, 1833.....	Virginia.....	1858
Mrs. W P Dunlap, May 16, 1830.....	New York.....	1841
Benj A Spencer, March 5, 1843.....	Canada.....	1854
Francis A Spencer, Jan 19, 1856.....	New York.....	1869
O McCaffrey, March 6, 1853.....	Buffalo, N Y.....	1856
Mrs Agnes McCaffrey, Nov 5, 1865.....	Iowa.....	1865
Elizabeth Williams, Dec 9, 1838.....	Pennsylvania.....	1858
Carrie Williams Fitch, Sept 2, 1874.....	Maquoketa.....	1874
N E BuSterworth, April 18, 1856.....	Andrew.....	1856
Allie P Butterworth, June 23, 1854.....	Maquoketa.....	1854
Ellia Williams Rodgers, Feb 15, 1867.....	Maquoketa.....	1867
Ames Rodger, October 1, 1866.....	Maquoketa.....	1866
L H Bulto, July 16, 1843.....	Illinois.....	1869
Emma Morey, 1828.....	New York.....	1846
J W Scott, July 25, 1826.....	Pennsylvania.....	1850
J N Nims, July 23, 1846.....	Jackson Co., Iowa.....	1846
Mrs J N Nims, 1863.....	Jackson Co., Iowa.....	1863
Ella LeDoit Sears, 1856.....	Iowa.....	1856
Nettie Buchanan Montgomery, 1847.....	1855
Wm G Swigart, 1859.....	Maquoketa.....	1859
Carrie Sears Fischer, 1859.....	Maquoketa.....	1859
Frank McNear, 1844.....	1844

Name and date of birth	Place	Came to Iowa
Betsey " 1844.....		1844
M N Trumbo, 1842.....	Virginia.....	1856
Mrs Trumbo, 1844.....		1856
E M Ballingee, 1836.....	Michigan.....	1868
Frank Fonderlin, 1846.....	Ohio.....	1866
Julia A Bramer, June 26, 1857.....	Illinois.....	1857
Miles Eaton, April 17, 1827.....	New York.....	1839
Mrs A P Simpson, July 28.....	New York.....	1867
Dug Watson, Feb 28, 1844.....	Pennsylvania.....	1865
E F Weeman, Sept 15, 1826.....	Michigan.....	1854
Jos Jerman, March 6, 1845.....	Iowa.....	1845
J A Wright, 1852.....	England.....	1855
Mrs J A Wright, 1853.....	Iowa.....	1853
J W Nims, 1840.....	Iowa.....	1840
W C Gregory, 1844.....	Wisconsin.....	1861
E Taubman, October 24, 1832.....	Isle of Man.....	1853
W Ingalls.....	Maquoketa	
Mrs W Ingalls	"	
J Ostert.....	Germany.....	1859
J S Billups, 1837.....	Iowa.....	1837
O Edwards, Feb 26, 1857.....		1857
Lucy Foster		
Mrs Ella Snoddy.....	Ireland.....	1853
Math Snoddy, 1865.....	Iowa.....	1865
Mrs J M Swigart, 1852.....		1865
Mrs Kate Snoddy.....	Iowa	
Marjorie Snoddy	"	
Mrs Ella Edleman		
Ida Snoddy	"	
Mrs N E Holland		
Nettie Swigart Shannon.....	Iowa.....	1879
Mrs Charles Bowman	"	
Mrs Luella Whitemore, 1864	"	
J B Gibson	"	
L Anderson, January 19, 1854.....	Iowa.....	1854
Mrs M Goodrich, 1847.....	Maine.....	1865
N Goodrich, 1839.....	New York.....	1865
Mrs A B Eaton, 1858.....		1858
Mrs Dr Belden, 1844.....	Pennsylvania.....	1867
J DeGraw, 1833.....		1859
D H Wade.....		1871
Scott Barker, 1861		
M K Miller, 1860.....	near Maq.....	1861
Mrs M K Miller, 1863.....		1863
A B Bowen, 1842.....	New Hampshire.....	1869
Mrs A L Little, 1843.....	near Maq.....	1843
Mrs C C Young, 1844.....		1844

Name and date of birth	Place	Came to Iowa
Levi Wagoner, 1830.....	Pennsylvania	1850
Wm Wagoner, 1860.....	Jackson Co.	1860
Mrs Wm Gibson, 1852.....	Maquoketa	1868
Peter German, 1849.....	"	1849
Mattie Rolf Miller, 1860 ..	"	1860
Ana Patterson, 1867.....	"	1867
Matilda Gibson, 1863.....	"	1863
Will R Miller, 1863	Iowa	1863
Sarah McCarron, 1837.....		1854
Flora Maskrev, 1857.....	Iowa	1857
M H Tubbs, 1844,	Indiana	1854
Rebecca Lockwood Tubbs, 1844.....	New York	1849
J Fairbrother, Feb 14, 1847.....	Jackson Co.	1847
Wm Reel, 1842.....		1857
Nettie Correll Orcutt, 1851.....	Iowa	1857
Mrs Howard Thompson, 1852.....		1852
Mark Stanley.....		1874
Albert Bentley, Oct 16, 1837.....	New York	1839
Jennie Sanborn, 1862.....	" "	1866
Al Reynolds, 1859.....	Iowa	1859
Mrs Al Reynolds, 1861.....	"	1861
M S Dunn, 1854.....	"	1854
Mrs M S Dunn, 1855.....	"	1855
Mrs Julia Callway		
M Cullins, 1838.....		1849
A G Bertlesen, Jan 27, 1822.....	Germany	1853
Mrs G Bertlesen, Oct 4, 1831.....	Germany	1854
E A Coverdale, 1857.....	Iowa	1857
Mrs E. A Coverdale, 1864.....	"	1864
C L Nims, 1859	"	1859
Mrs A E Elthorp, 1846.....	"	1846
B F Bowman, 1857.....	"	1857
Mrs Hattie Nims, 1869.....	"	1869
Mrs Charles Wendel, 1838.....	Ohio	1841
J H Waugh, 1831.....	Ireland	1854
J A Carson, May 13, 1844.....	Ohio	1868
Elizabeth Beesley, Dec 1833.....	Canada	1848
Phebe LeDoit, 1828.....	New York	1856
Mrs Frank Kelley, 1839.....	Indiana	1853
Sallie Swigart, 1828.....	Ohio	1840
Me'vin Goodenow, 1844.....	New York	1844
D T Craven, 1847.....		1870
Ben Green, 1859.....	Iowa	1859
Mrs Ben Green, 1867.....	"	1869
Sarah Green, 1869.....	"	1869
W M Lane 1865.....		1865
Mrs M Lane, 1866.....	Iowa	1866

Name and date of birth	Place	Came to Iowa
R L Goodenow, July 29, 1820.....	New York.....	1845
John Anderson, 1849.....	Iowa.....	1849
Mrs Anderson, 1850.....	Iowa.....	1850
Wm Eaton, 1864.....	".....	1864
Mrs I K Crane, June 5, 1836.....	Pennsylvania.....	1848
Mrs M Reigel		
A A Deene, Dec 26 1842.....	New York.....	1854
H Reid, March 30, 1842.....	New York.....	1863
A J York, 1843.....	Ind.....	1873
Mary Davis, 1873.....	Jackson Co.....	1873
Wallace York, 1870.....	Jackson Co.....	1873
Mrs Ida Woods 1878.....	Maquoketa.....	1878
H Collins, Aug 20, 1867.....	Iowa.....	1867
O W Joiner, 1839.....	New York.....	1870
Mrs O W Joiner, 1850.....	Iowa.....	1850
Miss Mary Joiner, 1883.....	".....	1883
Mrs L A Reid.....	Michigan.....	1851
Mr C Small 1845.....	New York.....	1861
Mrs C Small, 1846.....	" "	
John Wilson, 1869.....	Iowa.....	1869
Mrs John Wilson, 1873.....	"	
Mary E Luse.....		1840
J J Gregory, 1890.....		1898
R E Beard, 1888.....		1888
Mrs M Sagers.....		1851
J C Harrington, 1863.....		1863
E Hogg		
Miss Dolly Hogg		
Miss Edwards		
Wm S Keeley, March 29, 1850.....	Indiana.....	1852
R N Woods, 1842.....	Indiana.....	1856
Dorothy Palmer, 1851.....	Iowa.....	1851
Miss M Woods 1892.....	Iowa.....	1892
Mrs B. Smalley, 1872.....	Iowa.....	1872
Mrs W Keeley, 1847.....	Iowa.....	1847
Hazel Bentley		
Hannah Lowy		
Henry Ward.....	Iowa	
Mrs Gertie Ward, 1870.....	Iowa	
Frank Maskrey, 1852.....	Pennsylvania.....	1855
Levi Keck, 1832.....	Pennsylvania.....	1855
Mrs Jno Seeley.....	Pennsylvania.....	1856
Mr N Current.....	Iowa.....	1850
Mrs N Current, 1861.....	West Virginia.....	1870
Mrs Skelly, 1870.....	Iowa.....	1881
Miss Maggie Woods, 1876.....	Iowa.....	1876
Mrs M Woods, 1850.....	Iowa.....	1850

Name and date of birth	Place	Came to Iowa
Mrs M Roach, 1837.....	Indiana.....	1850
Frank Woods, 1869.....	Iowa.....	1869
Mrs Frank Woods, 1873.....	Iowa.....	1873
C C Woods, 1872.....	Iowa.....	1872
Mrs S Nickerson, 1838.....		1855
Mrs Ella Phillips, 1887.....	Iowa.....	1887
Dr Skelly, 1870.....	Indiana.....	1881
Mrs M Current, 1838.....	Illinois.....	1848
Mr M Current, 1837.....	Canada.....	1854
W B Swigart, 1857.....	Maquoketa.....	1857
Mrs W B Swigart, 1859.....	Miles, Iowa.....	1859
Mrs James Hayes, 1863.....	Iowa.....	1863
Mrs Ed Chipman, 1876.....	Iowa.....	1873
Ed Chipman, 1863.....	Kentucky.....	1871
Mrs R Codling, 1831.....	England.....	1842
T J Houston, 1839.....	Ohio.....	1848
A Struble, 1847.....	Ohio.....	1854
Mrs Crane, 1836.....	Pennsylvania.....	1848
Mrs Kelley, 1846.....	Pennsylvania.....	1846
Ida A Carr, 1883.....	LaPort City.....	1883
Claud W Carr, 1886.....	LaPort City.....	1886
Mrs A J Riggs, 1844.....	Ohio.....	1852
Geo W Sackrider, 1849.....	Ohio.....	1857
Mrs Royal Oakes, 1846.....	England.....	1853
R M Gibson, 1837.....	Pennsylvania.....	1852
Mrs R M Gibson, 1843.....	Pennsylvania.....	1851
Will Cundill, 1855.....	Maquoketa.....	1855
Mrs Will Cundill, 1864.....	Maquoketa.....	1864
Emeline Taylor,		
Mrs E A Carson, 1854.....	Ohio.....	1855
J F Nicholson, 1841.....	Bellevue.....	1855
David Miller, 1846.....	Pennsylvania.....	1854
V Wilson, 1850.....	Maquoketa.....	1850
Mrs R Shattuck, 1823.....	Virginia.....	1853
B R Reynolds, 1856.....	Maquoketa.....	1856
Mrs G Jenkins, 1864.....	Pennsylvania.....	1869
H M Tracy, 1858.....	Iowa.....	1858
Mrs M E McDonald, 1839.....	Indiana.....	1848
Mrs T H Berkley, 1858.....	Wisconsin.....	1865
O W Nims, 1842.....	Maquoketa.....	1842
Z M Ho'comb, 1852.....	Ohio.....	1863
Mrs Holcomb, 1854.....	New York.....	1860
Melvin Haven, 1840.....	New York.....	1865
Arminda Gehro, 1861.....		1861
J C Murray, 1854.....	Pennsylvania.....	1855
Wright Bentley, November 28, 1833.....	New York.....	1841

Name and date of birth	Place	Came to Iowa
Freeman W Dell, March, 1859.....	Canada.....	1865
Mrs Freeman W Dell, 1855.....	Maquoketa.....	1855
Mrs True Chapman, 1849.....	New York.....	1863
Mr True Chapman, 1848.....	Clinton.....	1859
Elijah Tracy, 1836.....	Ohio.....	1850
Mrs Chauncy Ripple, 1848.....	Pennsylvania.....	1854
Mrs Laura Taubman, 1840.....	Maquoketa.....	1840
Emma A Morey, 1828.....	New York.....	1846
N M Balch, 1835.....	New York.....	1865
Catherine Brady, 1847.....	Maquoketa.....	1847
G K Miller, 1832.....	Pennsylvania.....	1856
A J Phillips, 1832.....	Michigan.....	1837
F H Storm, 1861.....	1862
Ferd C Fiske, Dec 1, 1856.....	New York.....	1860
W A Davis, February 25, 1856.....	Napoleon, Ind.....	1856



came to Iowa with her parents, Henry Clay and Ursula Ann (Waldo) Forbes, the same year. Her mother died in 1857 and she was reared by her grandmother Forbes. On the 15th day of October, 1870, she was united in marriage with J. W. Ellis at Iron Hill, Iowa, with whom she lived happy and contented for more than 35 years. She was the mother of nine children, six of whom survive her, viz: John F., Frank E., Della Jessie and Nelson. All at home except the first named. Also five grand children and three sisters and a brother in Salt Lake City, Utah. She was a great favorite with all who knew her from childhood up. She was socially a member of the U. V. U. club, W. R. C., O. C. S., the Pioneer of America and the National Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was the daughter, as well as the wife, of a pioneer. She was a product of Jackson county, as was her father. Her father was born on the lands that are now a part of Jackson county, and came with his parents to Jackson county in 1830. Ellis was a faithful, loving helpmate to her husband, a kind and indulgent mother to her children and made her home so attractive that the members of the family felt there was "No place like home." She was a good neighbor as all of her neighbors will testify. When sickness came to her neighbors she was always ready with a helping hand and never to anyone knew just what to do. An old neighbor of over 70 years, said of her: "I know of no one in this community who would be missed so much as Mary Ellis, and my children loved her almost as much as their own mother." She was taken very suddenly and surprisedly on her Friday evening, March 1, at 4 p. m. A physician was summoned who pronounced her almost beyond recovery. All was done for her that medical skill and good nursing could suggest, but she grew rapidly worse until Sunday morning, March 3rd, when she passed to her rest at 9 p. m. The poor, frail body was laid with her "first" one who preceded her, in the State cemetery, Wednesday afternoon, March 6th, Rev. Homer Johnson officiating.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. MARY M. FORBES-ELLIS.

The following obituary, resolutions of condolence, and words of eulogy were read and delivered by W. C. Gregory at the Old Settlers annual meeting, Sept. 3, 1907:

Mary M. Forbes was born at Baraboo, Wisconsin, Sept. 28, 1853, and came to Iowa with her parents, Henry Clay and Orpha Ann (Waldo) Forbes, the same year. Her mother died in 1857 and she was raised by her grandmother Forbes. On the 16th day of October, 1870, she was united in marriage with J. W. Ellis at Iron Hills, Iowa, with whom she lived happy and contented for more than 36 years. She was the mother of nine children, five of whom survive her, viz: Chas. F., Frank E., Belle, Jessie and Nellie. All at home except the first named. Also five grand children and three sisters and a brother in Salt Lake City, Utah. She was a great favorite with all who knew her from childhood up. She was socially a member of the U. V. U. club, W. R. C., O. E. S., the Pioneers of America and the National Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was the daughter as well as the wife of a veteran. She was a pioneer of Jackson county, as was her father and grandfather. Her father was born on the lands that are now a part of Chicago, in 1833, and came with his parents to Jackson county in 1836. Mrs. Ellis was a faithful, loving helpmate to her husband, a kind and indulgent mother to her children and made her home so attractive that the members of the family felt there was "No place like home." She was a good neighbor as all of her neighbors will testify. When sickness came to her neighbors she was always ready with a helping hand and seemed to always know just what to do. An old neighbor of more than 20 years, said of her: "I know of no one in this community who would be missed as much as Mary Ellis, and my children loved her almost as much as their own mother." She was taken very suddenly and seriously ill last Friday morning, March 1, at 4 a. m. A physician was summoned who pronounced her ailment pleuro-pneumonia. All was done for her that medical skill and good nursing could suggest, but she grew rapidly worse until Sunday morning, March 3rd, when she ceased to breathe at 8 a. m. The poor, pain racked body was laid with her little ones who preceded her, in the Esgate cemetery, Wednesday afternoon, March 6th, Rev. Boomershine officiating.

To the Sisters of the U. V. U. club and brothers of the order:

At your last regular meeting, the undersigned were appointed as a committee of condolence on the death of sister Mary Ellis, a member of this organization. We feel our inability to properly perform the duty required of us, as Sister Ellis was so well and favorably known to all the members of our order. As a member of our society she will be missed, perhaps as much if not more, than any other members, by always being present to assist in the work. Her generous donations and happy disposition, and kindness to all, added much to the pleasure of our meetings. Not alone will our order miss our sister and mourn for her. She was a member of the W. R. C., of the Eastern Star, Pioneers of America, Daughters of Pocahontas, and National Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and no doubt she had dear friends in all those orders who will sadly miss her kindly presence.

While we, as an order, will miss her from our social gatherings there is one, an honored member of our order, will miss her far more than all the rest. The ties are severed forever that made his home a happy one, not only for him and their children, but for their many friends and neighbors who visited that home. Therefore be it

Resolved, by R. M. Anderson Command No. 5 and the members of the U. V. U. club, that while we mourn the loss of our sister, we humbly bow in submission to the will of that great and supreme Commander who doeth all things well. And

Whereas, the fraternal as well as social ties which have so long bound us in mutual friendship and sisterly affection are now severed, no more to be united on earth, and

Whereas, the very intimate relations so long held by our deceased sister with the members of this order render it appropriate that we should place on our records, our appreciation of her services as a sister of our order and her merits as an officer and a good member of our order, a good neighbor, a good wife and mother, and a loyal friend. Therefore

Resolved, That this order tenders its heartfelt sympathy to our brother and family, and the relatives of our deceased sister in this hour of bereavement. And

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of our record book, and a copy be given her husband.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY M. PHILLIPS,
ELLA CARSON,
A. M. PHILLIPS,

Committee.

This is the story of a noble life the warp and woof of which was woven very close to us.

In the organization and the work of this society of Old Settlers, her interest, zeal and work were without limit. The most unselfish of human beings, she poured all of her strength into the lives of those about her and the work in which she was engaged apparently unconscious of the sacrifice.

She united in her person in the most perfect harmony and in the most exalted character that most beautiful trinity—wife, helpmate and mother. She was not merely the mother, or the head of the home; her own life and her husband's to a very great degree, moved hand in hand in such loving accord—seemed so exactly one—that it was hard to divide their work. The work of one was truly the work of both. At the hearthstone, in the moments of relaxation, her presence with her family was of rare sweetness and dignity, and were both a benediction and an inspiration. No member of this society was more reverential than she in honoring and perpetuating the memory of the Pioneers and Old Settlers of this county. No one more willing and enthusiastic than she to make these gatherings an anniversary of enjoyment and profit to all. But she is gone. Her form is motionless, her lips are sealed, but her work remains to exalt and glorify her name. Her memory will be beautiful and sacred to all and we will all greatly miss "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still."

Report of Chairman J. W. Ellis of the Home-coming Committee

Gentlemen of the Executive Committee:

I have the honor as well as pleasure of presenting the following report of the financial part of the recent Home-coming celebration.

Total collections by subscription \$1,000.00

Total disbursements as per order books here submitted . . . \$1,000.00

leaving a balance in Treasurer C. H. Smith's hands of . . . \$0.00

This is indeed a very gratifying result, considering the large number of people entertained, and the many other things that were accomplished.

Eleven public entertainments were given at the Hotel Sherman.

Nineteen hundred meals were served at the Hotel Sherman.

30,000 advertising envelopes were distributed at the Hotel Sherman.

5,000 advertising circulars were distributed at the Hotel Sherman.

3,000 advertising envelopes and 2,000 other things were sent by mail.

1,007 personal invitations were sent out by the Chairman of the Home-coming, to which 507 responded in person.

An abundance of excellent music was furnished by the Maquoketa Band, the Maquoketa Martial band, and other bands.

Badges were furnished to visitors absolutely free.

In view of the royal entertainment which the citizens of Maquoketa gave, which they were unanimous in saying was "the best ever given," and the most generous they had ever experienced in their lives, it is gratifying that we can report all this with a clear conscience, and a surplus in the treasury.

In connection with this report I wish to express my sincere thanks and gratitude to all who assisted in the Home-coming celebration a success. The work of each was glorious, and



Final Meeting of the Home-coming Executive Committee.

On call of Chairman J. W. Ellis, the Home-coming Committee met at his office for final settlement of Home-coming affairs. Friday, September 27th, at 4:30 p. m. There were present J. W. Ellis, chairman, C. M. Sanborn, treasurer, J. A. Buchner, G. L. Mitchell, W. B. Swigart and F. H. Wilson. Mr. Ellis made the following report:

Report of Chairman J. W. Ellis of the Home-coming Committee.

Gentlemen of the Executive Committee:

I have the honor as well as pleasure of presenting the following report of the financial part of the recent Home-coming celebration.

Total collections by subscription.....	\$536.00
Total disbursements as per order stubs here submitted.....	\$511.62

Leaving a balance in Treasurer C. M. Sanborn's hands of.....\$ 24.38

This is indeed a very gratifying condition considering the great number of people entertained, and the manner in which they were entertained.

Eleven public entertainments were given the Home-comers.

Nineteen hundred meals were served free on Tuesday, Maquoketa Day.

30,000 advertising envelopes were used by Maquoketa business men.

6 000 advertising circulars were distributed by the Committee.

3,000 advertising envelopes and 2,000 letter heads were used by the chairman of the Executive Committee.

1,067 personal invitations were sent out by the chairman of this Committee, to which 567 responded in person.

An abundance of excellent music was furnished by the Maquoketa brass band, the Maquoketa Martial band, and Sabula Juvenile band.

Badges were furnished to visitors absolutely free.

In view of the royal entertainment which the visitors received and of which they were unanimous in saying was "the most hospitable, the most cordial and most generous they had ever experienced in their lives, I say it is gratifying that we can report all bills paid without question, and a surplus in the treasury.

In connection with this report I wish to express my earnest, heartfelt thanks and gratitude to all who assisted in any manner in making the Home-coming celebration a success. The work at times was arduous, and

at one time discouraging, but nothing succeeds like success and you have my deepest gratitude for assisting me in making this late undertaking a pronounced success.

Mr. Ellis referred to the report that the surplus would be turned over to the Jackson County Historical Society, and said inasmuch as the Society was a creation of his own, and he felt that it would be very selfish on his part to ask the Committee to turn the funds over to that Society, and that he would ask to be excused from taking any part in the final disposition of the surplus Home-coming funds, and would request that the other members of the Committee pre-ent, take such action as seemed best to them, and promised to be satisfied with the result.

Mr. Buchner addressing the chairman said that himself and the other members of the Committee had talked over the matter of the disposition of the surplus funds in hands of treasurer and that they were perfectly agreed and in perfect accord as to what should be done with a portion of the funds. He said that the Committee fully appreciated the fact that the success of the Home-coming celebration was due to the work of the chairman, that each member knew that the chairman had devoted his time for a full year, and had advanced his money not knowing whether he would ever get it back, that the Committee was a unit in desiring to show their appreciation of the good and successful work of the chairman, and that in behalf of the citizens of Maquoketa, whom they represented, wanted to use a portion of that surplus fund to procure a suitable souvenir for the chairman in recognition of his valuable work which resulted in bringing together so many people, from so many parts of our Union and gave such a large measure of happiness and rejoicing not only to our visitors, but to our own citizens. We feel that it is due our chairman, that we thus publicly recognize his invaluable work by presenting him in behalf of the citizens of Maquoketa some little keepsake, not for its intrinsic value but as a recognition of what he did to make success certain in our recent Home-coming celebration.

F. H. Wilson moved that \$15.00 be set aside to purchase a souvenir for Chairman Ellis. W. B. Swigart seconded the motion, and when motion was put by Mr. Wilson it received the unanimous vote of the members.

Mr. Ellis turned over to the treasurer \$12.00 that he stated was a rebate on bill allowed Drum Corps. G. L. Mitchell presented bill of 65 cents for broken chair, and J. A. Buchner asked for \$2.00 for J. Lang for work. Both bills were allowed. On motion Mr. Mitchell, seconded by Mr. Swigart, the surplus after all bills were paid was to be turned over to the Ladies Federation for improvement of parks.

DAVID JONES

General account between the treasurer and David Jones as determined April 25th, 1915.

Preceding account: \$107.55
 Cash by draft 100.00
 Cash receipts 121.00
 Cash note payable Jan. 1, 1915 100.00
 Note payable Oct. 24, 1914 100.00
 David Jones, Dr. to balance \$1.05

Gleaned From J. E. Goodenow's Ledger of 1838 to 1851.

The writer recently called upon Mrs. J. E. Goodenow in a search for information relating to early settlers in Maquoketa, we particularly desired the first names of certain persons of whom we were writing. Mrs. Goodenow and daughter brought out an old ledger in which the "Father of Maquoketa" had kept his accounts from 1838 to 1851 and kindly donated it to the Jackson County Historical Society. This book is a valuable relic containing as it does the names of nearly all the early pioneers of the Maquoketa valley. Mr. Goodenow as postmaster and tavern-keeper had an account with almost every person coming to the valley in the early days. We give below a list of prices of certain products in 1842 as shown therein:

Wheat, per bushel.....\$	40	meals and lodging.....	50
Corn, per bushel.....	25	Keeping horse over night.....	25
Oats, per bushel.....	20	Splitting rails, per hundred.....	2 00
Potatoes, per bu.....	20	Four ox shoes.....	50
Lime, per bu.....	20	Shoeing horse.....	50
Pork, per lb.....	6	18 hatchel teeth.....	50
Onions, per bu.....	50	Socks, don't state what kind....	25
Wages for day laborers.....	1 00	For use of plow.....	1 00
Board at Goodenow's Hotel, 3		For use of wagon.....	25

The following receipt from Mr. David Jones to J. E. Goodenow, treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the Maquoketa Academy, was fastened in the book and explains how the means were raised to build Maquoketa's first High school.

Received of J. E. Goodenow, treasurer of the Board of Trustees of Maquoketa Academy, this 23rd day of April, 1848, the amount of the following mentioned accounts, to-wit:

Doctor Schrader.....\$	3 02	H G Haskell.....	30 01
Jason Pangborn.....	7 38	Wm. Current.....	4 14
E. Eaton.....	9 12	John Shaw.....	37 30
N. E. Hoyt.....	4 38	C. E. Brown.....	10 75
A. Spaulding.....	42 30	Jonas Clark.....	10 00
Wm. C Abbey.....	81	Trustees to lumber bought of	
A. Watterman.....	40	Widow Clark.....	4 75

Signed,

DAVID JONES.

General account between the trustees and David Jones as determined April 25th, 1848.

Preceeding accounts.....\$	197 95	Clark note payable in 90 days..	232 06
Cash by draft.....	100 00		
Other receipts.....	171 00		\$1001 01
Clark note payable Jan 1, 1848..	300 00	David Jones, Dr. to mistake.....	\$1 01
Note payable Oct 24, 1848.....	100 00	David M. Current account for lath	
		David Jones.	

The following list of postage was made out on old-fashioned foolscap paper and fastened in the old ledger. A list of postage due March 1st, 1847:

Abbey, W C, Cr. 80.....	\$ 1 57	Jason Pangborn.....	1 70
E Bassett, payable note.....	1 20	A M Poff.....	1 60
Wm Blake.....	20	Joseph Pangborn.....	25
G D Berry.....	1 50	Elijah Pangborn.....	20
Wm Benson.....	39	R and Wm Riggs.....	1 20
G W Chase.....	1 42	John Rockford.....	1 82
L Decker.....	52	David Sears.....	5 69
Jonas Clark.....	9 44	John Shaw.....	1 81
Jonas Clark Sr.....	1 24	Wm Leonard.....	2 08
Samuel Chandler.....	3 31	F Scarborough.....	7 28
J L Chandler.....	20	P M Teeple.....	1 69
Wm Y Earl.....	27	C Teeple.....	65
Elijah Eaton.....	75	J Ward.....	28
Ashal Hall.....	2 92	C Gad Waugh.....	40
E Hatfield.....	2 64	Jas Goodenow.....	31
H G Haskell.....	19	F M Wright.....	2 95
A L Hudson.....	37	T Wright.....	1 35
Z Livermore.....	1 12	J Van Horn.....	1 39
W Whitmore.....	78	C Whitmore.....	2 95
Lundbeck.....	40	Wm Whitmore.....	40
Morrison Lamson.....	78	T Flathers.....	70
J L Mallard.....	54	Wm Bentley.....	80
F Mallard.....	66	Jas Welch.....	4 13
E C Sears.....	1 30	J Walkup.....	35
Mitchell.....	2 37	David Carter.....	4 38
J E Morgan.....	78	Jacob Marcle.....	40
Amasa Nims.....	1 08	J Cheeney.....	75
A W Pence.....	91	J D Berry.....	70

Halsey Parker, Samuel Groff, C. J. Hinckley, John Carter, J. A. Sanderson, Ransom Haynes, William Phillips, A. D. Gordon, Amos Wilcox, John Johnson and P. D. Turner's names appear on the books in 1843 and 1844. There are many more entries in the old ledger that show how the pioneers had to manage in early days in the valley that will receive attention later on.

J. W. ELLIS.

Some Reminiscences of C. W. Crawford in a Letter to Curator Ellis.

Dubuque, Oct. 14, 1907.

J. W. Ellis, Esq., Secretary and Curator Jackson County Historical Society, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 8th stating that you were sending me No. "Jackson Co. Annals" was duly received. I have received the number and perused it with much pleasure, more particularly for the reason that I have known so many of the persons mentioned in it. I am very greatly obliged to you. I received one of the previous numbers some two years ago I think, don't remember which, but cannot find it as it must have got lost at the time I recently moved my office. The other two numbers I have never had. I should be very glad to obtain Nos. 1, 2 and 3 and if you will let me know the cost, I will cheerfully send you the required amount, as I am well aware there is considerable expense attendant on all such things.

I was intimately acquainted during their lives with Dr. Holt, J. B. Dorr, Jerry Jenkins, Fred Scarborough, James Watkins, Col. Warren, Phil Bradley, Charley Dunbar, Frank Bettis, Dave Kelso, Col. J. Woods, (the last three in Labette Co., Kansas), and also with Brother McCloy, and his daughters, Mary and Phebe, long before the two latter were old enough to marry Pierce Mitchell and Fred Dunham. Mrs. McCloy was a sister of my step-mother, Mrs. Mary B. Crawford, who lived at one time in Maquoketa. Her sons, James, Otis and Henry, were my half brothers. James was lost Captain of Co. I, 2nd Iowa Cavalry, of which Scott Belden was the first captain, and Fred Dunham 2nd Lieutenant. Old John Foley and his son, John P., I knew intimately, also a great number of other old Jackson county residents of early days. When a small boy I spent an evening listening to Col. Tom Cox relate reminiscences of his life in Illinois before he came to Iowa. That was when he was running "independent" for the Council in 1842, I think. I stayed over night at my uncle's, Theophilus Crawford, first state senator from the Dubuque district, 1846 to 1850, in what is now New Wine township, Dubuque county. Col. Cox's opponents for the Council at that time were Francis Gehon and Hardin Nowlin, regular democratic nominees Stephen Hempstead, Timothy Davis, Geo. C. Collins and some others. Cox was elected, Jackson county voting for him "single shot," and Hempstead and Nowlin ties, necessitating another election at which Gehon was elected.

I have never seen any account of how Dennis Mahony, then living in Butler township, was, in 1848, nominated and elected by the democrats of Jackson county to the House of Representatives, pledged to vote for Judge T. S. Wilson for U. S. senator but who broke his pledge and supported Geo. W. Jones, then Surveyor General, who was nominated in democratic caucus by one majority and elected. It was said that Dennis was influenced by the promise of a surveying contract which he failed to get. That may have been untrue, but I know he was a bitter enemy of Jones ever afterwards, and he and Dr. Holt started the Dubuque Herald as an anti-Jones paper.

When in Kansas City two years ago I tried to see Jerry Jenkins but found that he had died some years before.

Excuse these reminiscences which we old-timers are prone to fall into, and when we get started don't always know when to stop.

Yours very truly,

C. W. CRAWFORD.



Wild Fruits of This Region Enjoyed by the Pioneer.

In the early history and settlement of Jackson county, the pioneers found a veritable paradise of all manner of wild fruits planted by Nature in great profusion, evidently designed by the Creator as was the case when our first parents were placed in the Garden of Eden. And so great was the variety that each month of the season had its fruits. The first to ripen was the wild strawberry which was very plentiful in nearly all localities. This native berry, although not so large as the cultivated and improved fruit that now supply the markets, had a peculiar flavor that cannot be duplicated by any of the improved varieties. Closely following was the native gooseberry which could be found along the water courses in great abundance. These also had finer qualities in taste that cannot be equalled in the so-called improved varieties. In quick succession the raspberry had its place, and these too were superior to the cultivated fruit in taste but were deficient in yield. The blackberry was perhaps more plentiful than any of the above-mentioned, and with all the most highly prized. Indeed so great was the demand that frequently large parties would come by wagon loads for miles from the open prairies to lay in a stock of the luscious fruit which was so abundant in the timber districts. In those days wild fruit was considered common property for everybody that chose to avail themselves of benefits.

It was about 50 years ago that there was an exceptionally good season for the wild blackberry, and it was up in the big woods that a Mr. A. C. owned a goodly estate on which was the finest picking to be found in the woods and all of it lay in open commons. And here Mr. A. C. thought he had a right to the preference, but one day when he was busy in his paradise he heard the sound of wagons coming that way. But he thought nothing of that because the public highway passed by that way. He soon found, however, that two full loads of ladies and boys had tied up their teams and were preparing to harvest the crop which he had intended for his own use. But he managed to keep himself concealed in a thicket till the berry pickers had fairly entered upon their work. Mr. A. C. was a man of the kindlier sort, and did not want to order this large party of ladies and boys off his premises, so he chose strategy to get rid of the intruders, and having the faculty of imitating the growl of some of the ferocious wild animals, and to accomplish his purpose Mr. A. C. used the hideous howl of the catamount and the bear. This so alarmed the would-be berry pickers that an exceeding hasty retreat toward the wagons was begun, and in an incredible short time the parties were making Flora Temple time toward their distant homes on the other side of the river. Mr. A. C. had no trouble afterwards to hold easy possession of his Eden.

It was from this circumstance that the big woods got the reputation of being a haunt for wild beasts that never existed in these parts. Among the other wild fruits different kinds of grapes were also abundant. The hill grape, the fox grape and the river grape were natives and were to be found in great abundance throughout the timber districts, and they were also much sought after as also was the wild plums and the crab apple. In fact, there was no lack of anything in the line of wild fruit throughout the entire season, and, altogether, made pioneer life not so much of a dread as is often represented when viewed from a distance. Then here also was found an abundance of wild game, such as deer, wild turkeys, prairie hens, grouse, quails and fish in all the streams in such great abundance that it was easy for the pioneer settlers to keep the larder abundantly supplied. It was not an uncommon thing to see deer, wild turkeys and prairie hens, grouse and quail in large numbers all feeding in the same field. But there were also professional hunters, the crack of whose rifles could be heard daily and some of these done a good paying business and found a ready market for their game in Dubuque and other river towns.

On one occasion the writer in the winter of 1850 saw a load of deer brought in from Blackhawk county, consisting of 27 deer packed in huge sleighs drawn by two yoke of oxen. The deer were all disembowled but the skins and horns were left on. The venison was all frozen hard. The sleigh was packed in the bottom so as to admit of placing as many as could stand upright over those in the bottom four abreast with their heads and horns up and their eyes shining as natural as life. And at the same time and owned by the same nimrod a load of mixed game consisting of turkeys, prairie hens, grouse, quails and rabbits. Although the buffalo had already disappeared from the eastern part of Iowa in 1850 there were still herds in the western part of the state. In fact buffalo robes constituted a very large part of the bedding of the earliest settlers, not because they were so plentiful but because they were the cheapest. A pair of skins already dressed, of large size, could be bought for \$10. These robes were mostly obtained by traders from the Indians, who still roamed over the western part of the state. But with the heavy flow of emigration into the state beginning in 1850 and for a period of ten years which constituted Iowa's greatest boom, the Indian, the buffalo, the deer, and the elk almost simultaneously disappeared.

LEVI WAGONER.

THE LARKEY SETTLEMENT.

History of Brandon and Farmers Creek Townships Prior to 1850.

In looking over the Annals of Jackson County, I find nothing definite on record of the early settlement of that part of the county embracing the western part of Farmers Creek and the eastern part of Brandon townships. In this territory there was already a flourishing settlement in 1850 when the writer first visited Jackson county. This settlement derived its name from the Rev. E. Larkey, who was probably the first to make a permanent home at the cross roads which at that time was called Larkey's corners. Here was already what might be called a model settlement—a settlement of intelligent men and women, a schoolhouse that did credit to its founders at that early date, a place for divine worship, a Sunday school, and a well organized literary society of good grade, all these were already in evidence in 1850 when the writer formed his first acquaintance with the pioneers, some of whom made their beginning as early as 1844.

Mr. Allen H. Buchner Sr., was the first of my intimate acquaintances in 1850, who was already staked down in this settlement. He was a man of genial disposition, well informed, and easy to approach, in fact, he was a sort of encyclopaedia of useful knowledge that gave him a prestige over his neighbors and made him the central figure in whatever company he chanced to come. But there were others in this settlement scarcely less noted. A stranger coming from the eastern states believing, as many of them did, that the sun rose and set east of the Alleghany mountains, often found themselves outwitted by these sturdy pioneers in Larkey settlement. Most of these old settlers had acquired their notoriety and prestige by their long experience of frontier life, and among these old veterans were probably more ministers of the gospel than could be found in any other districts of like size and population in Jackson county. First, Rev. E. Larkey, Nathan Said, Thos. Said, Russell Dutton, and later came J. W. Said on the stage. All of these the writer frequently had the privilege of hearing expound the word, and all of these had the rare gift of extemporaneous speaking and that without notes. And yet another that should be included among the ministers, was Rev. Dr. Blackburn, a man of far more than ordinary ability. My personal knowledge of this com-

munity dates back to 1850, and as to the dates of arrival of these first settlers prior to 1850, I have no correct knowledge. But through the kindness of Mr. R. H. Buchner I present the reader a facsimile list furnished by him to assist in giving correct names and dates, which I subjoin to what has already been said. And now Mr. Buchner sends me the following list of names and dates which read as follows:

"My father, Allen H. Buchner, was born June 28, 1821, in Canada, and grew to manhood in that country. Afterward he crossed to the States and worked on the Erie & Welland Canals for several seasons, after which he sailed on the lakes for several years and left the last boat he sailed on at the present city of Chicago, and crossing Illinois on foot came to Iowa in 1844 where he made his home in Jackson county until in 1876. He again moved to Kansas where he lived a number of years, when old age and infirmity caused him to give up farming, and he again returned to Jackson county and died at the home of his son, J. A. Buchner, in the city of Maquoketa, Feb. 14, 1894. He was married to Emily Furnish, Aug. 8, 1845. My mother was born in Illinois, April 19, 1829, and died Sept. 8 1900. My grandfather Thos. Furnish came across the river from the Galena lead mines in 1836. He was among the earliest pioneers who came to make a home in Iowa. He was born May 16, 1803, and grew to manhood in Kentucky, and was married before leaving Kentucky. Grandmother Furnish was a sister to Nathan Said, and was born May 6, 1807. They raised a family of six boys and four girls, all of whom are living and are married and are now scattered over the western states from Indian territory to Oregon. My grandfather Furnish learned to be inspired with an ambition to be on the frontier of civilization. He made one trip to western Iowa to settle, but had to return for he got so far away from supplies that he could not procure the necessities of life. About 1856 he again crossed the Missouri and located in northeast Kansas. He again crossed the plains with an ox-team at the time of the Pike's Peak gold excitement, but returned as many others did, disappointed. At the time of our Civil war he was forced to leave his Kansas home on account of the gorilla warfare between Missouri and Kansas. He came back to Iowa and stayed till after the war, and then again returned to his Kansas home, where he died at a ripe old age. Grandmother Furnish lived to join in the rush to Oklahoma with her sons who inherited the disposition of their forefather to be at the frontier, and died in that territory at an age of but little short of a hundred years.

"Nathan Said, Jesse Said, Bartlett Said, Caleb Said and Thomas Said, all brothers came from Illinois at about the same time that grandfather did, and located on land in western Farmers Creek and eastern Brandon townships.

I neglected to say in its proper connection that my grandfather Furnish served in the Blackhawk war, playing life in a military band, and was present at the Brown raid, known as the Bellview war, and also at the hanging of Grifford and Barger, and was prominent in assisting to break up the lawless combinations of that early date.

Eliakim Wilson, father of Eli Wilson now of Iron Hills, Edward Lark-

ey, Geo. Larkey. James Dillon, son-in-law of Edward Larkey, Russell Dutton, a Mr. Dutton, the father of Ezra and Emory Dutton, David McDonald, and possibly others that I cannot now call to mind settled at an early date in Farmers Creek township in sections 17 and 18. Most of the last named parties came from Nauvoo, Illinois soon after the raid that drove the Mormons out.

Mr. Barger, who killed his wife, settled in Brandon township on section 13, and was living there in 1849, when he went to California, and on his return a few years later to find his wife had a child in his absence, is supposed to have caused the trouble that led to the killing of his wife. Barger lived on land adjoining my father's place, and my people knew the inside of that case better than the general public did."

The above statement is substantially as received from my informant, R. H. Buchner, and serves to post the reader with the beginning and progress of the Larkey settlement prior to 1850. Since this last date the writer has personal knowledge, except in one or two instances, which when authentic information is obtained, will give the nucleus for a final chapter on the history of the Larkey settlement prior to 1850, so far as the writer is concerned.

LEVI WAGONER.

In 1871 Mr. McGroat bought out the interests of the Larkey family in the unsold lots. The town was named in honor of Col. J. M. McGroat of Cedar Rapids, who was permanently identified with the building of the new road.

In 1873 an election was held on the question of incorporating the town, the proposition being defeated by seven votes.

Going back of the building of the town, the first settler in that part of the country was Andrew Farley, who came from Galena and entered a claim which included a portion of the land now occupied by the town in 1829, some of the other land in the vicinity being entered by H. F. Wood, the same year.

The first schoolhouse in that immediate vicinity, known as District No. 2, Van Huren township, was erected about 1828 and the first teacher was Miss Maria Ward. The first school district of Preston was organized Aug. 14, 1873, with L. H. McGroat, Charles and Alva McLaughlin as directors. On May 3, 1873, the school was authorized to issue \$4,000 bonds, bearing 10 per cent interest, for the purpose of erecting a new school building, and the main part of the present handsome school building was then erected. In a little aside we might remark that the present site of the building raised every rod of material used in the work, work on the building. The building was erected with the first story completed and finished at a cost of \$7,766.71, and the 10 per cent bonds were refunded with 4 per cent bonds in 1878.

The postoffice was established in the spring of 1871 with J. W. H. Hart as the first postmaster. He was succeeded in 1875 by E. McGroat, who remained two years later and H. F. Hulse was appointed. Among the settled families who established in Preston were: General merchants, F. H. McGroat, Hulse & Reed and Alva McLaughlin hardware, John Hulse,



Preston in Its Early Days—Official and Otherwise.

We glean from an early history of Jackson county that Preston came into existence simultaneously with the survey of the old Sabula, Ackley & Dakota railroad in 1869, and that the first train on said road entered the town in December, 1870. For one season Preston was the western terminus of the road, but the next year it pushed on to Marion. The first plat of the town of Preston was made in the fall of 1870, the land, 136 acres, being purchased from the late Christ Farley, Dr. Amos and Mr. Gillett. The land was purchased by the railroad construction company and Z. DeGroat, for a consideration of \$7,000, an old deserted dwelling being the only building on the land when it was purchased. About 75 lots were sold the first year and in 1877 Mr. DeGroat bought out the interests of the construction company in the unsold lots. The town was named in honor of Col. I. M. Preston of Cedar Rapids, who was prominently identified with the building of the new road.

In 1875 an election was held on the question of incorporating the town, the proposition being defeated by seven votes.

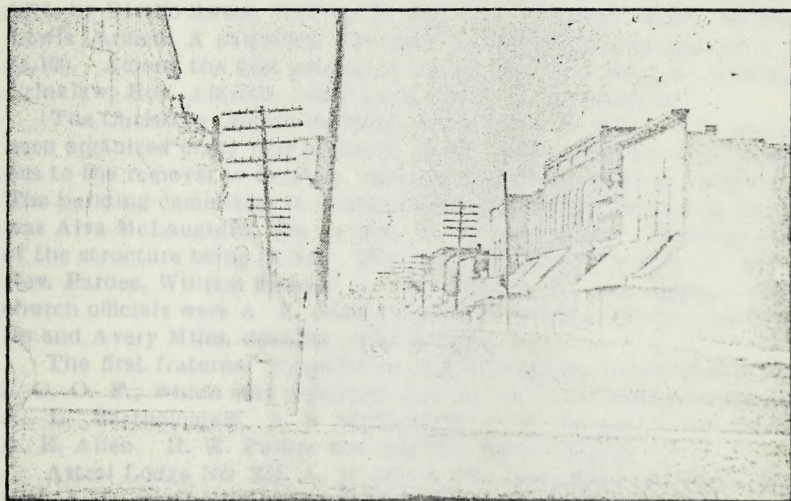
Going back of the building of the town, the first settler in that part of the country was Andrew Farley, who came from Galena and entered a claim which included a portion of the land now occupied by the town in 1836, some of the other land in the vicinity being entered by E. P. Weed, the same year.

The first schoolhouse in that immediate vicinity, known as District No. 8, Van Buren township, was erected about 1850, and the first teacher was Miss Marcia Weed. The Independent school district of Preston was organized Aug. 14, 1872, with L. B. White, S. F. Vinton and Alva McLaughlin as directors. On May 3, 1873, the district was authorized to issue \$4,500 bonds, bearing 10 per cent interest, for the purpose of erecting a new school building, and the main part of the present handsome school building was then erected. In a little aside we might remark that the present editor of the Gazette mixed every hod of mortar used in the brick work on said building. The building was erected with the first story completed and furnished at a cost of \$7,176 87, and the 10 per cent bonds were refunded with 8 per cent bonds in 1879.

The postoffice was established in the spring of 1871 with J. F. H. Sugg as the first postmaster. He was succeeded in 1875 by Z. DeGroat, who resigned two years later and H. V. Hicks was appointed. Among the earliest business houses established in Preston were: General merchandise, F. H. Rodewald, Elliott & Reed and Alva McLaughlin; hardware, John Peters,

R. M. Essick, D. S. Swaney; bank, Bartholomew & Riley, organized in 1871; wagon making, Frank McGuire and Day, Hobart & Sullivan; harness, Frank McManigal; hotels, DeSota House, by J. S. Prior and Specht's Hotel, by Henry Specht; attorney, A. L. Bartholomew.

In 1878 Preston was visited by two disastrous fires that were a hard blow to the striving little city. The first occurred in January, flames being discovered in the clothing store of one Longini, just after dusk. In the blaze that followed A. S. Riley lost a frame dwelling, \$1,200; F. McManigal, harness shop, \$400; John Peters, two buildings, \$2,000, and stock of hardware \$300; Longini stock of clothing, \$2,400 (insured)



Preston of Today--Gillette Street Looking West,

The second fire was discovered about one o'clock in the morning, June 6th, in the hardware store of John Peters, and before noon some of the finest business houses in the city had been wiped out. The loss was summed up as follows: C. Farley & Co, stock and building, \$1,000; Reif & Behrns, general stock, \$5,000; John Peters, stock and building, \$6,500; H. Specht brick building, \$6,500; total \$18,000.

The Preston cemetery association was organized and incorporated under the laws of Iowa, Dec. 21 1875, by Alva McLaughlin, Asher Riley, J. R. Case, S. F. Vinton, A. Groves, W. R. Lambert, J. E. Reed, J. Van Steinburg, Z. DeGroat, W. J. Gillett, M. H. Eaton, C. Farley, M. C. Sedfield and A. L. Bartholomew. The trustees elected were A. L. Bartholomew, Z. DeGroat and J. R. Case, the first named being made treasurer.

The first paper was the Preston Clipper, established by P. R. Bailey about 1875, and lasting about two years. The second was the Preston Advertiser, established by H. V. Hicks about 1877.

The first church building in Preston was erected by the Methodists and Congregationalists combined neither organization being able to erect a building alone. The building committee consisted of Z. DeGroat, Divillo Sweet and J. F. H. Sugg. The church was completed in 1862 by Haight & Vinton, contractors, at a cost of \$4,000. The Congregationalist had an organization in that locality, previous to the existence of the town, their meetings being held in the schoolhouse. Among the ministers officiating being. Rev. O. Emerson and Rev. Eells of Sabula.

The Methodist church was formerly organized in 1873, with thirty members. The Preston church was then joined with the stations at Center and Charlotte, in which was termed the "Preston Circuit," the parsonage and minister being located at Preston. The society was incorporated in January, 1877, by Divillo Sweet, William E. Coe, Jas. Heather, Benj. Holroyd and Lewis Carmen. A parsonage was erected during the same year at a cost of \$1,100. Among the first pastors of the church were Revs. J. Gilruth, Geo. Crinklaw, Rev. Aldrich, Isaac Lusk and W. S. R. Burnette.

The Christian Church building was erected in 1873. The society had been organized many year previous, at Mt. Algor, and for some years previous to the removal to Preston, services had been held at Miles Corners. The building committee in charge of the erection of the church in Preston was Alva McLaughlin, Geo. A. Fell, O. H. Legg and Z. DeGroat, the cost of the structure being \$3,500. The first ministers were Rev. J. N. Smith, Rev. Pardee, William Swaney, I. H. Ingram, J. W. Henry. The first church officials were A. A. Jacobs and J. W. Sewell, elders; Alva McLaughlin and Avery Miles, deacons; Justice Miles, clerk.

The first fraternal organization was Stranger's Refuge Lodge No. 242, I. O. O. F., which was organized Jan. 30. 1873, the charter members being A. L. Bartholomew, B. F. McManigal, H. W. Parker, E. L. Jacobs and A. E. Allen. H. W. Parker was the first Noble Grand.

Astral Lodge No 324, A. F. and A. M., was organized March 10, 1873, with A. L. Bartholomew, J. F. H. Sugg, Z. DeGroat, Coleman Amos Wm. M. Amos, M. C. Scofield, Emory DeGroat, Asher Riley and S. T. Randolph, as charter members.

In January, 1878. Messrs. Baker, Cravens and Bailey came down from Maquoketa and started a temperance reform movement that soon gathered strength and enthusiasm enough to lead to the organization of the "Preston Reform Club." with 35 charter members, on the 24th of that month. The officers were Thos. H. Gilroy, president; Dan Stinrod, vice-pres.; J. Frank Huntoon, secretary; J. F. H. Sugg, treas; W. S. R. Burnett, chaplain; J. Forrett, J. A. Holmes and J. F. H. Sugg, executive committee.

During the early part of February the well known temperance orators, Hofstittler and Rowell, held a series of meetings in Preston and the membership of the club was greatly increased. A free reading room was established over Behren's store, the furniture being burned in the fire of June, 1878. Another room was rented and called the "Temperance Hall," the organization being maintained several years.

This brings the local review down to about 1880, since when it comes within the memory of nearly all of our present citizens.

Indians Revisit Jackson County—Some of Their Pranks.

It was after the Black Hawk war in 1832 that most of the Indians who were harassing the settlers on the frontier east of the Mississippi river were removed by the government to the west side. It was in the same year that the famous chief, Black Hawk, was captured in Jones county, Iowa, in the neighborhood of Edenburgh which was the first county seat of Jones county, Iowa. It was from this place the chief was taken to Washington and other cities of the East to show him the strength of Uncle Sam's domain, after which he was permitted to return to his people who were given free range of and westward of Black Hawk county, Iowa. It was on the Cedar river that a reservation of limited extent was granted to a remnant of the Black Hawk tribe. As late as 1865 these Indians still held undisputed possession. Although they were constantly decreasing in number they did not cease making their periodical pilgrimages to their favorite hunting grounds in Jackson county and across the Mississippi into Wisconsin. It was the custom of the tribe to come by the same route by which they went when General Taylor drove them across the Mississippi river through Jackson county and into Jones county, where the great chief was finally captured.

It was in the fall of 1854 that the writer first saw the Indians on their periodical march to their relatives in Wisconsin. Their route was through Black Hawk valley where the whole tribe wintered previous to their capture in 1832. There were over 100, including men, women and children. It was on this occasion that one of the papoose's became violently ill that the whole party pitched their wigwams near the village of Canton in the western part of Jackson county for the purpose of securing medical advice for a severe case of colic. The village doctor, who promptly responded to the call, soon succeeded in relieving the little sufferer of the acute pain under which it was laboring, and naturally as a mother would feel toward a benefactor the squaw offered the doctor 10 cents for his services but the doctor politely declined the fee and bowed himself out of the wigwam before the vermin thereabouts would find him out. It was not long till the sick papoose gained its normal health and the tribe began to look around for a camping place for a month's stay. This they found one mile north on the Maquoketa river on lands owned by Dr. G. W. Trumbull. From him they procured a written permit with certain restrictions. On this ground the redskins established themselves for hunting purposes for one month, for in those days wild game was still sufficiently plentiful to warrant a supply for the time of their lease. But some of the oldest of the settlers who had some experience in dealing with the red man, protested against their newly

arrived neighbors on the grounds that they were troublesome customers, that they were professional beggars and would also steal. This occasion soon proved true to a letter. The men done the hunting and the stealing, and the squaws did the begging. Usually the squaws were mounted on ponies and of these they had a large supply, and practically all the farm houses for several miles around were visited by the begging squaws. At night was the time the men visited the neighboring corn fields to storage for the ponies.

Adjoining the camp, one J. S. also owned some timber land and on one occasion after missing some corn that was taken from a nearby field, he determined to notify the Indians to leave forthwith, and in serving his notice he took several of his neighbors with him, all of whom were armed with rifles, not however as warriors, but simply as hunters. The committee the acting chief received cordially, and after compliments were passed Mr. J. S. informed the head man of the camp that they were no longer wanted and that they must leave that place inside of 48 hours, but the Indian was not much disturbed at this demand but simply smiled and asked Mr. J. S. by what authority he gave the order. Because this is my land, replied J. S. At this the chief straightened himself erect and looked fierce and pointed his finger at J. S. and said "White man lie, this is big doctor's land." It was true the doctor was a man of more than ordinary size, and was also true that the camp was not on J. S.'s land. The Indian now pointed to J. S.'s rifle asking him how far it would carry a ball straight. To this J. S. replied: As far as I can see a mark distinctly; as far as that big tree in the opening about 40 rods north. Well, said the chief, I will have a mark placed on that tree and I will select three of my men to shoot mark, and you shall pick as many of your men, and if your party beat my men in three rounds shooting I will move this camp within the time you have named, but if not then we will stay here as long as we please. To this proposition J. S. readily agreed for he believed that he and his men were easily better at long range than the Indians could be. But in this he was woefully mistaken. The Indians planted their balls all inside of a circle of three inches, while S.'s men all shot outside the circle. This decided the matter and the Indians remained as long as their lease remained in force.

It was now nearing winter and the Indians moved their camp nine miles southeast, also on the Maquoketa river. At this point they also remained about a month. At this place they had full swing of the hunting ground of the big woods, for it was but sparsely settled at that time. Here during their stay they killed 84 deer besides the other wild game that was found in their scope. Here as at Canton the squaws were out begging while the men were hunting, and both the squaws and the hunters could frequently be seen on their ponies six to eight miles from their camp. On one occasion two squaws and a girl of about twelve years came to my place all mounted on ponies and provided with baskets of their own make. These were hitched together two and two, and were swung over the ponies backs and were for a convenient catchall of whatever they could beg on their rounds, and it so happend that we had just finished dressing several

nogs for the Dubuque market. At the sight of these the squaws laughed out loud, and began to show me where to cut off the heads that they might carry them to their camp in their baskets. I gave them two that were already cut off. This gift caused them to clap their hands. They then looked toward the fence where livers and hearts were hung up, these they also stowed in their baskets. After this my wife came out and invited them in the house for a lunch that she had prepared, but they would not be seated but proposed to take piece in their hands, and while thus eating they were taking a survey of what was in the house in the line of clothing and pointed out the things they wanted. My wife gave each one some second-hand clothing, after which the oldest squaw patted her gently on the cheek, and said, Good squaw! Good squaw! After which they set out for their camp seven miles distant.

These migrators were well supplied with light wagons in which they carried tent poles and coverings for their wigwams. The wagons were invariably driven when on a march by the squaws. The men were all mounted on ponies, and the paposes were also carried on ponies in baskets made for that purpose, and were hitched together in pairs and thrown across the pony's back and from these baskets could be seen the heads of the children sticking above the basket's rim.

This remnant of the Black Hawk tribe made its last visit to Jackson county about the year 1865, and at this visit their number had dwindled down to less than 40 persons. On this occasion as usual they passed over the Black Hawk road that derived its name because it was their route. On this march the men were woefully drunk and yelled like demons as they passed along, and it was hoped by the settlers that they would go as far as the day was long before they would camp. But in this they were disappointed for they scarcely made their next mile till the men were nearly all dead drunk, and they were forced to call a halt, and with the aid of the squaws pitched their tents one mile east of the present Emeline. Here they remained till the whiskey run out and the men sober enough to proceed two days afterward. This was the last visit of the redskins in this section of the country.

LEVI WAGONER.



BLACK HAWK WAS NOT CAPTURED IN JONES CO.

A Reminiscence of the Pences by the Oldest Settler in Iowa.

Mr. Editor:—

Our good friend, Levi Wagoner, whose interesting reminiscences of early times we all enjoy, has somehow been misinformed in regard to Chief Black Hawk's capture in the war which bears his name. That celebrated Indian was born at the Sac village at the mouth of Rock river in Illinois, and lived there until the village was broken up in 1830, and he may have led hunting parties at times into what is now Jones county, but he certainly was not there after or during the Black Hawk war.

Black Hawk, with his associate chiefs, the Prophet and Ne-a-pope, fled northward and eastward after the battle of Bad Axe, intending to take refuge with those whom they regarded as friendly allies, the Winnebagoes of the Lemonweir valley, and the broken country around the Dalles of the Wisconsin. But the Winnebagoes of that region were under charge of Gen. Joseph M. Street, Indian Agent at Prairie du Chien, who held their entire confidence, and they were ready to do his bidding in everything. They not only took no part in aiding Black Hawk in his desperate struggle, but their warriors went out under Gen. Street's instructions and brought into Gen. Atkinson's camp at Fort Crawford nearly one hundred Sacs, who had scattered through that country after their disaster at Bad Axe.

Gen. Street sent One-Eyed Decorah and a young chief named Cha-e-tor, on a special mission to find Black Hawk and the Prophet. It was easy to follow the fugitives to the Dalles and to obtain audience with them since Black Hawk supposed the Winnebago chiefs to be friends and partisans. When Black Hawk and the Prophet learned of their duplicity, they took advantage of the darkness of the first night to escape toward Prairie La Crosse. The two Winnebagoes simply followed closely on their trail for two days, then found them in a Winnebago village, where, convinced that protection and shelter were denied them, they surrendered and were delivered to Gen. Street at Prairie du Chien on the 27th of August, 1832. Gen. Atkinson sent them on a steamer to Jefferson Barricks below St. Louis under an escort commanded by Lieut. Jefferson Davis, and from there they were taken on the remarkable tour to Washington and the eastern cities. After his return Black Hawk was given a home on the Des Moines river near the present city of Ottumwa.

I received recently from Captain Warner L. Clark of Buffalo, Scott County, an interesting bit of early Jackson County history. Captain Clark (a steamboat captain for many years) is unquestionably the oldest settler of Iowa now living. His father, Captain Benjamin W. Clark made a claim and took up his residence at Buffalo in the summer of 1833, nearly seventy-five years ago. Warner was then a boy of eleven years and distinctly remembers the removal from the opposite side of the river in Illinois, which had been their home for several years previous. B. W. Clark established a ferry across the Mississippi at Buffalo, designing to make that an important city and a main crossing place for emigration to the Black Hawk Purchase. A road led directly south to the important town of Monmouth, Illinois, and he knew that directly north across the country was the rapidly developing settlement at the Dubuque mines. He therefore (and this is what W. L. Clark writes me) engaged two young men who had also been his neighbors in Illinois—Wallace and Solomon Pence—in the summer of 1834, to go through to Dubuque and locate sites for ferries over the Wapsipinicon and Maquoketa rivers.

This is undoubtedly the trip about which Wallace Pence told Farmer Buckhorn, which that writer mentioned in his sketch of the Pences, as having been made during the Black Hawk war. It was in fact made two years later. The country around the Monmouth township prairies so pleased the Pences that two years afterwards, in 1836, they took up claims and moved their families there.

The plans of Capt. B. W. Clark for making Buffalo a great city were well laid, and promised success, but he died in 1839, leaving his oldest son a mere youth, and no one ready to take up his work with the same aggressive energy, so Davenport and Muscatine eventually overshadowed the earlier settlement at Buffalo. Warner L. Clark still lives on some of the land claimed by his father nearly seventy-five years ago.

HARVEY REID.



Address at First Meeting of Old Settlers Meeting.

The following address was delivered by Geo. Griswold, at that time president of the Old Settlers Society at Sabula and president of the Clinton County Old Settlers Society at the first meeting of the Maquoketa Valley Pioneer and Old Settlers Society in 1888:

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I was exceedingly glad when last September my friend, Mr. Hiram Lockwood, informed me that you were about to organize an Old Settlers' or Pioneer Society for this part of Jackson and Clinton counties, knowing from my early acquaintance the people who settled here from 1838 till 1848 that they could easily organize and maintain such an organization. I understand such a society held meetings here in years past and this is more of a renewal of the same than otherwise. Let us hope and believe from this time on your annual meetings will be held while any pioneers are living, and when they too have passed away their children shall maintain the same.

No part of our state is better fitted to commemorate its early events, its trials and privations, than this tract of county around what was known as the Forks of the Maquoketa River. And here I will digress a little. Some years since a record was kept of the different ways of spelling the name of the river that has given the name of to this city. Many of them can be spelled while not all of them can be well pronounced.

I have with me now a copy of the petition of Julien Dubuque to El Baron de Carondelet, Governor-general of Louisiana, when this part of the (now) United States was owned by Spain, bearing date, "New Orleans, Oct. 22, 1796," for liberty to work the lead mines along the Mississippi River and in the same the river is spelled thus, "Moquouquitois," and may be some of you can pronounce it; I cannot. It looks as though it might be an Indian name and require Indian pronouncation. In the same petition the land on which Dubuque now stands was called the "Hills of Mesquaby-nonques," and let us give credit to Julien Dubuque for changing the name to one that can be pronounced and whoever contracted the first name of your river to its present possible pronouncation should be promoted.

This name of the river seemed from the first beginning of civilization here to have a charm for the early pioneers. Living as I did on one of the river roads from what was called the "Narrows" (now Lyons) to this city, I could in 1839, '40, '41 see very often the covered wagons with their occu-

pants pointing toward sun down, and when our people hailed them and told them not to go farther, that the Garden of Eden was not far from Carrollport now Sabula; they all said they knew what they were about. Their answer was: "We are bound for the Genessee of the Blackhawk purchase"—the Fork of the Maquoketa River—and ample evidence is furnished us today for miles on every side that they were correct. And it may be said without being egotistical many of you that hear within a radius of twenty miles has settled as hardy, energetic and generous-hearted people as are to be found in our state. The impression this made on my mind by seeing the emigrant's wagons moving west and observing the numerous girls therein, caused me, when I reached manhood, to follow the procession; and near here in 1850 I married one of the daughters of a Pioneer of 1848; and that of itself gives me a right to a seat in this good looking assembly of ladies and gentlemen.

Of the times of the early Pioneers here it is proper at this time to speak. Without an illusion to them our meetings would lose their interest. Meditating on our early experiences there arises before our minds the log cabin, in some instances as I know by experience a floorless one, yet it was a home. It can be described in four lines:

"The house was made of log; of the earth we made the floor,
An opening in the side was both the window and the door,
With the chimney on the end it answered for a dome;
O how truly we could sing, 'There is no place like home.'"

Of the long journeys to mill, the prairie ridges for roads, the poor markets and the poorer prices for our produce, the few neighbors and many other things we can not remember. But there were two things here which made an indelible impression on our minds. These were the mosquitoes and the ague--the one singing his cheerful song while presenting his bill, the other ever ready to greet an emigrant with a free hand shake.

And now in the course of time, at a long distance on the journey of life, we look back and what once seemed a rugged path now seems rather pleasant than otherwise. You who led the column in this westward march joined in laying the foundations of a new state, came intent in securing a home, whatever hardships you might endure. Of those who are spared to be with you today and who with an eye of faith, hope and patience from 1838 to 1870 looked for the good time coming, can now say, with one exception, that such expectations have been fully realized. That one exception I need hardly say is the steam navigation of the Maquoketa River.

Of these changes of which I have passed upon no language of tongue or pen can describe. One single instance I will mention. This beautiful city whose people give us their grateful welcome here today, where was it 50, even 40 years ago? The men and the women who thus began and continued the work of civilization here should not be forgotten in the past, present or future. In all ages and all lands there has been given to their patriots and statesmen their gratitude and praise. It is right that they should. Not less should the present people of this land give to their men and women who, leaving their cheerful homes in other lands with bold and adventurous

steps setting aside and breaking away from the limits of civilization, smoothed and prepared the way so that those who came after them could here find a place of refuge, a home and a haven of rest. Around their names shall cluster the lights of gratitude the incense of the grateful. For they stood at the head of that grand column that began the work and labors here which changed this from what had been for unknown ages the land of the savage to that which is to be during all future time the abode of enlightened men and women. They above all others can best appreciate its marvelous growth and strength, for they saw it in its poverty and weakness. The word poverty as applied to the frontier settlements of our state must not be taken in its usual sense. The poverty of the early settlers here was a different kind of poverty as it is known today for this reason—one was no richer than another. Our worldly goods were of a uniform character and value so the wealth of one could not be contracted with the grinding poverty of another. All were engaged in a common struggle. A common sympathy and hearty good will lightened the burdens of one another. The poverty of the frontier is indeed no poverty. It is but the beginning of wealth. We had the boundless future ever opening before us. We had what was always its equal, the boundless prairie so well described by one writer that it may be quoted:

O, the boundless prairies here are
God's floral bowers,
Of all that he has made the loveliest,
This is the Almighty's garden,
And the mountains, stars and sea
Are nothing compared with beauty—
With His prairie Garden free,

Not one of us who came here in the first ten years following the settlement of this land, where a cabin raising, ploughing bee, or corn husking was a matter of common interest and helpfulness could have other than a feeling of generous independence.

The following quotation will faithfully state the spirit that moved us in our first labors here:

"We'll plough the prairies as of old
Our fathers ploughed the sea;
We'll make the West as they the East
The homestead of the free."

We knew that for man the earth would yield its increase that seed time and harvest should not fail and that industry would bring its own reward. Doubtless we all in early life here looked forward in the dim future to a time like the present one when we could meet with our families and friends and tell of some of the early incidents of our experience here. As the mystic cords of memory bind us to the past so let them do in the future. The roll call that may be made to-day will not long be responded to by all now

present. The sad reflection involuntarily comes to our minds that we are not all here. Where are Chandler, Wilson, Perry, Jenkins, Clark, Current, and many, many others? They have met the common fate of all, yet they all performed their parts well, and their works live today. And as we one after another follow them, let those that remain pay them the last sad tribute, thereby making the world better for our having lived in it.

And now on this occasion, the first of its kind for many years, let me urge upon you this, that annually you thus meet and you will all find that these occasions are your own and in your keeping. You will find each of them one of those bright, pleasant places along the beaten track of life when stopping for a day every hour was filled with friendship and every moment bright with joy. And as this land has been for us so may it be for our children—the land of our life, our liberty and our love.

was a part of the Louisiana Purchase, which was transferred from France to the United States in 1803, becoming a part of the "District of Louisiana," then of the territory of Louisiana in 1805, territory of Missouri in 1812, territory of Michigan in 1833, territory of Wisconsin in July, 1836, and territory of Iowa on July 3rd, 1838.

Jackson County was a part of the land which was conveyed in the treaty with the Sacs and Foxes in September, 1832, and generally known as the "Black Hawk Purchase," which opened the first land in Iowa for settlement by the whites. The treaty included a strip of about six million acres along the eastern border of Iowa, extending from the Upper Iowa river on the north to the present southern boundary of the state. In return for the land the government assumed debts that the Indians owed certain traders to the amount of \$20,000 and agreed to pay them \$25,000 annually. Soon after the purchase most of the Indians moved farther west and in 1832 the remainder were transferred to a reservation in Kansas. The Indian with whom the pioneer settlers came in contact were belonged to the Wionebagoes, a tribe that was well known throughout this part of the Mississippi valley and who were friendly to the whites.



For several years there were no settlements west of the Mississippi river. Dubuque and Des Moines were the only ones, and now being what is now the line between Clinton and Scott counties. The Maine county was subdivided by the Wisconsin legislature which met at Belmont, Wis., in 1836, but Dubuque county remained intact until the meeting of the legislature at Burlington, Nov. 10, 1837. The legislature remained in session until Jan. 20, 1838, and Jackson county was formed during that session. The establishing of what is now the line between Dubuque and Jackson county brought up a bitter fight. Those who are familiar with the map of Jackson county know that two townships along the Mississippi strand up into what would appear to be legitimate territory of Dubuque county. Capt. W. A. Warner, of Bellevue, was enrolling men of the county at the time of the contest. Bellevue wanted to be the county seat of Jackson county, and argued politician that he was, he at once saw that it would be almost impossible for his town to hold its own in a county seat fight if it was situated in the extreme northwest corner of the county, and hence it was equally essential that there should be some territory in Jackson county south of Bellevue township.

Organization of Jackson County—Official and Otherwise.

(Reprinted from Sabula Gazette of March 7th.)

It is a matter of history that the land now comprised in Jackson county was a part of the "Louisiana Purchase," being transferred from France to the United States in 1803, becoming a part of the "District of Louisiana;" then of the territory of Louisiana in 1805, territory of Missouri in 1812, territory of Michigan in 1834, territory of Wisconsin in July, 1836, and territory of Iowa on July 3rd, 1838.

Jackson County was a part of the land which was conveyed in the treaty with the Sacs and Foxes in September, 1832, and generally known as the "Black Hawk Purchase" which opened the first land in Iowa for settlement by the whites. The treaty included a strip of about six million acres along the eastern border of Iowa, extending from the Upper Iowa river on the north to the present southern boundary of the state. In return for the land the government assumed debts that the Indians owed certain traders to the amount of \$50,000 and agreed to pay them \$20,000 annually, in cash. Soon after the purchase most of the Indians moved further west and in 1842-43 the remainder were transferred to a reservation in Kansas. The Indian with whom the pioneer settlers came in contact mostly belonged to the Winnebagoes, a tribe that was widely scattered throughout this part of the Mississippi valley and who were always friendly with the whites.

For several years there were but two counties west of the Mississippi river, Dubuque and Des Moines the dividing line being what is now the line between Clinton and Scott counties. Des Moines county was subdivided by the Wisconsin legislature which met at Belmont, Wis., in 1836, but Dubuque county remained intact until the meeting of the legislature at Burlington, Nov. 10, 1837. The legislature remained in session until Jan. 20, 1838, and Jackson county was formed during that session. The establishing of what is now the line between Dubuque and Jackson county brought up a bitter fight. Those who are familiar with the map of Jackson county know that two townships along the Mississippi extend up into what would appear to be legitimate territory of Dubuque county. Capt. W. A. Warren, of Bellevue, was enrolling clerk of the house at the time of the contest. Bellevue wanted to be the county seat of Jackson county, and shrewd politician that he was, he at once saw that it would be almost impossible for his town to hold its own in a county seat fight if it was situated in the extreme northeast corner of the county, and hence it was highly essential that there should be some territory in Jackson county north of Bellevue township.

It was generally admitted that from a geographical point of view the territory in question belonged to Dubuque county, but Bellevue put up such a warm fight that a compromise was finally reached by making Tete des Morts and Prairie townships a part of Jackson county and the townships directly west of them a part of Dubuque county.

As soon as the county had been formed, it became necessary to appoint a sheriff and Capt. Warren recommended Charles Stowell for the place. A few days later, before the appointment had been made, Gov. Dodge sent for Warren and told him he could not appoint Stowell as a strong petition had been sent from Bellevue asking W. W. Brown be appointed. Warren told the governor that there must be some mistake as Brown bore a bad reputation and was considered the leader of a gang of outlaws. When shown the petition, however, Warren was forced to admit that the signatures were not only genuine, but that they were those of the best men of the county, and the governor decided that under the circumstances he must appoint Brown. The next day, however, he again sent for Capt. Warren and showed him his (Warren's) own signature. This led to an investigation and it was found that Brown or some of his friends had taken a petition that had been circulated in connection with the boundary line matter, cut off the heading and attached one pertaining to his appointment as sheriff. The governor then settled matters by appointing Warren as organizing sheriff of the county.

When Jackson county was formed it included under its legal jurisdiction all of the country west of it, within the original land grant, comprising what is now Jones and Linn counties, and the settlers of that territory were accorded electoral privileges and the same rights in the county government as those who actually lived within the geographical limits of the county.

The first county commissioners were William Jonas, William Morden and James Leonard, and their first meeting was held in Bellevue, April 2, 1838. At that meeting they established the first election precincts, dividing the county into six voting places as follows:

1st precinct—To comprise Charleston (now Sabula) and vicinity; election to be held at the store of James Leonard; judges, Charles Swan, O. A. Cray and E. A. Wood

2d precinct—To comprise Higginsport and vicinity; to be held at house of W. H. Vandeventer; judges, W. H. Vandevender, Andrew Farley and B. B. Evans.

3d precinct—Election to be held at the court house in Bellevue; judges, W. Sublett, J. D. Bell and J. S. Fitzpatrick.

4th precinct—Election to be held at the house of Daniel Brown in Tete des Morts township; judges, D. Brown, J. P. March and D. G. Bates.

5th precinct—Election to be held at the house of Charles W. Harris; on north fork of the Maquoketa; judges, C. W. Harris, V. G. Smith and Thomas Davis.

6th precinct—Election to be held at the house of S. Burleson, south fork of the Maquoketa; judges, S. Burleson, J. Clark and William Phillips.

At a meeting held in June of the same year, the commissioners established three additional voting precincts, two in what is now Jones county,

the elections to be held at the house of John G. Joshlin, on the Wapsipicon, and at the house of Nathaniel Dalley on the Maquoketa, and the third in Linn county, at Westpoint.

In August they established precinct No. 10, election to be held at the house of one Wadkins, about four miles south of the present site of Andrew.

The new board of commissioners elected in the fall of 1838 was Wm. Jonas, E. A. Wood and James Kelley.

The county officers elected at the same time were: John Howe, recorder; John Sublett, treasurer; Jas. S. Kirkpatrick, coroner; Jas. F. Hanby, assessor; John G. McDonald, surveyor.

At the regular election held Oct. 5, 1840, the electors decided that the county should be re-organized into townships, and on the 6th of the following January the commissioners divided the county into nine townships, under the names of Butler, Farmers Creek, Perry, Pete des Morts, Davis, Bellevue, Harrison, Van Buren and Union townships. Many changes were subsequently made, both in boundaries, sub-divisions and names. Brandon township was formed from a part of Butler township in 1834. Monmouth township was organized in 1843, re-annexed to Davis township in 1844, and returned to its present form and name in 1845. South Fork township was first organized and named Apple township in 1845, and Maquoketa township was organized the same year.

Fairfield township was organized in July, 1845, and the first election was held at the home of B. F. Hull.

Jackson township was organized at the same time, with its first election at the home of Markspiles and Sandridge.

The name of Butler township was changed to Lehrin in 1845, but was re-changed to Butler soon after.

Richland township was detached from Perry and named in 1846, and at the same time Otter Creek township was formed from the north half of Farmers Creek. Washington township was formed from portions of Bellevue and Van Buren townships in 1851.

In January, 1855, Iowa township was detached from Union township and its first election held at Sterling in April of that year.

The first term of the district court of Jackson County, Territory of Wisconsin, was held in Bellevue, June 18, 1838, presided over by Charles Dunn, Chief Justice of the Supreme court of Wisconsin. Among the attorneys were Stephen Hempstead, afterwards governor of Iowa; James Grant and Jas. Churchman, afterward a United States minister. The grand jurors chosen were Jas. Wood, Benjamin Hudson, Thos. Parks, Samuel S. Draper, James L. Burtis, John Stuckey, John D. Bell, Wm. Smith, J. S. Kirkpatrick, David G. Bates, Daniel Brown, James McCabe, Joseph Mallard, W. H. Vandevander, C. W. Harris, Webster McDowel, Wm. Phillips, Obadiah Sawtell, Jas. Kimball, S. Burleson, M. Seymour, R. G. Knox and H. G. Hinkley.

The petit jurors were: Chas. Swan, E. A. Wood, O. A. Crary, Alexander Reed, Sylvester Baker, John Howe, John Hayes, James Kirkpatrick, Wm. Van, John Clark, V. G. Smith, Richard Bellups, Chas. Billo, Hazen Chase, Hugh Kilgore, N. Jefferson, Thos. Davis, Wm. Trimble, Thos. Nicholson, Wm. Dyas, J. Jefferson, Thos. Sublett, and Henderson Palmer.

The grand jury found one indictment, that of Wm. Sublett, charged with assault with intent to kill. He was released on a \$500 bond signed by James K. Moss.

The first probate court in the county was held March 2, 1838, James K. Moss, judge.

The management of county affairs was vested in a board of three commissioners, sometimes called the "county commissioners' court" until 1851, and some of the entries in their old records show the extremes they had to resort to occasionally to raise a little ready money. In July, 1838, they contracted with Hesley & Esgate to build a toll bridge across the mouth of Mill Creek, near Bellevue, for \$525, subject to purchase at any time by the county at an advance of ten per cent. on the cost. The owners were permitted to charge a small toll for crossing the bridge until it was finally purchased by the county.

In August, 1841, the board borrowed \$200 of Enoch Sells and William Markespiles giving their personal note therefor, payable in one year, with interest at 40 per cent. In 1844 a license was issued to Isaac Neagus to peddle clocks on the soil of Jackson county two months for \$3. The same year R. H. Hudson paid \$25 for the privilege of keeping a grocery for one year, but it is quite evident that this license was exacted because of the liquor sold in the back room, as three petitions were presented to the board a little later, praying them to fix the license on "groceries" at \$100 per year, while another petition asked a regulation requiring all grocery to sell liquor at 10 cents per glass, (a glass in those days was the ordinary table tumbler) or 14 mills per swallow.



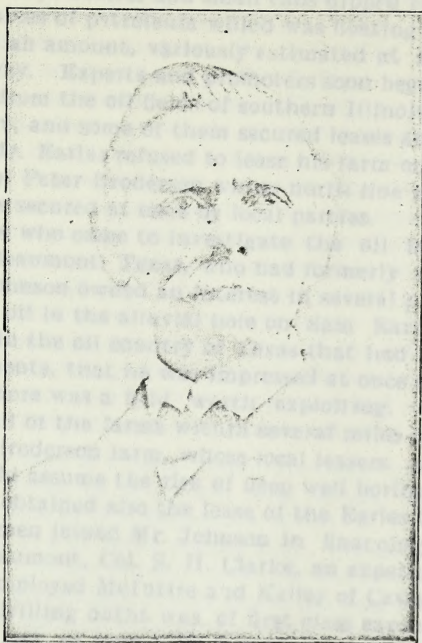
The G. H. Johnson Deep Well and Prof. W. H. Norton's Report on Its Geology.

(Written by Harvey Reid for the Jackson County Historical Society.)

The deep boring made by Geo. H. Johnson & Co. in search for petroleum in the summer of 1907, while unprofitable in the purpose for which it was made, was of much interest as a contribution to scientific knowledge, and as such attracted the attention of some of our most eminent geologists. Professor William Harmon Norton of Mount Vernon, assistant in the Hydrographic branch of the United States Geological Survey, and Assistant State Geologist of Iowa, an expert in deep well data, visited the well in July, 1907, a few days before work on it ceased, and was furnished with driller's samples of all the different strata which had been passed through. A few weeks ago the writer supplied Prof. Norton with the three lowermost samples to complete his set, from those left with me by Mr. Johnson. From these samples Professor Norton has made a determination by microscopic and chemical examination, of the character of the rocks passed through by the drill, and of their proper place in the geological column, and has kindly supplied us with a copy of his report, and permission to publish it.

The opportunity of having a complete set of the well-drillings here, has also been utilized in a very valuable way by Superintendent E. L. Rickert, who has set in a frame a tube thirty-four inches long, covered with glass, and in that tube has poured the drillings in regular succession, each two inches representing one hundred feet of the well, so as to give us an accurate and graphic model of the geologic strata that underlies this locality. On a broad card filling the frame, Prof. Rickert has inscribed opposite each sample its geologic place and rock characteristics as determined by Prof. Norton. The exhibit will form part of the valuable Geological Cabinet in our High School.

The geological disclosures of the Johnson well, while not varying greatly in thickness of the various strata from those found in other wells of the same geologic horizon, (like Anamosa, Sabula and Clinton), presents some features that are almost unique, and one that is very remarkable. The hope of finding a deposit of petroleum in paying quantity by the boring which was done, came from the discovery of surface indications of oil on the farm of Samuel R. Earles in Maquoketa township, about six miles north of east



HARVEY REID

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from the city. A small round hole in the sod about thirty yards from the south line of the northeast quarter, northwest quarter of section eleven, township eighty-four north, range three east of the fifth principal meridian, constituted a sort of intermittent spring. It always contained water one or two feet below the opening, and at irregular intervals would overflow, but such overflow bore no positive or certain relation to rain storms. The most plausible explanation of the phenomenon seems to be that a connection with a sink hole farther up the hill slope becomes clogged occasionally, and then breaks loose, supplying a flow of water greater than the seepage which usually drained the hole, can carry away. It was in an unfrequented pasture lot, and nothing unusual had ever been noticed in the water hole, until in the early fall of 1906, when some young men from an adjoining farm brought into town for identification, a dark, oily substance found in the hole, which was immediately recognized as petroleum.

This, naturally, created great interest and excitement. The hole was visited almost daily; bottles and small cans dipped into the hole invariably brought up samples of petroleum which was floating on the surface of the little pool until an amount, variously estimated at a barrel or more, has been carried away. Experts and promoters soon began arriving from Pittsburg, Pa., and from the oil fields of southern Illinois, Indiana, Texas and Indian Territory, and some of them secured leases at once from farmers in the vicinity. Mr. Earles refused to lease his farm on the usual terms, but a lease of that of Peter Broderson whose north line ran within a few feet of the oil hole, was secured at once by local parties.

Among those who came to investigate the oil indications was George H. Johnson of Beaumont, Texas, who had formerly lived at Rock Island, Illinois. Mr. Johnson owned an interest in several prolific wells in Texas, and the show of oil in the alluvial hole on Sam Earles farm resembled so much the signs in the oil country of Texas that had almost invariably led to rich developments, that he was impressed at once with almost unbounded confidence that here was a field worth exploiting. He secured leases at once for nearly all of the farms within several miles of the locality, including that of the Broderson farm, whose local leasers were perfectly willing that others should assume the risk of deep well boring, rather than themselves, and later obtained also the lease of the Earles farm at a liberal price. Other Texas oil men joined Mr. Johnson in financing the adventure. He brought from Beaumont, Col. S. H. Clarke, an experienced driller, assuperintendent, and employed McIntire and Kelley of Casey, Illinois, to do the drilling. Their drilling outfit was of first class capacity, and they engage to go down 2,000 feet, or even 3,000 feet if required. Drilling began April twenty-sixth, 1907, and continued until July twelfth, when the well was abandoned, no oil having been found. The depth attained as shown by the daily log, was 1716 feet, but a correction made with a steel line measure after drilling ceased showed actual depth to be 1707 feet. We use the first named figures in the geological section, in order not to disturb the true proportion of strata thicknesses. The locality chosen for the well is on the Broderson farm, a few rods from the line separating it from the Earles land, or about fifty yards from the oil hole.

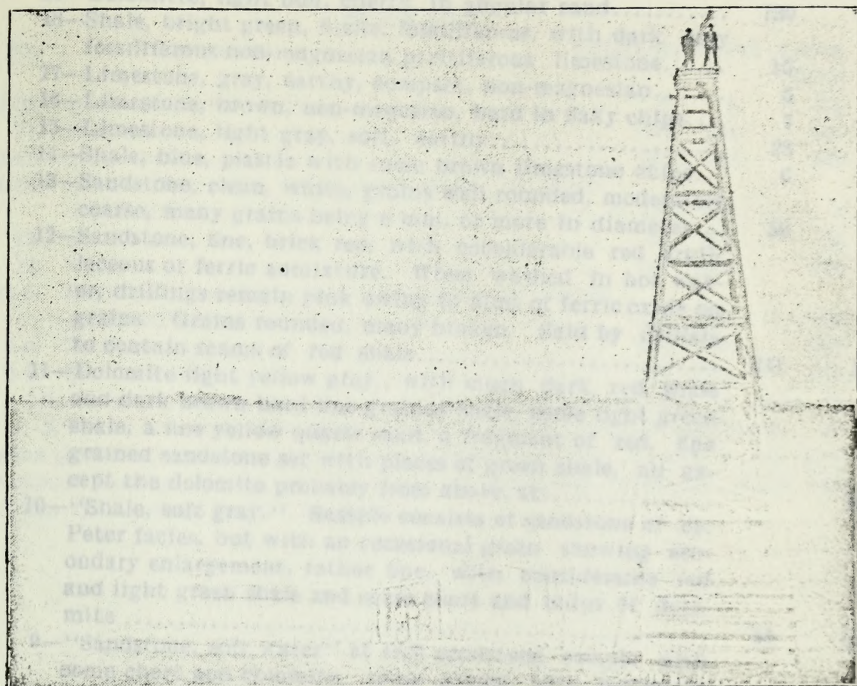
It lies in a practically driftless region, being in one of the "loess-free" tracts of which there are several in Jackson county. They are interpreted by Frank Leverett, the distinguished U. S. Geological Survey geologist, who is devoting his time to the study of glacial geology, as being caused by great stagnant masses of ice of the Iowan period, melting slowly while loess hills were being deposited by winds in the intervals where thinner ice had already melted. This particular tract can be studied on the Andrew road, where bare rock exposures with very thin or no covering of loess clay, may be seen bounded by the loess hill at Bridgeport on one margin and that near the Perry township line on the other. The mouth of the well is about 760 feet above the level of the sea, being on a hill slope about forty feet lower than its summit.

The mystery that surrounds the sudden presence of petroleum in that old alluvial hole has never been solved. After boring in the Johnson well

had ceased, a local company obtained permission and proceeded to excavate around the hole in an attempt to compel it to reveal the secret. After removing about seven or eight feet of mingled clay and soil, lime rock was encountered of irregular contour, the "up-hill" side being the highest. This was blasted out to a total depth of about twenty feet. The soft mud nearest the hole was found to be perfectly saturated with oil, but the solid walls of the excavation showed no discolored seams or crevices which would indicate seepage of oil from the sides in either the earth or rock. At the bottom a cavity of several inches in height appeared, from which water flowed and drops of oil could be detected in the water dipped out. That, however, might have been squeezed out of the saturated mud handled in excavating. It is possibly significant that no oil appeared in the hole in quantity sufficient to be dipped out after workmen arrived with the drilling outfit. If any evidence existed pointing suspicion to any one as having carried oil and poured it into the hole, the theory of such an origin for its appearance would account for every phenomenon in connection with it. But not a scintilla of such evidence has ever developed, and we can only pronounce its presence a scientific puzzle of remarkable perplexity.

The country rock is a hard, dense, dolomite (or magnesian limestone) of the Niagara series, in practically level strata, and 209 feet in depth. Next comes 215 feet of the Maquoketa shales of the Ordovician series a large proportion of this being plastic clays, impervious to fluids, whether, water or oil. Professor Norton finds that the lower member of the Maquoketa formation, a chocolate brown shale, ten feet in thickness is petroliferous, "fragments burning with strong flame." He says in a letter accompanying the report: "You will note, what the drillers failed to discover! the oil-bearing shale, ten feet thick in the Maquoketa at 430. If the surface oil came from below this apparently is its source. In this case, no large amount, warranting drilling could be expected, since wherever the oil escaped from the source diffused in the shale, it would reach the surface of the ground for want of any cover to the reservoir rock, the Niagara limestone."

The greatest surprise in the geological formations disclosed by the well underlies the St. Peters sandstone of the Ordovician for 241 feet and is classified by Professor Norton with a question mark (?). He says in his letter: "The red sand below the St. Peter is an extremely interesting formation, and while we have some reports of the same from other wells, we have nothing approaching the depth at Maquoketa." Farther east, near the shores of Lake Michigan, deep wells find a "red mail" underlying the St. Peters sand, as described in W. C. Alden's report on the Milwaukee quadrangle. The deposit here seems to be of a more sandy nature, than that in Wisconsin, but both indicate an unconformity, or erosion of the Prairie du Chien formation before the St. Peters sand was laid down. It should be said that the seam of petroliferous shale found here lies in, or on top of the Trenton series which has proven so prolific of oil and gas in the Indiana and Ohio fields.



Oil Well No. 1 as it looked when in operation.

Following is Professor Norton's report:

[The quotations are from drillers' log.]

	Thickness	Depth
29—Soil	1½	1½
28—Clay, hard yellow.....	4½	6
27—Dolomite, first water between 155 and 215 feet....	209	215
26—"Sand and shale in seam. Second Water".....	¼	215¼
25—Shale and limestone shale, light blue and limestone blue gray, hard, close textured, slight effervescence in cold dilute HCL	63¾	279
24—Shale, sample shale and limestone, limestone, dark gray sub-crystalline, pyritiferous, with large clayey residue. Sample also of shale from 279.....	131	410
23—Shale, blue.....	20	430
22—Shale, chocolate brown, fissile, rather hard, petroliferous. fragments burning with strong flame.....	10	440
21—Dolomite, porous, sub-crystalline, gray, in log called "hard white shale".....	46	486
20—Dolomite, light buff, crystalline; log, "mixed lime and shale hard".....	79	565

19—Dolomite, light buff, cherty, in angular sand.....	130	695
18—Shale, bright green, fissile, fossiliferous, with dark gray fossiliferous non-magnesian pyritiferous limestone.....	15	710
17—Limestone, gray, earthy, compact, non-magnesian.....	5	715
16—Limestone, brown, non-magnesian, hard in flaky chips....	7	722
15—Limestone, light gray, soft, earthy.....	28	750
14—Shale, blue, plastic with some brown limestone chips...	6	756
13—Sandstone, clean, white, grains well rounded, moderately coarse, many grains being a mm, or more in diameter...	59	815
12—Sandstone, fine, brick red, with considerable red argillaceous or ferric admixture. When washed in hot water, drillings remain pink owing to films of ferric oxide on grains. Grains rounded, many broken. Said by drillers to contain seams of red shale.....	241	1056
11—Dolomite light yellow gray, with much dark red shale and dark brown hard fine grained shale, some light green shale, a fine yellow quartz sand, a fragment of red, fine grained sandstone set with pieces of green shale, all except the dolomite probably from above, at.....		1056
10—"Shale, soft gray." Sample consists of sandstone of St. Peter facies, but with an occasional grain showing secondary enlargement, rather fine, with considerable red and light green shale and some chert and chips of dolomite	54	1110
9—"Sandstone, soft water" at 1125 sandstone sample with some chert and dolomite, some grains with secondary enlargements Sample said to represent the stratum consists for the most part of angular sand of light gray dolomite with some arenaceous admixture.....	80	1190
8—Dolomite, light yellowish gray.....	110	1300
7—Dolomite, purple-brown.....	20	1320
6—Dolomite, light gray.....	68	1388
5—Sandstone, soft, white, grains well rounded, fairly uniform, maximum size of one mm rarely reached.....	208	1596
4—Marl, in buff sand with the facies of the dolomite, but seen under the microscope to consist of microscopic grains of crystalline quartz with dolomitic cement, with some fine rounded grains of quartz and some of chlorite.		1596
3—Sandstone, buff, hard, in angular fragments consisting of minute particles of crystalline quartz and small round grains, with imbedded grains of chlorite or glauconite. Samples contain some particles of green shale.....	54	1650
2—Sandstone, light buff, fine grained, chiefly in minute detached grains of quartz, with some angular fragments as above. Many grains stained with films of ferric oxide.	45	1695
1—Sandstone, white, clean, fine Grains imperfectly rounded and from .01 to .0075 inch in diameter.....	21	1716

THE SUMMER'S FAMILY.

Compiled From Different Sources by J. W. Ellis for the
Jackson County Historical Society.

In the territorial days of Iowa, and during the first decade of statehood, but few names were more familiar in Jackson, Clinton and Scott counties than that of Summers. In 1837 Laurel Summers, who, it appears, was a man of much more than average ability, came to Scott county and settled at LeClaire where he spent all the remaining years of a long and useful life. In 1840, Redmond and Shelton, brothers of Laurel, came to Clinton county and settled in the town of Camanche, the first town founded in Clinton county, and according to John Seeley, who wrote an interesting article on the Summers' family, was there in 1844 when the first tornado passed thru that village. Mr. Seeley said: "The house of Redmond Summers stood in the line of the tornado. Seeing the storm approaching and having no protection in the way of a cellar or dugout, Mr. Summers told his wife to take the baby, now Mrs. Amanda Littell, and get under the bed, while he would hold the door, trusting that the stout legs of which the house was composed would withstand the storm. The house was blown down and Mr. Summers found himself lodged in a tree, and not much injured. He also found his wife and baby unhurt."

In 1845 Redmond and Shelton came to Jackson county, Redmond settling on section 29 South Fork township, and Shelton on section 19 of same township, where both gentlemen spent the remaining years of their lives, living to a good old age, honored and respected by all who knew them. Another brother, Caleb, who came later, has always resided in this vicinity, and is still living in 1908 in the vicinity of Maquoketa. Sheldon, or Shelton Summers, was married to Martha Johnson of Indiana, and by her had several children, viz: Mary Jane, John, Samantha and Nancy. Redmond was married in 1842 to Miss Vashti M. Blakey. By this union was born Amanda, heroine of the cyclone and mother of our townsman, Harry Littell of Maquoketa. There also came to Jackson county in 1856, the second daughter, Adaline, who married Ezra Dutton of Iron Hills. Annie, the third and last child of Redmond, married John Littell, who for many years owned a farm near the Morehead bridge.

When the Summers brothers first came to Iowa Territory they came with ox-teams, and their first markets were Dubuque and Galena. Redmond Summers died in 1896, and his wife in 1906. Their three daughters, Mrs. Amanda Littell, Mrs. Addie E. Dutton, and Mrs. Annie Littell, still survive them.

Shelton Summers died many years ago, but his widow and two daughters, Mary Jane Fortner and Samantha Smith, still reside in Maquoketa. Caleb Summers also has three daughters, Helen, Eva and Mamie, and one son, James, on the old home farm in South Fork township. The following biographical sketch of Laurel Summers is copied from the Port Byron Globe, dated May 10th, 1901:

Among the pioneers of Iowa the name of the late Hon. Laurel Summers of LeClaire well deserves conspicuous and honorable mention in the history of this great commonwealth. For he was among the first of the early settlers who began the work of transformation of a wilderness into one of the richest and most progressive states of the American Union, and through the territorial era and the period of statehood, covered by the passing of more than a third of a century, he was a zealous, active and efficient co-worker with his fellow citizens in the marvelous development of Iowa, which the annals of the state so well portray in record of its progress.

Laurel Summers was born in Montgomery county, Kentucky, October 2, 1812. Thence he removed with his parents in 1823 to Morgan county, Indiana, where he remained until 1830, when he located at Indianapolis, where he learned the bricklayer's trade. In 1837 he came to Iowa, and soon decided to locate in Scott county, which throughout his life remained his home. At that time, as the historian records, Iowa was a part of Wisconsin Territory, but by act of congress June 12, 1838, the then future Hawkeye state acquired a territorial organization of its own. At the first election thereafter, September 10, 1838, Mr. Summers was elected to the house of representatives of the first general assembly of the new territory, and he continued to represent the people of Scott county therein in 1839 and 1840. In 1845 he was chosen a member of the territorial council, corresponding to the state senate, in which body he retained membership until statehood was attained, December 28, 1846. In August 1850, he again became a member of the legislature, having then been elected to serve in the lower house.

During these years Mr. Summers resided in the part of the present town of LeClaire then known as Parkhurst, so named in honor of an estimable family of pioneers, among the first settlers of the locality. A daughter of this family, Miss Mary Parkhurst, born in the state of New York, January 11, 1822, was united in marriage to the subject of this sketch in May, 1841, and in this first year of the twentieth century she is blessed with good health, and exhibits lightly the weight of nearly four score years. Five children were born of this union: Mrs. Helen L. Whitford of Beloit, Wis.; Mrs. Elsie A. Curtis and Mrs. S. I. Headley of LeClaire; Augustus D. of Dallas county, Ala., and Lewis Cass—the last named deceased in infancy.

In 1853 Mr. Summers was appointed United States Marshal for Iowa by President Pierce, and in 1857 he again received the appointment, his last commission for an additional four years tenure of the office having been signed by President Buchanan. At that time Iowa comprised but one United States judicial district, and as there were no railways in the state prior to 1855 and but little railroad trackage within its borders later during his term of service, Mr Summers mainly traveled by stage or steamboat in attending sessions of the Federal courts. In 1860 he conducted the United States census which exhibited the remarkable growth from 1840 of 43,000 population to 684,000 but a score of years later.

Shortly prior to his retirement, from the position of U. S. Marshal in 1861, after eight years' service therein, he was chosen by his fellow-townsmen to serve them as Mayor, and in later years he was thrice more called upon to serve them in the same capacity. In 1858 he had been a member of the city council, and in these positions of municipal trust he demonstrated the qualities of efficiency and devotion to the public interests that had characterized his course as a legislator in the pioneer legislative assemblies of Iowa. In 1874 he was designated by the Governor to serve as trustee of the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames, and there superintended some important building improvements, for which trust his excellent business capacity and his skill as a mechanic well qualified him. His last public service, not many years before his decease, was that of chief deputy for Sheriff Howard Leonard, and at various times he was called upon by Mr. Leonard to discharge the full functions of the office.

At the dawn of a spring morning, April 15, 1890, Laurel Summers was called away from earthly scenes. From the press of the state and from beyond its borders, from citizens of his county and state, and from many in other states there came eloquent and touching tributes to his memory. They were merited. He was a man whose nature drew toward him a feeling of warm personal regard, whether inside or outside of his own political fellowship. After the close of a heated political contest political opponents who had referred to him unkindly became his warm, personal friends. His unselfish nature, his able, genial manner and his strong intellectual and moral worth rendered it impossible for any one to retain a feeling of resentment toward him. He was optimistic but never visionary. He entertained a feeling of intense pride—well justified—in the great state whose foundation he had assisted in placing. His perceptive sense enabled him, in early years, to foresee the coming greatness of this region, and he was ever earnest and outspoken in advocacy of any measure that could contribute toward its more complete development. An instance is here given upon the authority of the late Hon. J. H. Murphy. Mr. Murphy many years ago informed a well known and respected citizen of LeClaire (C. P. Disney) that Laurel Summers was the first man to suggest that the island of Rock Island be reserved for the building of a government arsenal, and that he urged that the legislature memorialize congress to that end.

It is not improbable that Iowa City owes to Mr. Summers the historic interest attached to that municipality as having been the capital of the

territory and state from 1841 to 1857. In 1840 the subject of removal of the capital from Burlington was agitated in the legislature, Mt. Pleasant having been a contestant for its location, when, after many fruitless ballots, during which Burlington strove to retain it, Laurel Summers turned the scale in favor of Iowa City by announcement of his vote thereof.

In official position Mr. Summers well exemplified the illustration, "A Public Office is a Public Trust," in the zeal, efficiency and strict integrity which characterized his fulfillment of its duties. He was not an orator, but his public addresses were clear and impressive, and no hearer could doubt the perfect sincerity of his expressed convictions. He was an able and highly entertaining conversationalist, and a most interesting correspondent. The large accumulation of letters left by him from men distinguishing public life as well as from others gifted in literary attainment fully testify to the appreciation vested in correspondence with him. In public life he was contemporaneous with such eminent men as Senators Jones, Dodge, Harlan and Grimes; Governors Briggs and Hempstead; Congressmen Leffler, Cook and Vandever, and Judges Love, Mason, Grant and Dillon, with many other men of distinction in the annals of Iowa. But the correspondence of Mr. Summers was not restricted to fellow citizens of his own commonwealth; it included men famous throughout the republic, in and out of the public service, at the national capital and elsewhere.

Such men as Laurel Summers are a benefaction to any community in which they cast their lot. They are as an inspiration intellectually and morally, for they afford a noble example to those who come within the radius of continued association with them, and thus it is that their influence becomes apparent as a halo to all within their vicinage. It was, therefore, but natural that the neighbors and towns-people of Mr. Summers should feel and manifest a keen sense of personal loss when they realized that he was no more on earth.

No more deserving, no more appropriate inscription was ever placed upon a monument than the brief one engraved upon that erected in the LeClaire cemetery which marks the grave of Laurel Summers: "An Hon-est Man is the Noblest Work of God."



JOHN BROWN AND HARPER'S FERRY.

Written for the Jackson County Historical Society by Jas.
W. Ellis, Curator.

In October, 1902, the writer attended a national encampment of Union Veterans in Louisville, Kentucky. On the evening of the first day of the encampment a reception was held in Music hall, at which several hundred more or less prominent citizens of Louisville were introduced to the Commander-in-chief and his staff, of which I had the honor to be a member. Immediately after the reception a prominent citizen of Louisville, a Kentuckian born and bred, and who was a Union veteran of the Civil war, after assisting his wife in a duet, said: "I want the audience to join me in singing a song not popular in Kentucky, let us sing John Brown." While his good lady accompanied on a piano, he led and a large portion of the audience joined in singing the old war-time song. The next day the Courier-Journal came out in big black headlines, giving an account of the singing of "John Brown" by the veterans, dwelling particularly on the reference to hanging Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree. I felt at the time that it was an uncalled for insult to the people who had shown us the greatest hospitality on our arrival in the city, but it was suggested by a very prominent citizen of that city and carried out. However, the veterans got very few pleasant smiles or friendly greetings during the remainder of their stay in the Gate City of the South.

The query came to my mind that night, and I have often wondered since, how many people would sing "John Brown" and help to make a martyr of him, if they knew just what kind of a bloody minded brutal old wretch he in reality was. But the public knew but little about this man whose career of arson and murder was perhaps never excelled, and who had no more claim to be canonized as a martyr than Booth, Guiteau, Zolgos, or Harry Orchard. Born in 1800 and dying an ignominious death on the scaffold in 1859, we are led to wonder and speculate as to why, during his trial and during the investigation of the United States Senate committee appointed to inquire into John Brown's raid in Virginia, that he should be referred to in almost every instance as Old John Brown. Why Old? He was only 59 years old.

His career of blood began in 1855, when he induced Amos Lawrence of Boston, Mass., treasurer of the Emigrant Aid Society, to furnish means to go to Kansas, accompanied by several sons and sons-in-law, where a great conflict had been in progress for two years or more between certain organized societies in New England and the slave holders of Missouri and some other Southern states, to determine whether Kansas should be a free or slave state. Societies were organized all over the eastern and most of the northern states and thousands of dollars raised to assist men from the free states to settle in Kansas. Any one from the north or east could get assistance to take his family to Kansas, would be assisted after reaching that country, was furnished arms of the best pattern to protect himself and family with. But the intention of those back of the movement to make Kansas free territory professed to a strict regard for and an observance of the laws of the United States while doing so.

Lawrence, Kansas, was founded by the Emigrant Aid Society, and was named in honor of Amos Lawrence who did so much to make it a free state. Although not an abolitionist in the sense that Wendell Phillips and his class were, he was willing to work and give of his means to prevent the spread of slavery, but wanted to keep within the scope of the laws of his country. Brown was of an entirely different state of mind.

Amos Lawrence, in speaking of the Emigrant Aid Society, said: "This society was to be loyal to the government under all circumstances. It was to support the party of law and order, and it was to make Kansas a Free State by bona fide settlement, if at all." Charles Robinson, Lawrence's agent, had the requisite qualities to direct this movement. He had had experience in the same kind of work in California. He was imprisoned, his house burned, and his life threatened, yet he never bore arms nor omitted to do what he thought was right and his duty. He sternly held their men to a strict observance of the law and to loyalty to the government.

But Lawrence says: "What shall we say of Brown? His course was the opposite of Robinson's. He was always armed. He was always disloyal to the United States government, and all government except what he called the higher law. He was always ready to shed blood, and he always did shed it without remorse, 'for without blood,' as he often said, 'there can be no remission.'"

"In the night of May 23, 1856, Mr. Doyle and his two sons were taken from their beds at Pottawatomie and caused to walk one hundred yards from their house, when the father was shot dead by Brown, while the sons were stabbed and hacked to death with navy swords in the hands of Brown's sons. Mr. Wilkinson, who was taking care of a sick wife, was obliged to leave her and go with the midnight party who brutally murdered him not so far from his wife but that she could hear the struggle and the shot. William Sherman was another victim of these midnight assassins who were not then known, but who are now known perfectly. The evidence is complete.

He further says in his Kansas crusades, page 193: "John Brown had no enemies in New England, but many admirers. He was constantly re-

ceiving money from them. They little knew what use he was making of it for he deceived everybody. If he had succeeded in his design at Harper's Ferry of exciting an insurrection of slaves, the country would have stood aghast with horror. His would have been anything but a martyr's crown."

Mr. Thayer says on same page of Kansas Crusades: "John Brown has now few admirers except the congenial anarchists and nihilists who despise all law and hate all restraints of government." Mr. Lawrence's estimate of Brown above given has been generally sustained. Abraham Lincoln, in his Cooper Institute speech, said with his characteristic "charity for all:" "John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection, it was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact it was so absurd that the slaves in all their ignorance saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts related in history at the assassination of Kings and Emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people until he fancies himself commissioned by Heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt which ends in little else than his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon, and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry were in their philosophy the same."

The Chicago convention which nominated Lincoln for the Presidency in 1860, unanimously resolved that Brown was one of the greatest of criminals. Thaddeus Stephens said: "Brown ought to be hung for attempting to capture Virginia. U. S. Senator Henry Wilson said, "John Brown is a d—d fool."

Eli Thayer said: "When Brown made his invasion of and during his trial, conviction and execution, I was a member of Congress and had the means of knowing the opinions of other members. There was not one of that body who considered his punishment unjust. A few, however, were of the opinion that it would have been better to shut him up in a mad house for life. This method would have prevented the grotesque efforts of a few of his sympathizers and supporters to parade him before the country as a martyr." Thayer further says: "John Brown arrived in Kansas nearly two years after the conflict there had begun. He was a great injury to the Free State cause, and to the Free State settlers. He said, 'I have not come to make Kansas free, but to get a shot at the South.' He wished to begin a Civil war. He never had any property in Kansas which might be the subject of retaliation and reprisal for his crimes. Skulking about under various disguises and pretenses he left the Free State settlers to suffer for his outrages. At length they compelled him to leave the territory. The last installment of Missouri vengeance for his many murders, raids and robberies, and for the subsequent thieving invasions of Lane, fell upon Lawrence in the Quantrell raid and cost her the lives of one hundred and eighty-three of her citizens."

Thayer says: "In Kansas, Brown dragged from their beds at midnight three men and two boys and hacked them to pieces with two-edged clavers in such a way that the massacre was reported to be the work of wild Indians. After this Brown slew an unarmed inoffensive farmer in Missouri. In his murderous raid on Harper's Ferry, the first man he killed was a

negro watchman who was in the discharge of his duty at the railroad station." To the above should be added the robbing of stores in Kansas, the stealing of horses in the invasion of Missouri, and the stealing of about \$1,000 worth of oxen, mules, wagons and harness and such other property as he could find. After Brown's raid in Missouri, although he brought away thousands of dollars worth of property, he appealed to his friends in the East for funds to help to run the negroes through to Canada, and secured vast sums of money for that purpose. Thayer, on page 197 of *Kansas Crusades*, says: "After his midnight murders in Kansas all the people about Ossawatimie assembled to express their indignation and to take measures to bring the fiends to justice. Here on the most friendly terms met the Free State and Slave State settlers. In the overshadowing gloom of such terrible crime, all partisan issues were forgotten. The underlying brotherhood of man asserted itself in unity against an enemy of the human race. But what enemy? John Brown, with characteristic lying, denied that he was present at the massacre, or that he had anything to do with it. No fact in history is now better established than the fact that he was ather of the crime and leader of the assassins. After the Free State men in Kansas repudiated Brown and his practices, he put all of his energies in the work of preparing the nucleus of an army with which he planned for years for the invasion of one of the Slave states. In December, 1857, Brown accompanied by eight white men and one negro and wit the plunder stolen in Missouri made their way to Cedar county, Iowa, stopping at the village of Springdale, where Brown left them for a period of three months while he was lecturing in the New England states, making frantic appeals to his audiences for funds, as he claimed to provide the necessaries of life for poor destitute Free State settlers in Kansas. At one time claiming that he knew of an attack to be made on a certain settlement in Kansas by Missourians and secured \$500 in cash. It is needless to say this money was used to pay board for his little army that was being drilled for service at the little Iowa town of Springdale. While on this eastern tour Brown stopped in Collinsville, Connecticut, for a few days, and while there made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Charles Blair, a blacksmith of Collinsville, with whom he made a contract to make 1 000 pikes, which Brown claimed was to be given the Free State settlers in Kansas to protect their homes with."

According to Blair's testimony before the U. S. Senate committee investigating the invasion of Virginia, Brown showed Blair a large double edged dagger that he claimed to have been taken from Captain Pate in Kansas, and said that a blade like that fastened to a pole about six feet long, would make a good weapon to furnish the settlers to keep in their log cabins to protect themselves and families. Blair agreed to make 1,000 of these weapons with a double-edged blade or spear about 15 inches long riveted to a fork handle about 5 or 6 feet long for \$1.00 each or \$1,000. Later the order was changed by Brown requesting Blair to fix the heads so they could be screwed on to the handles, in order that they could be packed for shipping better. Brown paid \$350 down and an additional \$200 in a short time, but did not finish paying for the work until June, 1859. Blair had not heard from Brown for a long time and considered the contract forfeit-

ed, but on the 3rd of June, 1859, Brown turned up in Collinsville and wanted the pikes finished up immediately. Blair told Brown that he had supposed for a long time that the contract was forfeited, that he was differently situated than when he entered into the contract, and asked Brown what possible use the pikes could be to him then as the trouble in Kansas was about settled. Brown said that the pikes were no good to anybody as they were, but if finished up that he might be able to get something out of them. He still persisted in the claim that they were just the thing for the poor settlers in Kansas. He finally made arrangements with Blair whereby the pikes were to be completed as soon as possible, and paid the balance of \$1,000, the contract price. During the winter of 1857 and 1858, Brown's little army consisted of Realf, Kagi, Cook, Stevens, Tidd, Leeman, Moffatt, Parsons and Owen Brown, also a negro by the name of Richardson. The parties above named were drilled all winter by Stevens. They were supported by Brown who boarded them with a farmer named Maxom, and it was known by these men that Brown was preparing for an invasion in the mountainous regions of Virginia.

In April, 1858, Brown returned to his little army and while there recruited two new men for his army, George Gill and Stewart Taylor. After spending a few days at Springdale, Brown transferred his army to Canada via Chicago and Detroit, stopping at Chatham, Canada West. From thence Brown sent out a lot of circular letters to different parties in the States inviting them to attend a quiet convention of the friends of freedom to be held at Chatham on the 10th day of May, 1858. During the stay of Brown and his party in Canada, they boarded with a colored man. On the 8th day of June, a constitutional convention was held, and a constitution promulgated and adopted, and two days later another convention was held at which officers for the provisional government were elected. At the first convention John Brown said that for twenty or thirty years the idea had possessed him like a passion to free the slaves. He believed that a successful excursion could be made into some mountainous part of the South, that all of the free negroes of the North would flock to his standard as well as the slaves of the South so soon as freed; that money could be obtained from rich people in the eastern and northern states to equip the expedition. A negro doctor in Chatham was very enthusiastic over the prospective invasion and assured Brown that every negro in Canada would go with him. The constitutional convention was presided over by a negro preacher and John Kagi, Brown's son-in-law, acted as secretary. At this constitutional convention where a constitutional and provisional government was promulgated the convention was composed entirely of Brown, his sons and son-in-law, and the men taken by Brown from Iowa, and a few negroes, very few of whom could write their names. The convention was a secret one, held behind closed and guarded doors, and the evidence of one of the leaders was that the white people in and about Chatham knew nothing about the provisional constitutional convention.

After the adjournment of the convention Brown and the white men who had accompanied him to Canada, went to Cleveland, Ohio, and with

the exception of Brown found employment in the country near Cleveland as Brown's funds were very low, Brown himself going East to raise more money. He kept in touch with the men by correspondence and they were notified when to assemble to meet him on his return. His success was not very great. He came back with only about \$300 which he divided among the men who were with two or three exceptions allowed to go back to their homes and hold themselves ready for action when called upon. Realf was sent East on the trail of a man whom Brown had once employed and trusted and whom he had learned was going to betray his plans to the government. John E. Cook was sent to Harper's Ferry, Virginia, there to remain as agent of John Brown and to carry out such orders as he might from time to time receive. Some time in July, John Brown himself went to Harper's Ferry under the assumed name of Isaac Smith and was accompanied by two of his sons-in-law, claimed to be a farmer from New York, and rented a small farm on the Maryland side of the river, and to this place he called his men to him. He kept a few men at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to receive the arms that he had ordered shipped to that point. These arms consisted of 200 Sharps carbines, which had been purchased in 1856 by the Massachusetts State Kansas committee for the use of the Free State settlers in Kansas, were shipped to Chicago and later to Tabor, Iowa, and had never got to their destination, but were placed under the control of the National Kansas committee, which was composed of one member from each of the slave-holding states. At a meeting of this committee in January, 1857, Brown appeared and made application for these arms, claiming he wanted to use them in Kansas—wanted to distribute them among the Free State settlers for their protection in case of an invasion from the Slave states. The committee was suspicious of him, however, and voted the arms back to the Massachusetts Kansas committee from whom Brown succeeded in getting control of the arms. There was also 200 revolvers which a man by the name of Stearns, who appeared to be a great admirer of Brown, had paid for and put in Brown's possession. The above with the 1 000 pikes made in Connecticut for the use of the negroes, provided arms for an army of fourteen hundred men. In addition to the 200 revolvers furnished John Brown by Stearns, he was authorized to draw on Stearns for \$7,000.

By the middle of October, 1859, Brown's plans had sufficiently matured to begin action. The arms shipped from Massachusetts to Chambersburg, Pa., had been delivered. His little army was assembled and on the night of the 16th about midnight he crossed the bridge from the Maryland side with 18 of his men and immediately took possession of the buildings composing the United States Arsenal. The inhabitants of the village were asleep. There was not an armed soldier there for the protection of all the government stores at this important arsenal. Brown found the gate leading to the works locked, and the watchman on duty refused to open it, but it was quickly forced open and the watchman made prisoner. Brown's baggage train consisted of a one-horse wagon which carried their extra arms. Brown took possession of a strong brick building used for an engine room, and stationed armed guards at the street corners and over the Arsenal

buildings where the arms were stored. After getting full possession of the Arsenal and village without an alarm, an armed party was sent out into the country to bring in as hostages some of the most prominent men, and to gather up all the slaves they could find. Cook, who had been in the locality for a year and knew the country well, led this party to the residence of Colonel Washington with whom he had become somewhat acquainted, roused the Colonel out of bed, after breaking open the door, made a prisoner of him, and took such arms as could be found, including a sword which had been a present from Frederick the Great to General Washington, and which was appropriated and worn by Brown while in command of Harper's Ferry. Washington and several other men were brought to Harper's Ferry and confined in a strong room, while their slaves were armed with the pikes before mentioned and made to do guard duty and assist wherever desired. The first alarm given of the invasion by an armed foe was on the arrival of a mail train on the B. & O. Road from Wheeling to Baltimore. Brown had stationed two armed guards on the bridge with orders to allow no one to pass. On the arrival of the train it was promptly stopped by the guards. Soon after the arrival of the train a free negro who was employed by the railroad company came out on the bridge, was ordered to halt, but turned back towards the office and was shot in the back and killed by the guard.

When daylight came the villagers who had slept peacefully through the momentous night, and the male portion of whom were principally employed on the government works, came forth to resume their duties, they were promptly seized by Brown's men and hurried to the engine room as prisoners, and in a short time Brown had twice as many prisoners as soldiers. It was well into the day before the alarm spread, but when once given it spread rapidly, and as it became known that an armed party had seized the Arsenal and had parties of armed men out freeing the slaves and taking them away, the people hurriedly armed and enrolled themselves in bands and prepared to attack the invaders. The villagers themselves, before outside help had arrived, attacked and killed, or captured a detachment of Brown's men who were guarding Hall's Rifle Works, which was somewhat detached from the main Arsenal buildings. Armed bands of citizens arrived at the Ferry and laid siege to Brown's position and during the day all of Brown's men who were not with him in the engine house were killed or captured, except a small squad on the Maryland side of the river who made their escape. Two citizens of Virginia had been killed during the day by Brown's men. The party immediately under Brown remained barricaded in the engine house all day Monday. They had with them as prisoners, ten very prominent men whom Brown held as hostages, and on whom he depended to be able to make terms with the authorities if his move was unsuccessful.

During the day firing was kept up by besiegers and besieged. Two of Brown's men had been killed in the building, and a citizen had been killed without. The train that had been held for several hours by Brown's men, when allowed to proceed, rapidly spread the news of the raid, and on the report reaching Washington, Colonel Robert E. Lee was ordered to take a

company of Marines and proceed to the scene of strife. His second in command was J. E. B. Stuart, famous afterward as a Confederate Cavalry leader, and killed in battle. Lee arrived in the night too late to get a complete knowledge of the situation, but made arrangements to attack at daylight. But Lee said the safety of the ten gentlemen whom Brown held as hostages was of painful consideration.

Lee, in his report, further says: "As soon after daylight as arrangements could be made, Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, who had accompanied me from Washington as a staff officer, was dispatched with a flag of truce with a written summons to the leader of the insurgents to surrender." But he says: "Knowing the character of the leader I did not expect it would be accepted. I had therefore directed that the Volunteer troops under their commanders should be paraded on the lines assigned them outside the Armory, and prepared a storming party of twelve Marines under Lieutenant Green, and had placed them near to the engine house and secure from its fire. Three Marines were furnished sledge hammers to break in the doors, and the men were instructed how to distinguish our citizens from the insurgents. Also to attack with the bayonet and not injure the blacks unless they resisted. Lieutenant Stuart was also instructed not to receive any counter propositions from the insurgents. If they accepted our terms they must immediately give up their arms and release the prisoners, if they did not he must immediately on leaving give me a signal. My object in order to save our citizens was to have as short a lapse of time as possible between the parley and attack. The summons was, as I anticipated, rejected. At the concerted signal the storming party moved quickly to the door and commenced the attack. The fire engines in the house had been placed close to the doors, the doors were fastened by ropes which prevented them being broken by blows from the hammers. The men were, therefore, ordered to drop the hammers and use as a battering ram, a heavy ladder with which they dashed in a part of the door and gave admission to the storming party. The fire up to this time had been harmless. At the threshold one marine fell mortally wounded. The rest, led by Lieutenant Green and Major Russell, quickly ended the contest. The insurgents that resisted were bayoneted. Their leader, John Brown, was cut down by the sword of Lieutenant Green, and our citizens were protected by both officers and men. Thus ended most disastrously the plans entertained by Brown for more than twenty years. He jeopardized and sacrificed his own life as well as the lives of his sons and sons-in-law, to free and set at liberty men who did not care to be free, and who hastened back to their masters as soon as released."

Lee sent Stuart out to bring in the pikes, guns and pistols stored in a schoolhouse near the Ferry, and made a list of same with list of names and casualties in the short but sanguinary struggle. Those pikes, but very few of which were ever put into the hands of slaves as designed by Brown, have a sequel to their history. It will be remembered that Stonewall Jackson captured and burned Harpers' Ferry in 1861, and the building in which the pikes had been stored was burned with contents. Some time after the Civ-

il war was over, the pikes with vast quantities of other obsolete government stores was condemned and sent to Rock island Arsenal to be sold. Some man, I have been told the same who made the pikes for Brown, bought up the heads, which was all remaining of the pikes, at a very small cost, and sold them for relics for about four times what they originally cost Brown. The Ellis collection of Maquoketa has two of these pikes whose history is well authenticated.

The following is a list of the insurgents captured or killed by Col. Lee, as reported by him:

John Brown of New York, badly wounded; a prisoner; was Commander-in-Chief.

Aaron C. Stevens, Connecticut; Captain; badly wounded; prisoner.

Edwin Copic, Iowa, Lieutenant; unhurt; prisoner.

Oliver Brown, New York, Captain; killed.

Watson Brown, New York, Captain; killed.

Albert Hazlett, Pennsylvania, Lieutenant; killed.

William Leeman, Maine, Lieutenant; killed.

Stuart Taylor, Canada, private; killed.

Charles P. Tidd, Maine, private; killed.

William Thompson, New York, private; killed.

Adolph Thompson, New York, private; killed.

John Kaggi, Ohio, private; killed.

Jeremiah Anderson, Indiana, private; killed.

John E. Cook, Connecticut, Captain; killed.

Negroes—Dangerfield, Newly, Ohio, killed; Louis Leary, Oberlin, Ohio, killed; Green Shields (Alianas Emperor), New York, unhurt, prisoner; O. P. Anderson, Pennsylvania, escaped.

List of killed and wounded by the insurgents: F. Beckham, railroad agent and mayor of Harper's Ferry, killed; G. W. Turner, Virginia, killed; Thomas Boerly, Harper's Ferry, killed; Haywood Shepherd, negro railroad porter, killed; Private Quinn, Marine Corps, killed; Mr. Murphy, wounded.

The following persons, first name not given, were wounded: Young, Richardson, Hammond, McCabe, Dorsey, Hooper, Woollet and Private Rupert of Marine Corps.

The Harper's Ferry episode excited and alarmed the people of the South more than anything had ever done. They were stunned by the fact that an armed body of men had entered their borders, captured a United States Arsenal with large quantities of stores, had boldly went forth arresting the most prominent citizens of the country and confining them as prisoners of war, and carrying off not alone the slaves, but horses, mules, wagons and any other property they thought might be useful to them, and after the insurrection had been put down, and it was found that the insurgents had bought arms sufficient to equip an army, and the papers found on the bodies of the killed or captured, proved that there was a conspiracy far more reaching than ever dreamed of by the people of the South. It was shown that men of wealth in several different States were willing to contribute most liberally of their means to help slaves to escape from their masters, and were willing to furnish any sum of money required to arm and equip an

army to invade the South and forcibly take the slaves from their owners. The Southerners were convinced that their institutions could never be safe again with such an adverse feeling in the North. The State governments of the North was almost equally alarmed with the South, for they saw clearly the danger of a divided Union, and were willing to make concessions. But the feeling in the South had reached such a state that compromise was impossible. The South began at once to take steps to prevent and make impossible another invasion of their territory and an attack on their institutions or property, and it is safe to say that from the date of Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry, the preparations of the South for a struggle with the North, which they clearly foresaw, commenced and never stopped until the surrender of Lee at Appomatox.

The career of John Brown for the last five years of his life is of peculiar interest to Iowans for the reason that all of his movements radiated from Iowa. During his days of warfare in Kansas, Tabor, Iowa, was his base of operations. When he made a raid into Missouri he brought his plunder to Iowa, and it was at Springdale in Cedar county that he placed his little army. His underground railway, as it was called, was through Iowa. West Branch, Iowa, was also headquarters for Brown, and an old hotel which stood there as late, I think, as 1900, was pointed out to visitors as one of the stations where John Brown kept runaway negroes. A dozen years ago the old house still stood near Springdale where Brown's little army was quartered, and a friend who visited the historic spot said the ground still showed like an outline map, where Brown's army maneuvered and practiced military tactics half a century ago. The old residents in and about Springdale are full of reminiscences of John Brown and his men, and take a great deal of pleasure in pointing out the places of interest as connected with the famous old Abolitionist.



Early Local History

OLD SETTLERS MEET.

A Large Attendance and Happy Time Enjoyed

The Old Settlers' meeting held in Maquoketa, Thursday, Sept. 14, was one of the most enjoyable affairs in the history of the organization. It was held at the M. E. church, where there is every facility for such a gathering, a good cool kitchen and dining room in the basement with chairs and tables. By 11:30 a.m. the ladies had commenced their dinner, which was served at 12:30, and was one of the best ever given by the society. President Mitchell was unable to attend, the only regret of having been left alone in the bank, and at 2 o'clock the ladies called the meeting to order and proceeded to put on the program made up for this day. The veterans Jim: Jim Benson, Arthur and Jim McManis, Mrs. and Mrs. Lou Anderson furnished the musical entertainment.

A quartet composed of Mrs. E. J. Haddock, Mrs. C. L. Rippe, Mrs. Geo. and Mrs. C. J. Gaudin sang a number of appropriate pieces. Geo. sang a solo; Ed Williams also sang a song which he accompanied on a banjo and had to sing another.

All of the above names were entitled to a vote of thanks as well as the attitude of the society and then went.

- The program carried out was as follows:
- Literature—Anderson for 1840.
 - Song, America—Led by quartet in which audience joined.
 - Prayer singing.
 - Invocation—Rev. A. T. Foster.
 - Paper—Prepared for the occasion by Levi Wagner, who was read, read by W. A. Gregory.
 - Music—Orchestra.
 - Pioneer preaching—Rev. H. H. H.
 - Solo—Mrs. Wilson.
 - Reminiscence of the past at 1840 and 1850—D. A. Fletcher.
 - A tale of personal experience and reminiscence of Mrs. Mary H. H.
 - Song—Long, Long Ago, and March to the Air by quartet. Mrs. C. J. Gaudin played accompaniment for the quartet on the organ.

Erected in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Maquoketa, Iowa, July 4, 1905, by the Jackson County Historical Society.

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Early Local History.

OLD SETTLERS MEET.

A Large Attendance and Happy Time Enjoyed by All.

The Old Settler's meeting held in Maquoketa, Thursday, Sept. 17th, was one of the most enjoyable affairs in the history of the organization. It was held at the M. E. church where there is every facility for such an occasion, a good cool kitchen and dining room in the basement with stoves, chairs and tables. By 10:30 o'clock a m the ladies had commenced preparing for dinner, which was served at 12:30, and was one of the best ever spread for the society. President Mitchell was unable to attend the meeting on account of having been left alone in the bank, and at 2 o'clock Secretary J. W. Ellis called the meeting to order and proceeded to put on the program. Martial music was furnished by three veteran Jims: Jim Benadom, Jim Carter and Jim McDonald. Mr. and Mrs. Lou Anderson furnished the instrumental music.

A quartet composed of Z. M. Hoelmb, Mrs. C. L. Ripple, Mrs. F. H. Wilson and Mrs. C. M. Sanborn sang a number of appropriate pieces. Mrs. Wilson sang a solo; Ed Williams also sang a song which he accompanied with a banjo and had to sing another.

All of the above named are entitled to a vote of thanks as well as the gratitude of the society, and, then some.

The program carried out was as follows:

Overture—Anderson or hestra.

Song, America—Led by quartet in which audience joined, standing while singing.

Invocation—Rev. A. T. Foster.

Paper—Prepared for the occasion by Levi Wagoner, who was unable to attend, read by W. C. Gregory.

Music—Orchestra.

Pioneer preaching—Rev. Millikan.

Solo—Mrs. Wilson.

Reminiscence of the panic of 1858 and 1859—D. A. Fletcher.

A tale of personal experience and reminiscence of Mrs. Mary Anderson.

Song—Long, Long Ago, and Music in the Air by quartet. Mrs. J. C. Nitchie played accompaniment for the quartet on the organ.

Mrs. Carrie Edwards gave a reading in her usual happy manner.

J. A. Buchner gave a reminiscent talk of personal experience in early days in the big woods, which pleased the audience very much.

Ed. Williams sang a song of his own composition, which elicited rounds of applause and an encore brought out another equally pleasing.

Mrs. I. K. Krane told of early days, so very early that few present could remember back so far. Told of raising watermelons of which they made syrup with which to preserve crab apples, grapes and plums.

Will Cundill, our local poet, entertained the audience in his inimitable way, after which Mr. Ellis, acting as chairman, called for the election of officers, which resulted in the following election by acclamation:

President—J. A. Buchner.

Vice President—J. N. Nims.

Secretary and Treasurer—J. W. Ellis.

There were 300 old settlers present, but only 92 registered.

The officers of the society are deeply grateful to the officers of the M. E. church for their hospitality, as well as to all who took part in the entertainment.

Old Settlers Obituary List For 1908.

Mrs. Mary Reynolds Depew, born in Linn County Iowa in 1842, died in Maquoketa, Aug. 20 1907.

Mrs. Sylvia Laird, born, Rutland County Vt. May 26 1840, came to Iowa 1865, died Sept. 5th 1907.

Clinton M Graul born Aug. 30 1844, Reading Pa, came to Maquoketa in 1877, died Sept 5th, 1907

W. B. Hunter born, Beaver County, Pa. 1834, came to Iowa in pioneer days, died Sept. 1907, an old settler.

Mrs. W. P. Dunlap born, Warren County N. Y. May 16th 1840, came to Jackson County, July 10th. 1841, died Sept. 1907. Pioneer.

Lydia Elmira (Chandler) Wilcox born. in Canada April 1824, died Nov. 16 1907 came to Maquoketa 1844, A Pioneer.

Daniel Pillsbury Kimball, born in Lawrens County, Ohio May 18 1853, came to Iowa, 1853, died Nov. 1907.

Mrs. S A Shattuck, born Reading County Vt. Jan 27th 1824, came to Iowa 1854, died Dec. 4th. 1907.

Ansel P Simpson, born, Schoon, N. Y. Aug. 1841, came to Iowa 1865, died Dec 5th 1907, Veteran of Civil war.

Wm. Fox, Veteran of Mexican and Civil wars, died Dec. 5th 1907, aged about 103 years.

Seneca I. Griffin, born near Maquoketa Sept 27th 1858, died Dec. 24 1907.

Etta (Ogden) Bolton, born, Clinton County Iowa Dec. 14 1858, died Dec. 23 1907.

Mrs. Fliza (Stephens) McMeans, born, Leesburg, Ohio March 17th 1841, came to Iowa 1844 died Dec 26th 1907.

Abigal Reed Crane, born, Moriah N. Y., March 20 1825, came to Maquoketa 1854, died Jan. 20 1908.

Martha (Sutton) Thompson, born Fayette County Pa. March 17. 1837, came to Iowa 1851, died Jan. 20 1908 Pioneer.

Chas. D. Follett born, North Haven, Vt. June 24, 1825 came to Maquoke a May 1862, died Feb. 7th 1908.

Mrs Emma Connery, born, Glens Falls, N. Y.. Oct. 20, 1828 came to Iowa, 1854, died Feb. 16th 1908.

Zera S. Patterson, born, Ashtobula Cou: ty, Ohio Feb. 1838, came to Iowa 1855, died Feb. 24 1908.

Margaret Ann (Case) Carrol, born in Ohio Sept. 1847, came to Iowa 1851, died Feb. 25. 1908

Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, born, at Fort Erie, Canada June 1819, came to Maquoketa 1854, died March 1 1908.

Elizabeth (Boyd) Beesley, born, Coburg, Canada June 1833, came to Iowa 1859, died March 1 1908.

Mrs. Chas. Wycok, born, Valona Springs, N Y. Aug. 11 1835, came to Iowa 1855, died April 16th 1908.

Robt. Chandler born, St Johns Canada 1835, came to Iowa 1845, died June 1908.

Mrs John, Said born, Carthage, Ill, Aug 7th 1849, came to Iowa in 1849, died June 8th 1908. A Pioneer.

Pheobe Sweesey, born, Rutland Vt Aug 1825, came to Iowa 1866, died June 29 1908

Mrs. Clara (Vath) Holcomb, born New York City Feb 3 1855, came to Iowa 1855, died June 30 1908.

M. Littell, born, St. Thomas Canada in 1827, came to Iowa, 1850, died July 30, 1908. Pioneer.

Expenses of Old Settlers Picnic for 1908.

Invitations, cards, printing, stationery and postage.....	\$ 2 50	Ribbon for badges and pins.....	2 61
Extra help in office.....	2 00	Pork and beans.....	1 05
Scouring knives, forks and spoons	1 50	Coffee and sugar.....	75
Washing dish towels and meat for roast.....	3 00	Soap, salt, pepper and eggs.....	24
Kitchen help.....	4 00	Rent of dishes.....	2 30
Butter.....	.50	One-half bushel potatoes.....	35
Bread.....	50	Roasting meat.....	50
Milk.....	10	Printing badges.....	1 00
Janitors work at Church and 1 gallon oil.....	1 85		
		Total receipts from registering.	22 00
		Deficiency	\$ 2 75

Old Settlers in Attendance.

BORN	WHERE BORN	TO IOWA
Edward Taubman.....Oct. 24, 1832 ..	Isle of Mann.....	1854
M. D. WatsonFeb. 28, 1844.....	Penn.....	1865
J. N. Nims.....July 23, 1846.....	Iowa.....	
Dr. Chas. CollinsAug. 20, 1867.....	Iowa.....	
Mrs. J. N. Nims.....May 26, 1862	Iowa.....	
Lizzie Jaynes.....Oct. 7, 1857.....	Iowa.....	

Mary Ulrich.....	Dec 5, 1845.....	Germany.....	1867
Mrs M. Rice.....	Sept 28, 1848	Penn.....	1868
M. E. Fulton	Mch. 11, 1833.....	New York	1847
Albert Gee	July 29, 1829	Ohio.....	1845
Mary E McDonald	Oct. 25, 1839.....	Indiana.....	1848
Albert Bently.....	Oct 16, 1848	Iowa.....	
Miles Eaton.....	Sept. 17 1827	New York	1839
Mark W. Current.....	Aug. 8, 1837	Canada.....	1848
Eliza J. Currant.....	Mch 19, 1838.....	Ill.....	
Almeda Fenton.....	Nov. 26, 1842	Iowa.....	1842
Walter Gregory.....	Dec. 4, 1861	Wis.....	1861
Melissa Sagers	Aug. 16, 1835.....	Ohio.. ..	1852
J A Carson.....	May 13, 1844	Ohio.. ..	1868
Murray Eaton.....	April 13, 1849	Iowa.....	1849
Sadie Eaton.....	Aug. 12, 1858	Wis.....	1861
Elizabeth Weldy.....	Mch 13, 1870.....	Canada.....	1878
Anna Organ	Nov. 16, 1846.....	Ill.....	1856
J. W. Ellis	Nov. 25, 1848.....	Danville, Ind.....	1852
Mary King Phillip.....	Aug. 20, 1844	Penn.....	1856
J. A. Buchner.....	Oct. 12, 1856.....	Jackson, Iowa	18 9
W. B. Swigart.....	June 22, 1857	Maquoketa, Iowa.....	1857
Z M. Holcomb.....	July, 15, 1852.....	Lima, Ohio.....	1863
E. R. Cain.....	May, 26, 1849.....	Canada.....	1864
E. W. Wilson.....	Jan, 16, 1838	Ireland	1856
A. J. Phillips.....	Jan 6, 1832	Mch.....	1837
W P Dunlap	July 7, 1833	Virginia.....	1858
John Degraw.....	Dec. 22, 1833.....	Canada.....	1859
N. E Potter	May 23, 1850.....	Jackson Co. Iowa.....	
Joe Brady	Aug 14, 1838	Penn.....	1854
Mary E. Ripley.....	June 5, 1847.....	Chicago, Ill	1876
Eliza Davenport.....	Mch, 14, 1844.....	New York.....	18 9
James R Wyrick.....	Nov, 1, 1836	Virginia.....	1865
L. W. Scott.....	Sept, 14, 1863.....	Iowa.....	
F. H. Storm.....	Jan, 14, 1861.....	Ill	1862
James Fairbrother	Feb, 14, 1847.....	Iowa	
A. J. Riggs.....	June, 21, 1832	New York.....	1837
E. L. Cook.....	Oct, 9, 1831.....	Canada.....	1848
Mrs. I. K. Crane.....	June, 5, 1836	Penn	1848
Mrs. John Gregg	Apr, 26, 1850.....	Geneva Lake, Wis.....	1863
Mrs. E Jane Riggs.....	Mch, 15, 1844	Ohio.....	1852
Wm. Cundill.....	Sept, 27, 1855	Iowa.....	1855
Ella Cundill.....	Sept, 12, 1864.....	Iowa.....	1864
Wm. Reel.....	Feb. 9, 1842.....	Ohio.....	1857
Frank Keeley.....	Feb, 24, 1844.....	Ind.....	1853
Geo Dunlap.....	Mch, 25, 1864.....	Iowa.....	1864
Loyal Goddard.....	Sept, 29, 1848	Iowa.....	1848
Mary Shaw.....	Feb, 15, 1848.....	Iowa.....	1848

Rob't. M. Woods.....	Jan, 14, 1842.....	Ind.....	1850
Maria Roach.....	Aug, 26, 1834.....	Ind.....	1850
Mrs. Emily Williams.....	May, 8, 1841.....	Vermont.....	1852
Dr. L. L. Riggs.....	Aug, 29, 1868.....	Iowa.....	1868
Mary Goodenow Anderson.....	Aug, 15, 1846.....	Iowa.....	1846
Mary Williams Struble....	Feb, 22, 1858.....	Jackson Co, Iowa.....	1858
Emma Rhody Morey.....	May, 29, 1828.....	New York.....	1846
Louis Anderson.....	Jan, 19, 1854.....	Iowa.....	1854
Ella Decker Anderson.....	Dec, 26, 1855.....	New York.....	1867
Eliza Wright Goodenow...	1818	1840
D. A. Fletcher.....	May, 18, 1851.....	New York.....	1856
E H Maskery.....	Feb, 28, 1831.....	Penn.....	1855
Richard Bradley.....	Oct, 5, 1841.....	Ill.....	1849
Mrs. D. F. Hunt.....	July, 18, 1833.....	Mass.....	1855
Mrs. Warren S. Clark.....	July, 12, 1831.....	Vermont.....	1854
A. G. Bertleson.....	Jan, 27, 1832.....	Germany.....	1853
Ella Carson.....	June, 15, 1854.....	Ohio.....	1855
Gertrude Buchner.....	Sept, 6, 1863.....	Iowa.....
S. T. McCarron.....	Nov, 29, 1827.....	Bedfordshire, England.....	1855
Mary C. McAuley.....	Sept, 12, 1847.....	Ohio.....	1851
Charity Keeley.....	Sept, 30, 1859.....	New York.....	1853
Eliza A. Hunter.....	July, 3, 1828.....	New York.....	1850
C. U. Johnson.....	Aug, 11, 1843.....	Iowa.....
Lizzie Jenkins.....	Aug, 1, 1865.....	Penn.....	1868
Sophia Penrose.....	May, 15, 1829.....	Penn.....	1868
Geo Jenkins.....	Feb, 23, 1847.....	New York.....
Mrs. S. Nickerson.....	July, 15, 1838.....	New York.....	1855
Emily Taylor.....	Nov, 19, 1818.....	New York.....	1853
H. M. Tracy.....	Aug, 14, 1858.....	Iowa.....	1858
Ava May Johnson.....	Jan, 22,	Buffalo, New York.....
Sam Chambell.....	Dec, 5, 1854.....	Ireland.....
Dan Small.....	Oct,	Ireland.....	1869
Mrs. Joe Brady.....	Dec, 12, 1849.....	Penn.....	1854
Julia Brammer.....	June, 26, 1857.....	Iowa.....	1857
Martha Van Emburge.....	Feb, 1, 1844.....	Canada.....	1856
Mrs. Myron Collins.....	Feb, 27, 1838.....	Ill.....	1849
Dr. A. B. Bowen.....	Apr, 12, 1842.....	Conn.....	1868
Mary A Prindle.....	June, 20, 1840.....	Mich.....	1856
CS Woods.....	Sept, 8, 1852.....	Iowa.....	1852

J. W. ELLIS, SECRETARY.

of the list of old people, Mrs. Jane ... being the
 junior a few months and the oldest also following close in her. These two
 old people are among the first settlers of this county, Mrs. Goodenow being
 here before there was any town of Maymont. These two are enjoying
 good health and energy and serve for people of their ages, and have al-
 ways been highly respected. In conclusion I will say, without fear of con-
 tradiction, there is no prettier or healthier town of its age than May-

MAQUOKETA'S MANY OLD PEOPLE.

A Remarkable Exhibit of the Longevity of Iowa Pioneers.

Maquoketa, Iowa, Oct. 1st, 1908.

Editors of the Sentinel,

Gentlemen: I noticed an article in a paper some time ago that attracted my attention. It spoke of the beauty and health of a certain town, I believe, in Wisconsin, that was about the size of Maquoketa and to show how healthy it was, claimed to have about 140 people living in it that were over 70 years old. This excited my curiosity to know about how many we had living inside of the corporation of the City of Maquoketa of that age, and being a resident of this vicinity myself for more than fifty years gave me quite an extensive acquaintance with that class of people and believed Maquoketa had more people living in it of that age, than the town referred to, I commenced to write down the names, ages, etc., of those I knew to be in their 70th year and older and by the assistance of those who took an interest in it and helped me to get the names and ages of those they were acquainted with. We find there are living inside of the City of Maquoketa over 234 people that are in their 70th year and over. We probably missed a few and two or three that we knew were over 70 years old refused to give their exact age for reasons better known to themselves, consequently their names do not appear on our list. We find 119 men and 115 ladies in their 70th year and over. Total 234. 40 ladies and 21 men over 80 years, 4 men and 7 ladies in their 90th year and over. It will be seen that after they pass 80 years the ladies out-number the men more than two to one.

Uncle Daniel Stephens, as he is familiarly called, stands at the head of the list of old people, Mrs. John E. Goodenow second, only being his junior a few months and the other nine following close in line. These two old people are among the first settlers of this county, Mrs. Goodenow being here before there was any town of Maquoketa. They both are enjoying good health and are spry and active for people of their ages, and have always been highly respected. In conclusion I will say, without fear of contradiction, there is no prettier nor healthier town of its size than Maquo-

keta, it is surrounded by one of the finest farming countries in the State and the people are as good a class of citizens as can be found anywhere on the face of the earth. W. P. DUNLAP.

The following are the names of people in the City of Maquoketa, Iowa, in their 70th year and over:

NAME.	BORN.	CAME TO IOWA.
Schuyler Atherton.....	Oct 20, 1832, in New York.....	1862
J W Anderson.....	Apr 12, 1829, in Scotland.....	1872
Mrs J W Anderson	Dec 23, 1831, in Scotland	1872
John Allison	March 9, 1839, in Canada.....	1866
Calvin Blanchard.....	May 16 1831, New York.....	1866
Mrs Calvin Blanchard.....	Aug 11, 1834, New York	1866
James P Brown.....	Aug 15, 1832, Penn.....	1852
Chas G Brown	June 23, 1835, Ohio.....	1840
Mrs B J Brown.....	May 8, 1828, New York.....	1851
Mrs Chas G Brown.....	April, 1835, New York	1844
N M Balch.....	Jan 25, 1835, New York.....	1865
Jos Brady.....	Aug 14, 1838, Penn.....	1855
Benj Broxam.....	May 1, 1831, England..	1853
H W Beidler.....	Nov 23, 1833, Penn.....	1867
Geo W Bowman.....	March 3, 1825, Virginia....	1847
Jacob K Bowman.....	May 5, 1826, Virginia.....	1851
Isaac Barrett.....	Dec 27, 1820, England	1850
T T Barnes.....	Jan 7, 1835, Canada.....	1837
Mrs T T Barnes.....	Apr 12, 1828, Ireland.....	1848
E M Ballengee.....	Oct 6, 1836, Michigan.....	1868
John S Billups.....	Sept 14, 1837, Bellevue, Iowa	
A G Bertelsen.....	Jan 27, 1832, Germany.....	1853
Mrs A G Bertelsen.....	Oct 4, 1830, Germany.....	1854
C F Barnett	Apr 19, 1835, New York.....	1865
J E Baker.....	July 11, 1838, Ohio.....	1851
Mrs Joel Black.....	Apr 28, 1837, New York.....	1877
Mrs E J Beggs.....	Mar 7, 1831, Penn.....	1852
Mrs Perline Blake.....	Oct 9, 1825, Vermont.....	1865
Miss Emma J Burgoyne....	Mar 13, 1835, England.....	1871
Mrs Lyddie W Burress....	Nov 10, 1827, New York.....	1873
Mrs L D Bears	Feb 4, 1838, New York.....	1855
Mrs John Brumm.....	Apr 9, 1836, Germany.....	1852
Samuel A Clark.....	July 29, 1821, New York....	1886
Mrs Warren F Clark.....	July 12, 1831, Vermont....	1854
Mrs D C Chandler.....	Oct 9, 1836, New York.....	1854
Mrs S N Crane	Nov 7, 1824, New York.....	1845
Mrs I K Crane	June 6, 1836, Penn	1848
Mrs Myron Collins.....	Feb 28, 1833, Ill.....	1850
Mrs Mary A Calkins.....	Jan 14, 1824 New York.....	1848
Mrs John Clary.....	Oct 17, 1819, New York	1860
Mrs Elizabeth Coverdale....	Nov 15, 1832, England	1856
S H Cook.....	May 27, 1838, Ohio	1855

W P Dunlap.....	July 7, 1833, Virginia.....	1857
H A Denniston	June 26, 1833, Penn.....	1853
John DeGraw.....	Dec 28, 1833, Canada.....	1859
Sullivan Dell	May 30, 1825, Penn	1864
Mrs Sullivan Dell.....	Feb 26, 1826, Penn.....	1864
B A Dolph	Aug 27, 1836, New York.....	1888
Mrs Melvin Decker	Nov 25, 1826, New York.....	1863
Gilman Doe.....	June 6, 1836, Maine.....	1861
Miles Eaton.....	Sept 17, 1827, New York.....	1849
Henry Evers.....	Oct 7, 1835, Germany.....	1880
Miss M C Eye.....	Oct 6, 1836, Virginia.....	1867
Mrs James Edleman	Mar 2, 1832, Penn.....	1854
Mrs C A Flathers	May 30, 1835, Ohio	1853
D A Fletcher.....	May 18, 1831, New York.....	1854
Mrs D A Fletcher.....	Feb 14, 1833, Tenn ..	1856
H H French	Dec 25, 1833, New York.....	1852
Mrs Charles Follett.....	Mar 26, 1833, Vermont	1862
M E Finton.....	Mar 11, 1833, New York.....	1847
Mrs J E Goodnow.....	Mar 5, 1818, New York.....	1839
R L Goodnow.....	Dec 27, 1820, New York.....	1845
Mrs R L Goodnow	Feb 8, 1835, Ohio.....	1854
Albert Gee.....	July 29, 1829, Ohio.....	1845
Mrs Albert Gee.....	Feb 8, 1829, Ohio.....	1845
J W Gregory Sr.....	Apr 1, 1834, New York.....	1881
Henry Graham.....	Nov 6, 1837, Ohio.....	1866
J M Gibson.....	July 15, 1818, Canada.....	1850
Mrs William Green.....	1834, Ohio.....	1850
Mrs Sybil Griffin.....	Oct 1, 1835, New York.....	1853
D F House.....	May 2, 1831, New York.....	1854
Mrs D F House.....	July 16, 1833, Massachusetts.....	1855
W D Haven.....	Dec 6, 1830, New York.....	1850
Robert Howell.....	Nov 23, 1835, England.....	1885
Mrs Robert Howell.....	Sept 21, 1830, England.....	1885
I P Hinman.....	Aug 23, 1819.....	1868
H H Hutchins.....	Feb 5, 1839, New York.....	1862
M J Harrington.....	March 27, 1839, New York.....	1865
Mrs R W Henry.....	May 12, 1839, New York.....	
Mrs M M Heide	Feb 16, 1832, Germany.....	1865
Mrs D S Haight.....	June 6, 1828, New York	1854
Mrs Mary Huntington	Nov 10, 1836, Ohio.....	1856
Mrs Monona Hazen.....	April 8, 1873, Pennsylvania.....	1850
Mrs Eliza Hunter	July 3, 1828.....	1850
Mrs Nancy J Hubbell	Dec 11, 1836, Penn.....	1848
Mrs Margaret Haylock	Feb 18, 1836, Ohio.....	1857
Mrs L J Hawes.....	1836, Ireland	1850
Mrs M L Ingalls.....	Oct 12, 1822, New York.....	1869
Mrs J A Isman.....	Aug 27, 1827, New York.....	1861

Rev A J Kingle.....	June 21, 1819, Ohio.....	1957
Marinus King	Feb 21, 1833, Penn.....	1846
Henry Kingsley.....	Dec 6, 1834, New York.....	1867
Mrs Henry Kingsley.....	Feb 17, 1834, New York	1867
Godleib Keiser	June 20, 1831, Germany.....	1868
Mrs Godleib Keiser.....	March 27, 1831, Germany	1868
James Kinrade.....	Aug 15, 1833, Isle of Man.....	1857
Mrs James Kinrade	July 6, 1835, Isle of Man.....	1857
Peter Kaler	Sept 20, 1835, Prusia	1854
Mrs Peter Kaler	June 1, 1836, Virginia	1846
Levi Keck.....	June 11, 1832, Penn.....	1855
John Kegabine.....	June 26, 1835, Germany.....	1867
Mrs John Kegabine	Jan 20, 1838, Germany.....	1867
Mrs Francis Kudlecek....	June 8, 1833, Bohemia.....	1865
John Klima.....	Nov 15, 1834, Austria.....	1871
Mrs Charity Keeley	Sept 30, 1839, New York.....	1853
L S Lovelee.....	July 18, 1838, New York.....	1867
Mrs Harriet J Lockwood...	May 13, 1838, New York.....	1841
Mrs S H Leach.....	Dec 5, 1824, Vermont.....	1856
Mrs Henry LeDoyt.....	Dec 12, 1827, New York.....	1855
Mrs S D Lyman.....	Dec 5, 1824, Vermont.....	1856
Mrs Elizabeth Lubben.....	May 3, 1839, Mo	
John H Morris.....	June 5, 1834, Ohio.....	1850
Mrs John H Morris.....	Feb 22, 1834, New York.....	1840
D C Mishler.....	June 12, 1837, Ohio	1854
H R Maskery.....	Jan 1, 1830, England.....	1855
E D Moulton.....	Apr 16, 1829, New York.....	1845
C H Morehead.....	May 10, 1833, Ohio.....	1814
Mrs C H Morehead.....	June 16, 1831, Ohio.....	1853
Rev S F Millikan.....	Sept 8, 1834, Ohio.....	1872
Mrs S F Millikan	May 3, 1831, New York	1872
James S Mayes.....	Sept 21, 1835, Ohio.....	1860
H P Morse.....	Oct 1, 1837, Mich	1865
W J Moore	Mar 26, 1838, Ohio.....	1860
Mrs E A Morey.....	May 23, 1828, New York	1815
Mrs George Murray.....	Aug 16, 1829, Penn	1855
Mrs Adaline Matthews	Jan 25, 1826, Penn	1856
Mrs E H Maskery	Feb 28, 1831, Penn	1855
Mrs Peter Martin	Nov 18, 1826, Ill.....	1850
Mrs G S Martin.....	Jan 8, 1831, New York.....	1845
Mrs Harriet Moore.....	Nov 16, 1835, Ohio.....	1861
Mrs H W McCarron.....	Nov 27, 1827, England.....	1855
Mrs Delilah Michael	Mar 18, 1837, Penn	1853
Mr R P Minion.....	May 20, 1818, Canada	1864
Mrs Martha J Mitchel	June 30, 1831, Ohio	1866
Mrs W C Moffett	Apr 11, 1833, New York.....	1855
David Neiser.....	Jan 17, 1831, Germany	1871

Conrad Nigg.....	Nov 24, 1834, France.....	1873
Mrs M C Nelson.....	Apr 5, 1822, Denmark.....	1873
Mrs T K Nickerson.....	July 15, 1838, New York.....	1854
John Orr.....	July 24, 1836, Ohio.....	1856
J J Ogden.....	May 1, 1827, Ohio.....	1844
Mrs J J Ogden.....	Oct 20, 1835, Ohio.....	1852
Benjamin Phelps.....	Sept 3, 1832, New York.....	1857
Mrs Benjamin Phelps.....	Dec 9, 1829, Ireland.....	1857
A J Phillips.....	June 6, 1832, New York.....	1837
Dr F G Potter.....	Jan 15, 1832, New York.....	1855
Chris Petersen.....	March 21, 1838, Denmark.....	1871
Mrs Chris Petersen.....	Aug 6, 1838, Denmark.....	1876
Jared Prindle.....	July 9, 1824, New York.....	1878
F E Prior.....	Oct 13, 1832, Ohio.....	1832
Lewis Peters.....	March 27, 1838, Germany.....	1865
Mrs Russel Perham.....	June 7, 1818, New York.....	1849
Mrs Samuel Penrose.....	May 15, 1829, Penn.....	1868
Mrs Delila Parker.....	Nov 4, 1826, Ohio.....	1844
J H Parkinson.....	Nov 27, 1838, Canada.....	1860
A J Riggs.....	June 21, 1832, New York.....	1837
Wm Rathie.....	June 27, 1832, Scotland.....	1838
David Rhea.....	Feb 18, 1835, Tennessee.....	1865
Mrs David Rhea.....	Oct 3, 1833, Indiana.....	1844
John R Roe.....	Dec 28, 1828, New Jersey.....	1856
Mrs John R Roe.....	Jan 15, 1833.....	1851
Norman Rhodes.....	July 9, 1834, New York.....	1854
N O Rhodes.....	June 18, 1837, New York.....	1853
John R Rhodes.....	Aug 18, 1825, Ohio.....	1853
John Roush.....	Feb 13, 1832, Ohio.....	1854
Samuel Roush.....	Jan 1, 1835, Ohio.....	1855
Mrs Samuel Roush.....	May 31, 1837, Ohio.....	1853
Hiram W Robins.....	Feb 7, 1829, Ohio.....	1845
C L Ripple.....	Nov 16, 1837, Penn.....	1855
Mrs Abner Reeve.....	Aug 6, 1818, England.....	1852
Daniel Stephens.....	Dec 26, 1817, Ohio.....	1844
Harvey Stephens.....	Dec 11, 1837, Ohio.....	1844
E D Shinkle.....	Sept 3, 1832, Illinois.....	1838
Francis Shollenberger.....	Nov 21, 1836, Penn.....	1869
C M Sanborn.....	Aug 26, 1835, New York.....	1847
George Sears.....	Aug 7, 1832, Penn.....	1847
Benjamin Sears.....	Nov 22, 1834, Penn.....	1847
Miss Susan Sears.....	May 3, 1836, Penn.....	1847
Mrs Wm Sears.....	June 27, 1833, New York.....	1854
Nicholas Sprank.....	Nov 7, 1823, Germany.....	1873
Daniel Sackrider.....	May 23, 1831, Ohio.....	1857
Caleb Summers.....	Jan 5, 1834, Indiana.....	1846
James Squiers.....	Sept 5, 1835, New York.....	1866

James Swift.....	Dec 11, 1834, Ohio.....	1855
Leonard W Seaver	Dec 11, 1834, New York	1855
J W Savitz.....	Jan 1, 1836, New Jersey	1875
S W Snow.....	Oct 4, 1837, Ohio.....	1866
Mrs S A Shaw.....	June 23, 1838, Indiana	1856
Mrs Ellen Snoddy	April 16, 1831, Ireland.....	1853
Mrs W B Sutherland	March 16, 1833, New York.....	1855
Mrs Shelton Summers.....	May 15, 1828, Kentucky.....	1842
Mrs D E Simpson	June 20, 1831, Penn.....	1850
Mrs Joseph Smola.....	Oct 8, 1838, Germany.....	1850
Mrs S M Swigart	Feb 2, 1839, Ohio.....	1843
Mrs Nathan Said.....	Aug 10, 1819, Ohio... ..	1851
Mrs W L Shrigley	Aug 25, 1837, New York.....	1854
Mrs Julia A Schneider	Dec 10, 1839, Germany.....	1855
Franklin Trout	Jan 1, 1833, Penn.....	1855
Thomas Trout.....	Feb 15, 1835, Penn.....	1856
B F Thomas.....	Oct 9, 1834, Penn.. ..	1856
Mrs B F Thomas	July 1, 1838, New York.....	1853
Thomas Tompkins.....	Sept 14, 1830, England.....	1852
Mrs Thomas Tompkins.....	Nov 16, 1834, Vermont.....	1848
Edwin Taubman.....	Oct 24, 1832, Isle of Man	1852
Charles L Turnow	Sept 7, 1830, Germany	1857
Lyman Thurston.....	May 15, 1835, Illinois.....	
Mrs Lyman Thurston.....	March 11, 1836, Ohio.....	
Mrs Emily Taylor.....	Nov 17, 1818, New York	1853
Mrs Mary A Taylor.....	Jan 14, 1834, Penn.....	1856
Mrs Peter Von Eschen.....	June 24, 1830, Germany.....	1856
John Van Doran.....	Mar 10, 1833, Penn.....	1879
James H Waugh.....	Feb 14, 1831, Ireland.....	1854
E F Waugh.....	Apr 25, 1833, Penn.....	1855
Wm H Waters.....	Oct 13, 1833, Penn... ..	1852
E F Weeman.....	Sept 15, 1836, Penn.....	1854
Mrs E F Weeman	Feb 23, 1838, New York.....	1854
Robert Whyte.....	April 3, 1830, Ireland.....	1889
Mrs Robert Whyte.....	April 28, 1835, Ireland.....	1889
Daniel Whitson	April 28, 1836, Ohio	1868
Birdsell Webster.....	April 4, 1834, New York.....	1853
Seymore Weed	Sept 22, 1831, New York.....	1860
David Wright.....	April 1, 1836, New York.....	1841
Mrs Julia Wendel.....	Jan 8, 1838, Ohio.....	1841
Mrs Henry Williams	Dec 9, 1837, Penn.....	1857
Mrs Ediza Wilson.....	April 23, 1824, Ireland	1852
Mrs Harriet Wetherby.....	July 9, 1821, Ohio.....	1855
John P Zitterel.....	Feb 14, 1836, Germany.....	1857
Mrs John P Zitterel.....	May 10, 1836, Penn.....	1854
Jeremiah Zoda	June 27, 1834, Penn	1881
Mrs Margaret Zimmerman	June 24, 1826, Germany.....	1848

THE TERRITORIAL MILITIA IN JACKSON COUNTY.

(Written for the Jackson County Historical Society by Harvey Reid, Assistant on Mexican War and Territorial Militia Records to the Iowa Soldiers Roster Board.)

Some old lists on file in the office of the Adjutant General at Des Moines throw interesting light on the organization of the territorial militia, so far as it relates to Jackson County, and I have had copies made and present them herewith.

The Iowa Territorial Militia was organized under an act passed by the First Territorial Assembly, which met in the winter of 1838-9. By that act, the Territory was divided into divisions corresponding with the three Judicial districts. Each district contained two brigades, and each brigade consisted of two or more regiments. Eight companies constituted a regiment, and all of those military sub-divisions represented geographical boundaries. The members of the companies included all able bodied males between eighteen and twenty-one. The divisions were commanded by Major Generals, the brigades by Brigadier Generals, and the regiments by Colonels.

The northern, or Third Division included all of the territory north of the south line of Clinton county, and was commanded by Major General Warner Lewis, of Dubuque. The first brigade of that division, included Jackson, Clinton and Jones counties; the second brigade Dubuque, and Clayton counties. The Brigadier General first appointed for the First Brigade was George Cabbage, of Jackson county, who had come from his native state, Delaware, to the lead mines of what was then Michigan Territory at an early date. He took an active part in the Black Hawk war and on the organization of Wisconsin Territory, in 1836, he served for a short time as Adjutant General of the territory. For some reason which does not appear, his nomination as Brigadier General was rejected by the Territorial Council at their session in 1839 and 1840. As his successor, the governor appointed John G. McDonald, of Jackson county. He was a Scotchman, who, before the Black Hawk war, lived in Indiana. He received a commission from President Andrew Jackson as Third Lieutenant in Capt. Jesse B. Brown's company of Major Henry Dodge's battalion of U. S. mounted rangers in July, 1832, and served in that battalion for about a year, or until it was merged into the newly organized First United States

Dragoons. His company, during his service, and stationed at Danville, Illinois, ranged the country about Peoria Lake and the region back of Chicago, was then transferred to the lead mine country, and stationed, for a time, in camp on Fourth Lake, near where Madison now is, and also occupied a position at Helena, on the Wisconsin river, and finally at Dodgeville, the headquarters of the Major commanding the battalion. I think it was while here that he made the acquaintance of Col. Thomas Cox, who had received a contract for surveying the southern tier of townships of Jackson county and who then lived at White Oak Springs, near Dodgeville. McDonald was a practical surveyor and was employed by Cox to take charge of his survey work, and thus became a citizen, so to say, of Jackson county. At the session of the Territorial Assembly held at Burlington in 1839-40, McDonald through Col. Cox's influence was appointed doorkeeper of the House and thus came in touch with the Governor and Adjutant General Ver Planck Van Antwerp and his military experience gained him the appointment to the important military rank that was given him. The first regiment of the first brigade included five or six companies from Jackson county and two or three from Clinton county it being then very thinly settled, as compared with Jackson. Owing to the lack of timber in Clinton county, it was regarded by the early settlers as "desert land". The first colonel of this regiment was John H. Rose, of Bellevue, clerk of the Board of County Commissioners. He soon removed to Galena and was succeeded as Colonel by Anson Harrington, of Bellevue, as we learn by one of the letters quoted. The Lieutenant Colonel was Charles Swan one of the townsite proprietors of Charlestown, now Sabula, and the Major was the well known William A. Warren, of Bellevue. Following are the officers of the several companies of the first regiment:

First Company, Camanche, Clinton county—James Calborne, Captain: William P. Merrill, First Lieutenant: Israel Day, Second Lieutenant. Mr. Day soon after removed to Charleston.

The second company seems never to have been organized, and names of officers do not appear on the records.

Third Company, Buckhorn, Jackson county—Henry G. Mallard, Captain; William Vosburgh, First Lieutenant; Calvin Teeple Second Lieutenant.

Fourth Company, Andrew, Jackson county—John G. McDonald, Captain, John Webb, First Lieutenant, Amaziah Janes, Second Lieutenant.

McDonald, as before stated, was promoted to Brigadier General.

Fifth Company, Jeremiah Wood, Captain; Thomas Coombs, First Lieutenant, William L. Harrison, Second Lieutenant. Capt Wood was a Charleston man but I have been unable to find anything whatever in regard to Coombs or Harrison.

Sixth Company, Bellevue, Jackson county—Joseph S. Mallard, Captain: Isaac Jones, First Lieutenant: John Smith, Second Lieutenant.

Seventh Company, (also appears as Co. A) DeWitt, Clinton county, Robert C. Bourne, Captain: Matthew A. Harrington, First Lieutenant: John Brophy, Second Lieutenant.

Eighth Company, Tete des Mort township, Jackson county—David G. Bates, Captain; William D. Stephens, First Lieutenant; Franklin Stukey, Second Lieutenant.

The staff officers of that First Regiment appear in the letter of Col. John H. Rose. Mr. Moss and Mr. Sublett lived in Bellevue; Dr. Wood and Mr. Crary, in Charleston. I have been unable to learn anything about John Bending, who succeeded Charles Swan as Lieutenant Colonel of the First Regiment.

Belle View, Jackson County, I. T., April 15th, 1839.

To Robert Lucas, Governor of Iowa Territory.

Sir:—If I am not in error it becomes the duty of the respective commanders of Regiments to appoint their staff. In obedience to that duty I have the honour to transmit to Your Excellency the names of the following gentlemen for the respective offices named, with the full confidence that the election will meet with your Excellency's cordial approbation, and that they will be commissioned as early as practicable. For Surgeon, Enoch A. Wood; Paymaster, Oliver A. Crary; Quartermaster, John T. Sublett; Adjutant James K. Moss, First Regiment of First Brigade, Third Division.

If anything is wanting or wrong in the above your excellency will have the kindness to inform me by a line. With great respect, I am your very
Obt. Servant,

JOHN H. ROSE.

P. S.—Permit me to inform your excellency that the commission to Jeremiah Bettis, Esq., for Judge of Probate, has never been taken out of the office, and that said J. Bettis has left the county and territory (lives now in Galea, Ill.) Under these circumstances our Acting Judge of Probate James K. Moss fears a delay without further advice what to do. The term prescribed by law (12 months) will have expired before the session of the legislature. I have no particular advice to give neither has E. J. Moss any anxiety further than to acquit himself honourably, but I am free to remark that I think had the good of the county been consulted by some of our delegates instead of personal spleen and rancorous verulence originating in political strife they would have acquitted themselves with much more honour. The information is that Mr. Hempsted and his friends took a dead set against Judge Moss accusing him of high crimes, etc., etc. All of which had about as much foundation in truth as their violence to your Excellency during the late session of the Legislature.

Very Respectfully,

JOHN H. ROSE,

Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners of Jackson County.

To His Excellency, Robert Lucas, Governor of Iowa Territory.

Sir:—I am authorised to state that the following gentlemen have been duly nominated for officers in Company A of the first Regiment of the first Brigade of the three divisions of the militia of this Territory and to request that they be commissioned accordingly for Capt. R. C. Bourne; 1st Lieut. Mathew A. Hemington; 2nd Lieut., John Brophy. If Your Excel-

[Notation on Aug. Gen.] August 28th Jan. 1842

lency shall see fit to grant said commission, please forward them to me at this place, and you will much oblige. Yours etc., CHARLES SWAN,

Charleston, Dec. 9th. 1839.

Superscription—Charleston, I. T., Dec. 10, His Excellency, Robt. Lucas, Governor Iowa Territory, Burlington. Free.

Bellevue, Oct. 1st, 1840, Iowa Territory.

Dear Sir:—Let me recommend to your consideration John Bending as a suitable for Lieutenant Col. of the first Regiment and George Walworth of the 2nd Regiment as a suitable to fill the office of Lieutenant Col. in the 2nd Regiment—

And John How for Brigade Inspector.

You will appoint a Col. for the first Regiment as I have no Col. in the Regiment. Col. Rose left last fall and has not returned as yet and there is no probability of his returning to the Territory again. Anson Herrington is I believe a man that will fill the place of Col. Rose with Credit to himself and the regiment. Very Respectfully,

Your Obe Servant,

J. G. McDONALD.

Eccel. Robert Lucas—My respects to Gen. Dodge and all is right here and at Dubuque.

J. G. McD

[Note by Adjutant General.] 3rd Division, 1st Brigade, 2nd Regt., George Walworth. Lt. Col.; John How, Brigade Inspector, 1st Brigade, 1st Regt.; Anson Herrington, Colonel; John Bending, Lt. Col. The above commissioned Oct. 9th, 1840.

Bellevue, October 1.—His Excellency Robert Lucas Gov. of Iowa, Burlington, Iowa.

Belle View, Jackson county, I. T., July 20th, A. D., 1839.

To Robert Lucas, Governor of Iowa Territory.

Sir: I have the honour to transmit the names of officers which are respectfully submitted for commissions in most of the companies composing the first Regiment, first Brigade and third Division of Militia of Iowa Territory.

For Company A

James Cliborne, Captain:

Wm. P. Merrill 1st Lieutenant and Israel Day, 2nd Lieutenant. For Company C—Henry G. Mallard Capt., Wm. Vcsburgh 1st Lieut. and Calvin Teeple 2nd Lieutenant. For Company D—

John G. McDonald Capt., John Webb 1st Lieutenant and Amasi N. James 2nd Lieut. For Company E—Jeremiah Wood Capt., Thomas Coombs 1st Lieutenant and Wm. L. Harrison 2nd Lieutenant. For Company F—Joseph S. Mallard Capt., Isaac Jonas 1st Lieut. and John Smith 2nd Lieut. For Company H—David G. Bates Capt., Wm. H. Stevens 1st Lieut. and Franklin Stukeley 2nd Lieut. In Companies B and G, the Officers have not yet been determined on, but will be, and forwarded in a few days agreeable to the orders of Genl. G. Cubbage. Very Respectfully,

OLIN H. ROSE.

Col. 1st Regt., 1st Brigid., 3rd Divs., M-I-T.

[Notation on Adj. Gen.] Issued 30th July, 1839.

Belleview, I. T., July 22.—His Excellency Robert Lucas, Burlington, I. T.

To the Adjutant General.

Sir: In obedience to orders from the Major Genl. of the Third Division of the Iowa Militia I have Districted the Second Regiment of the first Brigade of said Division into five Company District, the County of Jones forming four and the county of Delaware one. I have ordered Elections in Said Companies, the following gentlemen have been elected Co. Officers:

Company No. 1.—Rufus L. Bean, Captain; Charles Johnson, first Lieutenant and George Mefford, Second Lieutenant. Company No. 2 —George H. Brown, Captain; Sylvanus Johnson, First Lieutenant and Salmon Peckham, Second Lieutenant. Company No. 4.—Captain, Norman Seeley; First Lieutenant, Joshua Baker; Second Lieutenant, Daniel Garrison. Company No 2 have failed to elect officers or have not sent the returns to me, they will be communicated to you hereafter or the company will be attached to some other. It is the intention to form two rifle companies in this Regiment on the first parade day to make out the number of companies required by law in each Regiment.

Yours Respectfully,

C. P. HUTTON,

Col. 2nd R., 1st B., 3rd D. I. M.

Genl. Verplank Van Antwerp,

[Note by A. G.] Issued August 1, 1839.

Verplank Van Antwerp, Adjutant General, Burlington, Iowa.

Dubuque, July 2.



Respectfully submitted,

J. W. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Harvey Reid Treasurer reported as follows: Due this 1839, balance on the annual report \$35.51. May 7th 1839, received from Secretary Ellis for membership dues \$2.00 making a total of \$37.51.

Oct. 4th, 1839, paid Edward A. Reid for printing 50.00 same date for stationery for the society \$2.00. Paid section for care of lot in cemetery \$2.00. Total paid out \$53.50. Balance in treasury \$2.00.

H. REID, Treasurer.

Report ordered placed on file.

Annual Meeting of the Jackson County Historical Society.

Maquoketa, Iowa Dec. 15th, 1908.

The Jackson County Historical Society held its annual meeting at the office of Secretary J. W. Ellis, Monday evening, Dec. 14th 1908.

Meeting called to order by President Mitchell at 8 p. m. Members present—G. L. Mitchell, Harry Littell, Harvey Reid, W. C. Gregory, D. A. Fletcher and J. W. Ellis

Report of Secretary read and ordered recorded on the minute book.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—

Since our last meeting we have issued numbers 4 and 5 of our annals and have received copies of all historical matter published by the Historical Society of Iowa as well as from other State and County Societies.

I have not been able as yet to properly catalogue all the books and pamphlets, which I had hoped to have done before this meeting, but shall endeavor to have a complete catalogue and have the books numbered and arranged in proper manner for circulation before the first of the year. Our little publications are quite popular and are eagerly sought for by public libraries and state historical societies and by individuals, who are interested in the early history of our country.

The officers have found it very difficult to raise money to pay for the publishing of our historical matter from the small amount charged for membership and annual dues and I would recommend that the annual dues of the members raised and the By-Laws amended to permit same.

Respectfully submitted,

J. W. ELLIS, Secretary.

Harvey Reid Treasurer reported as follows: Dec. 13th, 1907, balance as per annual report, \$39.57. May 8th, 1908, received from secretary Ellis for membership dues \$6.00 making a total of \$45.57.

Sept. 4th, 1908, paid Swigart & Son for printing \$30.00 same date for stationery for the society \$4.00. Paid sexton for care of lot in cemetery \$2.00. Total paid out \$36.00. Balance in treasury \$9.57.

H. REID, Treasurer.

Report ordered placed on file.

On motion of Gregory, seconded by Fletcher the By-Laws adopted by the old society in April, 1903, was adopted as the By-Laws of the society as incorporated. Carried.

On motion the three directors whose terms were expiring, Mitchell, Reid and Ellis were elected by acclamation to succeed themselves.

On motion Dr. A. B. Bowen was unanimously elected to fill vacancy on the board of directors.

No further business appearing society adjourned and the board of directors convened.

On motion the rules were suspended and the following officers were elected by acclamation: President, G. L. Mitchell; Vice-President, Harry Littell; Treasurer, Harvey Reid; Secretary and Curator, J. W. Ellis

An effort will be made to hold a public meeting of the society early in January. No further business appearing board adjourned to meet on call of president.

J. W. ELLIS, Secretary.

Recently the Jackson County Historical Society received a request from the Librarian of the New Hampshire State Library for a set of the Jackson County Annals. The Curator, J. W. Ellis sent a set and informed the Librarian in a letter that the usual custom was to exchange with libraries or, historical societies for similar publications but where there was nothing to exchange, the price was \$1.00 each for the books. Tuesday morning Mr. Ellis received by American Express prepaid, fifty pamphlets containing the military history of New Hampshire from its settlement in 1623 to the war of the Rebellion 1861. A book containing an account of the dedication of the Sullivan Monument at Durham, New Hampshire, Sept. 27, 1894. Another nicely bound book containing addresses delivered at dedication of the Mathew Thornton Monument at Merrimack, N. H., Sept. 29th, 1892. Another bound book with history of the Perkin's Statue Dedication in Concord, April 25th, 1901. Another beautiful bound book on New Hampshire Men at Louisburg, 1745. Another bound book containing history of the statue of John P. Hale presented to the state by William E. Chandler.

And a report of the commission for the preservation, protection and appropriate designation of the Endicott Rock. This is the best exchange the society has ever made and Curator Ellis is very proud of the new acquisition to the Historical Library.



Contest of Maquoketa for County Seat in 1848.

(By Harvey Reid.)

I found, among the stores of the Iowa Historical Department at Des Moines, some bound volumes of the Weekly Miners Express of Dubuque, in one of which, under date of March 29, 1848 is an appeal to the voters of Jackson county to vote for Maquoketa for the county seat. I did not find any report of the result of the contest. In the volume for the same year, is a report of a Democratic county convention, held in February, 1848. I have copied so much of it as shows the list of delegates elected to the state convention, and two nominations for county officers.

Weekly Miners Express, Dubuque, March 29, 1848.

Mr. Editor: Allow us through your columns to propose to the voters of Jackson county Maquoketa (formerly Springfield) as one of the points to be voted for at the coming election for county seat. There are some reasons why we think it will be the interest of the people to locate their county seat at Maquoketa.

1st. It has already become a place of considerable business. Many persons tell us that they can trade to as good advantage with our merchants as with those of Dubuque and Davenport.

2d. There is in this immediate vicinity any amount of available water power, although but little of it is, as yet, improved. Still we have now in successful operation four saw mills, two custom or grist mills, one carding machine, one fulling mill, etc., and a large flouring mill commenced—all within two miles of Maquoketa.

3d. The people of this place are willing to do right by the county. Wherever the county seat is located, it must enhance the value of property and it is right that those who receive the advantage should pay for it. For this consideration, our citizens have given their obligation to build for the county a Court House that shall cost twice as much as Maquoketa Academy, (which has been put up very economically at a cost of \$1300), and to furnish said Academy to hold court until said Court House is finished. To build just such a house at Andrew or any other place in the county would cost the county at least \$5 000 in county orders,—they being worth now fifty cents on the dollar, and should the county incur the additional expense of \$5,000, our county orders would be worth less than three bits on the dollar.

We are perfectly aware that the county seat, of itself, will not make a place of interest; but where a place is already endowed with interest and a considerable trade, it will add something to its importances and in this respect, we are willing to pay for all we get.

There is but one permanent county building now in our county and that is the jail. This will not be lost to the county, let the county seat be located where it may, as there is no particular reason that the jail should be at the county seat.

The following is a copy of our subscription:

We, the undersigned, citizens of Maquoketa (formerly Springfield) and vicinity, Jackson county Iowa, agree that, if the voters of said county will permanently locate the county seat at this place, we will enter into obligations with securities approved by the commissioners of said county to build a Court House within five years, which shall cost not less than twice as much as the Maquoketa Academy, which shall be not less than two thousand dollars, to be built on the site and after the plan proposed by the proper authorities of the county. And we further agree that, until said Court House is completed, we will furnish a better room for holding courts in than we have ever had in the county.

The nature of the obligation shall be such as to hold each person individually responsible for the amount of his subscription for the purpose above mentioned.

Maquoketa, Jackson county, Iowa, February 24, 1848.

J E Goodenow.....	\$400 00
Mark Current.....	50 00
Thomas M. Wright..	50 00
Eliel Nims.....	5 00
James Clark [qu. Jonas].....	100 00
Ralph Wright.....	50 00
Samuel Hart	10 00
J. Shaw.....	300 00
Frederick Bracken.....	5 00
Azor Ruscoe.....	10 00
Jason Pangborn.....	100 00
Joseph McCloy.....	100 00
Daniel Rhodes.....	20 00
William Current	100 00
John Riggs.....	20 00
F. A. Chenoweth.....	25 00
Edwin Kirkup.....	25 00
David Bentley.....	25 00
Alfred Wright.....	25 00
Joseph Current.....	50 00
William Phillips.....	50 00
Rufus Fisk (mason work).....	25 00
Ashel Hall.....	50 00
Zalmon Livermore.....	300 00
C. P. Gordon (lightning rod).....	20 00

Miners Exoress, March 1, 1848.

Democratic County Convention, Jackson county, at Andrew, Feb 17, 1848. Payton R Seamands of Perry, chairman, E. Dorr of Richland secretary.

DELEGATES

Bellevue—R. F. Barry, Joel Ball, A. Harrington, W. Wood.

Jackson—John Garery, Thos H. O'Connor, W. M. Spiles, W. P. Johnson.

Van Buren—D. S. Swaney, D. M. Caton, M. W. Tisdale, O. Farley.

Fairfield—Walter Henry, Wm. Reed, Wm. Jones.

South Fork.—Wm. Currant, Stephen Lampora, D. S. Wright.

Farmers Creek—David Shingles probably Shinkle.

Prairie Springs—Sylvester Stevens, James Lane, G. W. Belknap.

Perry—F. Bangs, Patrick Mullen, P. R. Seamonds, M. H. Clark.

Richland—J. Silby, O. Sawtell, E. Dorr.

Maquoketa—J. E. Goodenow, F. A. Chenoweth, David Chandler.

Union—David Schramblin.

The Convention appointed the following delegates to State Convention:

Maquoketa—J. E. Goodenow.

Perry—John Francis, S. S. Glenn.

Butler—D. A. Mahony

Fairfield—John Holroyd.

Van Buren—R. B. Wyckoff.

Bellevue—A. Harrington.

Union—Wm. Hubbell.

Tete des Morts—Thomson Hays

Wm. Hubbell of Union township, was nominated for School Fund Commissioner, and D. A. Mahony of Butler, for Prosecuting Attorney. The Convention adopted a long string of resolutions, filling about a column of the paper. The next issue showed that Mahony declined, and F. A. Chenoweth, next highest candidate, was put on the ticket by the County Committee. Mr. Mahony soon after removed to Dubuque and became the well known editor of the Dubuque Herald. Some interesting items of the personal history of Mr. Chenoweth are appended being gleaned from the Andreas History of Scott County, Iowa. Scott Co. History, Page 1152—

"Rev. Mr. Chenowith was located in Liberty township, Scott county, in 1842. [Big Rock is on north line of township, and Dixon on east line.] He afterwards married Hannah Logan, daughter of Andrew Logan, editor of the Iowa Sun. He soon after quit preaching built a small house north of Duck Creek, and tried farming. He then studied law, moved to Maquoketa, remained there a few years, then left for Oregon. His wife died on the way at Fort Kearney. Mr. Chenowith subsequently became judge in Washington Territory."

THE SETTLEMENT OF BRANDON TOWNSHIP.

Levi Wagoner's Last Installment of His Articles on the Early Pioneers Who Settled in the Forests of Brandon Township in the 40's and 50's.

Among the pioneer settlers there are a few in the eastern part of Brandon township in Jackson county who have been overlooked and are worthy of mention. Among these may be named Nathan Metheney, Eli Metheny, Henry Snodgrass, Wash Snodgrass, Joseph Snodgrass, Hugh Snodgrass Cephus Clark, Sr., Andrew Clark, all of whom were here prior to 1850 and were already fairly well staked down when the writer came in quest of land the same year at which time there was still an abundance of government land in this part of Jackson county. There were also in the eastern part of Brandon township, the Tracy brothers, Bazil and Henry F. Tracy, and their father, Elijah Tracy, Jesse Willison, Jesse Burkey. All the above named were among those who formed the first settlement in this part of the county, and whose lands usually joined each other so that formed community fairly well settled from the start. Still farther west and around Emeline were others who ante-dated those already named. The Sinkey brothers, James and Matthew, Clark Cooley, Titus Cooley, Eldad Cooley and Wm. Martin arrived in 1844 and '45.

At that time the country hereabouts was an unbroken forest, with but few clear places that exceeded 10 acres in scope, and a stranger in passing through this forest of tall timber would little suspect that he was in the midst of a settlement where more than half the land was occupied without being able to see from one cabin to another. In these early times much of the fine timber was cut and rolled into log heaps and burned to get it off the ground, and by this means the settlers added each year a little more to his little farm. But this waste did not long continue, for as soon as the settling of the prairie lands on either side began to be settled, there sprung up a brisk demand for all kinds of lumber, shingles, pickets, rails and fence posts. Even firewood was frequently hauled out from 10 to 20 miles, and much of the time of these first settlers was given to supply the needs of the adjacent prairies, which became general till the large body of

timber between the Maquoketa rivers was reduced to farm lands.

Jackson county's pioneers were for the most part from Ohio and Pennsylvania, and had mostly come into this territory in 1840 with a few exceptions which dated back to 1836. Some of these first settlers were soon boasting of being well fixed. Being well fixed at that early date consisted in having a well chinked cabin covered with clapboards, and at least one window to admit light and sunshine, and a floor made out of split plank that were heavy enough to stay in place without being nailed down. These plank being thus loose on the sleepers or joists made it very convenient to take up and to stow away garden vegetables in a hole beneath the floor, which constituted the cellar. Each cabin was provided with a large fireplace, often large enough to admit wood 4 and 5 feet long. It was necessary to have long frontage to allow the good housewife to prepare the meals at one corner, while the family occupied the other to warm by, for in those days cook stoves were not known. Some of the best equipped residences were built double with hall between and fireplace in each apartment, which made a house of two rooms, however, these could only be found among the well-to-do. Barns were built in the same way, timber being so plentiful that only the choicest was used for building purposes. This was virtually the center of this largest body of timber in Iowa, 25 miles in length and an average breadth of over 7 miles. Here was where the writer first saw, what appeared to be, the true elements for an attractive home.

In 1855, there was another heavy influx of settlers that took up the yet remaining unoccupied lands. Among these may be named Wm. Dick, John Snodgrass, Wm. Snodgrass, Harvey Humphrey, Michael Kirby, Alexander Davis, Painter Davis, John Lazier, Dr. West, Lucius West and others. Among these last named was also Eli Beck, a school companion of the writer, who by accident, lost the use of his left hand, and on account of which Mr. Beck determined to establish the first store on what was then known as Alden's four corner, the present site of Emeline. Mr. Beck erected a building 12x16 feet and here placed a stock of groceries of \$300, all told. His business was a success from the start and in eighteen months his assets had increased to over \$1,000, at which time he sold out. He started again at Otter Creek in Jackson county on a much larger scale, where in six years he accumulated holdings that amounted over \$20,000. After this Mr. Beck sold out and returned to his native state where he again entered into commercial business for a number of years, is still living and is now one of the retired men of Greensburgh, Penn.

Among the first named of the pioneer settlers were several who had served in two wars. Clark Cooley was a teamster under General William H. Harrison in 1812-13, and the writer frequently had the opportunity to interview him. In regard to his experience in northern Ohio during that war. On one occasion, Mr. Cooley was in a talkative mood and told the writer the following story: "I was 16 years old when I hired to drive an ox-team in Gen. Harrison's army in northern Ohio, and my business was to have army supplies from the base of supply about sixty miles to where the army

was temporarily encamped at Lake Erie. I was furnished, as many others were, with two yoke of oxen, and a heavy wagon covered with canvas. At this time the roads were extremely bad for it was after a prolonged wet spell late in the fall of 1813, and Harrison's army was running short of provisions on account of delay in the provision wagons on account of heavy roads. One day when I was within two miles of camp with my load drawn by four stout oxen, I got stuck in a mud hole in the road. I was there over an hour and had already exhausted my oxmanship in a plan to get out, and had concluded to unload at least a part of the load and carry it along to a place where a firmer footing could be found. I was discouraged and fatigued, as was also my noble team. I had expected that other teams that were behind me would soon overtake me from which I might get help but none showed up. In my predicament I looked up and then down the road when I saw several men on horseback coming toward me. I strained my eyes to see if I could discover whether they were friends or enemies. As they came nearer I discerned them as General Harrison's staff officers. The General himself, with a single companion, was riding a few rods behind the other braves who were already passing around my mud-stuck wagon without even taking a look at my condition. Presently the old General with his other companion came up the the General suddenly stopped his horse to take in the situation and then raised himself in his stirrups, and in a somewhat irritable tone shouted out a halt to the officers that were already several rods ahead. At this, the men came to a sudden stop and faced about. The General then beckoned and they started toward him and as soon as they arrived the General ordered them to dismount, and then addressed himself as follows: This wagon is our wagon, and this team is our team, and this boy is our driver, and there is no way for us to get away from here till we have helped this boy out of the mud.' The General then addressed himself to me, and said: 'Have you an axe about your wagon,' which I answered by producing it from the wagon. The General took the axe in his hands and held it up, and said to his braves, 'Take this axe and go to wherever you can find four poles about fourteen feet long and bring them here.' Although the men were high in rank and bigots too because of it they obeyed the order at once, and while the men were getting the poles the General talked to me as he would to a comrade, asked me my name and place of residence, of the folks at home in the most common way, and very soon all my embarrassment had left me. By this time the men were coming back with the first installment of two poles, one of the men thinking that would be enough. But the General merely said to bring just two more, and the men again started and soon returned with the required number. He now placed the poles under the hubs and then his men to the poles and said to the men to get themselves on their best footing and when he said lift let every man do his best. He then asked me the name of my oxen which I gave him as Broad & Bright and Ben & Diman. At this he smiled and said, that was in part, at least, the names of the oxen that he used to drive. He then asked me to lend him my gad with the long lash with which he straightened the oxen into line with the road, and patted the cattle on their sides

with his hand in the meantime calling their names. This done he said to his men, 'All ready and every man do his best,' and then with a loud crack of the whip he said, 'Now go.' A minute later my wagon stood on better ground."

I then asked Mr. Cooley how he was impressed with his experience in the mud hole, and of the men that helped him out. Well, said he, 'I thought of the man that went down from Jerusalem to Jerico and fell among thieves, and of the priests that passed him on the other side, and of the good Samaritan that did not think himself too good to help him up and place him on his own mule.'

Wm. Martin, who also was one of the first settlers and a comrade of Mr. Cooley's during the war of 1812-13, had also served in the Black Hawk war in 1832. Both these men were already past middle age when they settled in Jackson county in 1844, while Andrew Clark was one of those who came about 1850, and had served in the Mexican and also in the war of the Rebellion. With all of these early settlers named in this chapter, the writer had a personal acquaintance, and the least the writer can say of them is that there was not one runt among them. They were all sober men and without a blot on the character of any of them, and all came as poor men but they did not all stay poor.

LEVI WAGONER.

him in unusual degree to the admiration and respect of all who knew him by attainments and his services so conspicuous as to be an incentive to all men to be upright, pure and true; and his service to the State and to his fellow men of so lofty character as to command the homage of mankind, and manifest his to the "well done, thou good and faithful servant," which is the highest benediction of the Almighty, therefore be it

Resolved, That in this career, which had its origin near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1822, and the major portion of whose 44 years were spent upon the prairies of our own beloved Commonwealth, we recognize a type of useful helpful loving which we deem worthy of recognition and of emulation; that we admire the indomitable courage with which he lifted himself from humble beginnings to a position of eminence which gave courage and hope to others; that we commend his unflinching devotion to public and private duties and his unwavering fidelity to truth, to right and justice; that we recognize these qualities of large heartedness, of tender sympathy, of wholesome counsel and cheer and consideration for others which made him a power for good over all with whom he came in contact; and be it further



Resolved, That in token of our appreciation of his well spent life these resolutions be spread upon the Journal of the House, and that the Chief Clerk be directed to forward expressed copies of the same to each of his two surviving sons, as evidence of the high regard in which posterity holds the memory of their father.

Adopted March 4, 1898.

PAUL E. STILLMAN,
JAMES W. ELLIS, Committee.
CARL A. JOHNSON, 1

C. R. BOWMAN, Chief Clerk.

GEORGE A. FINLEY, Speaker.

Resolutions of Respect for Hon. Nathan Potter

MR. SPEAKER:

Your Committee appointed to draft project resolutions of respect in honor of the Honorable Nathan Potter, respectfully submit the following:

WHEREAS the Hon. Nathan Potter was born in Harriett, Licking

House Resolutions of Respect for the Late Honorable John Wilson.

month and four days, to wit, on the 4th day of October, 1908, with his parents in Jackson county, Iowa, where he was born and lived until he experienced all the hardships of a pioneer life, and spent his early years and study at home in

was raised in touch with the people of the State, and in January, 1909, he was married to the daughter of Nathan Jackson county, Iowa. To this

Mr. Speaker:

Your committee appointed to prepare suitable resolutions commemorating the life, character and public services of Hon. John Wilson, beg leave to submit the following report:

WHEREAS, The All-wise Father of us all removed from this earth on October, 4, 1908, John Wilson, an honored member of this House from Jackson County in the Eleventh General Assembly, and

WHEREAS, The life and character of the deceased were such as to entitle him in unusual degree to the admiration and respect of all who knew him; his attainments and his success so conspicuous as to be an incentive to all men to be upright, pure and true; and his service to the State and to his fellow men of so lofty character as to command the homage of mankind, and to entitle him to the "well done, thou good and faithful servant," which is the highest benediction of the Almighty, therefor be it

Resolved, That in this career, which had its origin near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1823, and the major portion of whose 84 years were spent upon the prairies of our own beloved Commonwealth, we recognize a type of useful, helpful loving which we deem worthy of recognition and of emulation; that we admire the indomitable courage with which he lifted himself from humble beginnings to a position of influence which gave courage and hope to others; that we commend his unselfish devotion to public and private duties and his unwavering fidelity to the cause of right and justice; that we recognize those qualities of large hearted generosity, of tender sympathy, of wholesome good cheer and consideration for others which made him a power for good over all with whom he came in contact; and be it further

Resolved, That in token of our appreciation of his well spent life these resolutions be spread upon the Journal of the House, and that the Chief Clerk be directed to forward engrossed copies of the same to each of his two surviving sons, as evidence of the high regard in which posterity holds the memory of their father. Signed

Adopted March 4, 1909.

PAUL E. STILLMAN, }
JAMES W. ELLIS, } Committee.
CARL J. JOHNSON, }

C. R. BENEDICT, Chief Clerk.

GUY A. FEELY, Speaker.

Resolutions of Respect for Hon. Nathan Potter

MR. SPEAKER:

Your Committee appointed to draft proper resolutions of respect in honor of the Honorable Nathan Potter, respectfully submit the following:

WHEREAS, the Hon. Nathan Potter was born in Hartford, Licking county, Ohio, on October 26, 1835, and died in Olin, Jones county, Iowa, on November 30, 1908, having arrived at the age of seventy-three years, one month and four days. In 1844, Nathan Potter came with his parents to Jackson county, Iowa, where he grew to manhood. He experienced all the hardships of a pioneer life, and by self application and study at home he was enabled to teach in the common schools. In January, 1860, he was married to Clementine Demoss of Canton, Jackson county, Iowa. To this union, two children were born. In 1865 he moved to Jones county, near Anamosa, where he bought a farm and built a comfortable home, where he and his wife lived happily together until June 19, 1894, when Mrs. Potter died. Two years after his wife died he moved to Olin where he has since resided. On November 9, 1899, Nathan Potter was united in marriage to Mrs. W. D. Hutton. The union proved to be a very happy one until the separation by death of Mr. Potter. Nathan Potter was converted to the Christian faith when a young man and took up the ministerial work near the time of his conversion. He was regularly ordained as a minister of the Christian church in Clayton county, Iowa, in 1863, and continued in this profession until the time of his death. When he settled in Jackson township, Jones county, Antioch church was in an unfinished condition and he did as much as any other to complete its structure. He held different township offices and was elected mayor of the city of Olin. He was elected as a member of the Twenty-fourth General Assembly, and was an able and painstaking man who served his county and state with honor to himself and to his constituents. In politics as in religion, he was always the same broad-minded man and always respected the opinions of others. But when once convinced that he was right, or that the welfare of society or humanity was at stake, he never hesitated to assert his convictions. Mr. Potter was a Master Mason from 1869 up to within a short time of his death and had been recently made a member of Mt. Olivet Commandery of Anamosa. He was a man of great physical fibre but when the end came, it was sudden, and he died of paralysis without a moment's warning. So ends the life of an esteemed friend and an eminent citizen; such a life we should emulate.

RESOLVED, that in the death of Mr. Potter, the state and county in which he resided loses a worthy, honored and upright citizen, and that we extend to his bereaved wife and relatives our sincere sorrow and sympathy in their great loss, and that an engrossed copy of these resolutions be spread upon the Journal of the House and that a copy be sent to bereaved family.

W. M. BYERLY,
JAMES W. ELLIS,
Committee.

Remarks of Representative J. W. Ellis When Asking
Unanimous Consent to Hear House File No. 1, on
Its Passage, Feb. 19th, 1909.

MR. SPEAKER:

The people of Eastern Iowa and a great many people of Western Iowa and all the people of Jackson county, are deeply interested in this measure. They believe that the state of Iowa should perform a long neglected duty by honoring the memory of its pioneer Governor. Ansel Briggs was a pioneer of Iowa in every sense of the term. He came to the territory of Iowa in 1838, took up lands and made a home for his family. He was their in time to assist in organizing the County of Jackson. In 1842, he was elected a Representative to the territorial legislature of Iowa for Jackson county, and in 1846, when the Constitution was adopted and Iowa was admitted as a State, Ansel Briggs was chosen the first Governor and was re-elected to that office, serving as Governor through that period in which the Mexican war was fought. During the tenure of his office, he suffered a great loss in the death of his wife and a daughter, who were buried in the town of Andrew in Jackson county, on lands donated by the Governor for a cemetery. His home was in Andrew from 1838 until his death in 1881. While visiting a son in Omaha he sickened and died, and was buried in an Omaha cemetery, because his family had no means to bring the remains back to his home in Iowa. The Pioneer Law Makers' Society passed resolutions asking the state to appropriate \$25,000 to erect a monument on the Capitol grounds in honor of Iowa's first Governor. The Bar Association of Pottawattamie county passed similar resolutions. It is a small pittance we ask to bring back the remains and bury them with the family in his old home.

To the People of Jackson County.

Special Meeting Jackson County Historical Society.

The Jackson County Historical Society held a special meeting at the office of the secretary, April 14th, 1909 at 7 o'clock p. m. at which meeting the following members were present, President G. L. Mitchell, W. C. Gregory, B. A. Spencer, Dr. A. B. Bowen, J. W. Ellis, J. P. Gruwell and Hon. L. B. Parshall.

Meeting called to order by the president.

The Secretary read the following report.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mr. President and members of the Jackson County Historical Society. I have the honor to report that in accordance with a resolution adopted by this Society at a special meeting held Feb. 1st, 1907, I introduced House File No. 1, in the 33rd. General Assembly calling for an appropriation of one thousand dollars, to assist this Society in the work of bringing back from Omaha, Neb. the remains of Ansel Briggs, first Governor of Iowa, and depositing them in the Briggs family lot in the cemetery in town of Andrew, Iowa, and to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the said Ansel Briggs. I have the pleasure of further reporting that said bill passed both houses of the 33rd. General Assembly, was signed by the Governor, and that the funds will be available to this Society whenever said Society shall report the work accomplished and present vouchers for the expenses of removal and monument.

Respectfully submitted.

J. W. ELLIS, Secretary.

On motion report was accepted and ordered placed on file.

On motion a committee of five was appointed as finance committee, consisting of J. W. Ellis, Osborne Sampson, Charlie Wyckoff, Mrs. Sophia Kelso and Captain N. C. White.

On motion B. A. Spencer, W. C. Gregory and A. B. Bowen were appointed to consider design for the monument and report at a future meeting.

On motion which prevailed, a delegation from the Society will visit Andrew on Tuesday the 20th to confer with the citizens of Andrew in regard to site of monument and other matters pertaining thereto.

To the People of Jackson County.

The 33rd General Assembly appropriated \$1000 to assist the Jackson County Historical Society to bring back the remains of the first Governor of Iowa, Ansel Briggs, from a cemetery in Omaha, Neb., and bury them with his family in the cemetery in Andrew, Iowa, and to erect a monument commemorating his services to the state. It is the purpose of the Historical Society to put all of the money appropriated by the State into a monument, consequently there will have to be a considerable amount raised by contribution, and the Historical Society assumes that every citizen of Jackson County will feel an interest in this work of honoring our most distinguished citizen. Each citizen of the county will have an opportunity to contribute a small amount to be used by the Historical Society in defraying the expense of bringing back the remains and burying them in Andrew, and also the expenses incidental to the dedication services after the completion of the monument, at which it is expected there will be in attendance a great many distinguished Iowans, including the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Speaker of the House, at least two ex-Governors, and a large number of members of the present and past General Assembly. The visitors from a distance will have to be entertained and conveyances provided to take them from the trains to Andrew and back. The officers of the Historical Society expect to bring back the remains, and have the monument erected, and dedicate it about the third week in June.

J. W. ELLIS, Secretary.

To the School Officers, Teachers and Scholars of Jackson County.

The 33rd General Assembly appropriated \$1,000 to aid the Jackson County Historical Society in their work of honoring the memory and commemorating the public services of Ansel Briggs, the first Governor of the State of Iowa. Governor Briggs was a pioneer of Jackson County, once owned the town site of Andrew, where he lived for a period of 30 years and where his wife and three children are buried in a cemetery donated by him. The Governor died in Omaha and lies there now in an unmarked grave. It is the purpose of the Historical Society to bring back the remains and bury them with the family in Andrew, and to assist in this work. Each school officer, teacher and scholar in the county is requested to make a small donation. The name of each contributor will be preserved and placed in a metal box and deposited in the base of the monument. The amounts contributed by each school will also be published.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETS.

The Board of Directors of the Jackson County Historical Society met at the office of J. W. Ellis, Tuesday evening. Members present—Mitchell, Bowen, Spencer, Gregory and Ellis. Called to order by President Mitchell.

Osborne Sampson and Mr. Daudel of Andrew, and George W. Dunlap were present by invitation.

On motion of Gregory, seconded by Spencer, Dunlap and Sampson were added to the Monument committee, and the committee was instructed to have a design drawn and specifications made, and report to the board Tuesday evening at the office of the secretary.

W. C. Gregory offered the following resolution and move its adoption

Whereas, the 33rd General Assembly of the State of Iowa made an appropriation of one thousand (\$1000.00) dollars, for the removal of the remains of Ansel Briggs, first governor of the State of Iowa, from Omaha, Nebraska, where interred at the time of his death, to the cemetery at the town of Andrew, Jackson county, Iowa, where he formerly resided and where his wife and other members of his family are buried, and the erection of a monument at his grave under the supervision of the Jackson County Historical Society, and to that end it will be necessary that a committee be appointed to proceed to Omaha, Nebraska, and cause the remains to be exhumed, properly prepared for transportation and escort them to Andrew, Iowa, therefore

Resolved, by the Board of Directors of the Jackson County Historical Society that Hon. James W. Ellis be and he is hereby appointed a committee to proceed to Omaha in the State of Nebraska, and cause the remains of Ansel Briggs, former and first governor of the State of Iowa to be exhumed and prepared for transportation, and do whatever may be necessary in the matter of arranging the same and transporting them to Andrew, Iowa, and he is hereby authorized to call all necessary aid and assistance to accomplish this result.

Dr. A. B. Bowen seconded motion for adoption, and resolution was carried unanimously.

Maquoketa, Iowa, May 14, 1909

The Board of Directors of the Jackson County Historical Society met at the office of Secretary J. W. Ellis, ex per adjournment, Friday evening, May 14th, 1909, for the purpose of receiving and considering bids for the Governor Briggs' monument. Directors present—Mitchell, Ellis, Reid, Littell, Fletcher, Bowen, Spencer and Gregory.

Monument companies were represented as follows: Emerson Way of Maquoketa, E. A. Bartholomew of Maquoketa, D. P. J. McDonald of Clinton, Krebs Bros. of Cedar Rapids, and J. H. Brown of Cedar Rapids.

Historical Society is Ready for Bids.

Meeting was called to order by President Mitchell.

Maquoketa, Iowa, May 12 1909.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Jackson County Historical Society held at the office of the secretary, J. W. Ellis, Wednesday evening, May 12th, 1909, the committee on monument—B. A. Spencer, A. B. Bowen and W. C. Gregory—appointed on the 14th day of April by the Board to prepare and submit designs and specifications for the Governor Briggs' monument, reported to the Board, and submitted a design and specifications which were accepted by the Board, and said design and specifications are now on file in the Secretary's office, and bids for the erection of the monument are solicited.

On motion adjourned.

W. W. Lyman of Clinton, Iowa, was present, and represented a marble burial vault which would also make a monument.

Maquoketa Iowa, May 13, 1909.

The Board of Directors of the Jackson County Historical Society held a meeting at the office of Secretary J. W. Ellis, Thursday evening, May 13th, 1909, at which were present Directors Mitchell, Littell, Reid, Ellis, Gregory, Bowen and Fletcher.

Meeting called to order by President Mitchell, and several designs for monuments were examined and considered.

Moved by Dr. Bowen, seconded by Gregory, that design No. 6 be adopted as a model for the Briggs monument. Mr. Fletcher moved to amend by making top of monument pyramidal in shape, seconded by Littell, and being put to vote was carried. Original motion put and carried.

After some discussion, Ellis moved to reconsider motion and amendment. Motion seconded by Bowen and carried.

Design No. 6 was altered to show an oval convex top similar to the Cannell monument in Mount Hope cemetery, and on motion of Bowen, seconded by Reid, design No. 6 was adopted.

Moved by Reid, seconded by Littell, that the entire monument be made of Barre granite, the dye to be extra dark Barre granite, other parts light. Motion prevailed.

On motion of Reid, seconded by Bowen, the Board adjourned until Friday evening, May 14th, at 7:30 p. m., when sealed bids would be opened by the secretary in the presence of the Board, and the same considered.

Maquoketa, Iowa. May 14, 1909.

The Board of Directors of the Jackson County Historical Society met at the office of Secretary J. W. Ellis, as per adjournment, Friday evening, May 14th, 1909, for the purpose of receiving and considering bids for the Governor Briggs' monument. Directors present—Mitchell, Ellis, Reid, Littell, Fletcher, Bowen, Spencer and Gregory.

Monument companies were represented as follows: Emerson Wray of Maquoketa, E. A. Bartholomew of Dixon, D. P. J. McDonald of Clinton, Krebs Bros. of Cedar Rapids, and Hoffman of the firm of Hoffman & Bruner of Cedar Rapids.

Meeting was called to order by President Mitchell.

After some discussion, it was agreed and time fixed for four months in which monument must be set up and completed.

Moved by Gregory, seconded by Fletcher, that the successful bidder be required to give a bond in the penal sum of one thousand dollars in the nature of liquidated damages conditioned upon the faithful performance of the contract, not to cover in case of unavoidable accidents or delays by reason of railroad wreck or strikes.

Sealed bids were received from Krebs Bros., E. A. Bartholomew, Hoffman & Bruner and F. W. Wray & Co., and opened and read by the secretary. Hoffman & Bruner being the lowest bidders and figures being within the state appropriation, were on motion awarded the contract for the granite work.

W. W. Lyman of Columbus, Ohio, was present, and represented a metal burial vault which would also make a convenient shipping case.

On motion of Gregory, seconded by Bowen, the secretary was directed to purchase for \$25.00, one of these cases, to be used for transporting and burial of the remains of Governor Briggs.

An agreement was made between Board and Mr. Hoffman, whereby the shaft was to be tapered to 22 inches square at top.

No further business appearing Board adjourned.

Maquoketa, Iowa, May 15, 1909.

Special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Jackson County Historical Society held at the office of Secretary Ellis, May 15th, 1909, at which were present Directors Mitchell, Littell, Reid, Ellis, Fletcher, Bowen and Spencer. It was unanimously agreed by the Board to accept the offer of Mr. Hoffman of Hoffman & Bruner to make the shaft of the Governor Briggs' monument four feet higher than estimate on which contract was let for the additional charge of \$85 00.

J. W. ELLIS, Secretary.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Secretary,

Jackson County Historical Society, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: We have your favor of the 14th inst. asking for a donation towards the Governor Briggs' monument to be located at Andrew. We enclose herewith our draft for \$125.00 and wish to thank you also for your con-

BRIGGS' MONUMENT FUND.

List of schools and amounts contributed to the Briggs Monument Fund up to May 31st, 1909, is as follows:

Center school, Van Buren twp, Mary J. Collins, teacher.....	\$1 10
No. 5 South Fork twp, Etta Manwiller, teacher.....	55
No. 3 Maquoketa twp, Laura Tubbs, teacher.....	90
Summer Hill school, Ida Heitt, teacher.....	1 25
Andrew schools, Principal Tinkle, Maude Gibson, Millie Johnson	6 45
No. 8 Perry twp, Lena Cornelius, teacher.....	1 50
No. 8 Prairie Springs, Maggie Feeney, teacher....	90
No. 2 Iowa twp, Anna Horst, teacher.....	90
Central school, Brandon twp, Cassie Crowley, teacher sent.....	25
No. 1 Prairie Springs twp, Rachel Duggan, teacher.....	1 30
St. Donatus school, Sisters Everilda and Odilla, teachers.....	4 00
No. 3 Fairfield twp, Louise Beck, teacher.....	20
No. 1 Jackson twp, Margaret Kokemiller, teacher.....	40
Latta district Van Buren twp, Rosa Heinrichs, teacher.....	60
No. 2 Maquoketa twp, May Taylor, teacher.....	95
No. 8 Maquoketa twp, Bertha Farnsworth, teacher.....	80

That sturdy old veteran, Andrew Chase, brought in from Bald *In \$3.75, contributed by the following named persons: F. J. Swift, .50; J. W. Rhodes, .50; J. G. Noyes, .50; V. Willard, .50; R. H. Lowe, .25; John Paris, .25; Charles Tozer, .25; F. L. Griffin, .25; M. Scott, .25; E. G. Hoover, .25.

J. W. Ellis, secretary of the Historical Society, received from Superintendent Stoddard, subscriptions from rural schools, as follows:

No. 2 Butler twp, Lottie Noonan teacher—school \$1.20, teacher, .50...	\$1 70
No. 4 Jackson twp, Helen Hayes, teacher.....	20
Luxemburg dist. Prairie Springs twp, Mamie Bordeau, teacher.....	1 00
No. 10 Iowa twp, May Walker, teacher—school, 30. teacher, .70.....	1 00
No 3 Butler twp, Elizabeth Noonan teacher.....	1 20
Union Grove, Farmers Creek twp, Alice Meehan teacher.....	60
No. 5 Union twp, Martha Schumacher teacher.....	50
No. 6 Bellevue twp, Florence McCook teacher.....	1 60
No. 3 South Fork twp, Victoria Clark, teacher.....	50

Des Moines, Iowa, May 13th, 1909

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Secretary,

Jackson County Historical Society, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: We have your favor of the 12th inst. asking for a donation towards the Governor Briggs' monument to be located at Andrew. We enclose herewith our draft for \$10.00 and wish to thank you also for your dis-

interested services in connection with this affair. It is refreshing, from time to time, to find men who will give considerable time and thought to matters for the general good, and from which there is no financial profit to them. With kindest regards, we are

Yours truly,

GEO. G. HUNTER,
President Des Moines Insurance Co.
Clinton, Iowa, May 13th, 1909.

Jas. W. Ellis,
Maquoketa, Iowa.

Enclosed please find P. O. amount \$1.00 as a mite to help to defray the expense for the Honorable, and kind respect for the removal of the remains of Ansel Briggs, the first Governor of our State. I shall endeavor to be at Andrew at dedication of monument.

Yours truly,

R. E. MAYNE.

No. 3 Jackson twp, Ada Fowler, teacher.....	\$3 00
No. 4 Washington twp, A. Burnette, teacher.....	1 00
No. 3 Union twp, Martha Grunette, teacher.....	1 00
Preston Schools.....	3 20
No. 5 Butler twp, Elizabeth Lynch, teacher (sent).....	50
No. 2 Union twp, Olive Long, teacher.....	1 00
No. 9 Perry twp, Ada Williams, teacher.....	90
No. 5 Butler twp, Elizabeth Ryle, teacher.....	50
No. 6 South Fork twp, Edna Dawson, teacher.....	1 00
No. 1 Maquoketa twp, Lenora Hicks, teacher.....	1 35
No. 7 Fairfield twp, Maude Carrington, teacher.....	1 55

Additional monument funds contributed by schools up to May 29th:

No. 9 South Fork twp, Grace Vann, teacher.....	85
No. 5 Otter Creek twp, Maggie Stokesbury, teacher.....	85
Springbrook schools, Sisters Mary Vitalis and Mary Lebea.....	4 50
Fulton school, Grace Kitts, teacher.....	80
No. 7 Maquoketa twp, V. Bes Perham, teacher.....	1 05
Maquoketa City schools.....	13 27
Baldwin schools, W. W. Crawford, Principal.....	2 20
Brandon school, Brandon twp., Jessie Reynier, teacher.....	70
No. 5 Jackson twp., Sarah Dunn, teacher....	75
Wyckoff district, Van Buren twp., Margaret Callaghan, teacher	90
No. 8, Bellevue twp., Hester White, teacher	1 00
No. 8, Richland twp, Lizzie Curtis, teacher.....	1 00
No. 1, Butler twp., Margaret Curtis, teacher....	1 00
Bellevue Public schools.....	3 60
No 9, Bellevue twp., Elda Englemen, teacher.....	1 30

Lane & Buchner donated their services in meeting train, taking remains to their undertaking parlors, and funeral car to convey remains to Andrew; also lowering device used at cemetery.

Secretary Ellis of the Historical Society is well pleased with the loyal, patriotic way in which the schools have responded, and extends the earnest thanks of the Society to all who have in any way contributed of their time or means.

IOWA'S PART IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

(Taken from the Des Moines Register and Leader of May 14, 1893)

The records by Adjutant General Logan from the war department of the muster rolls of seven companies of Iowa war soldiers call attention to the fact that these companies of the Fifth and United States Infantry and the Mexican battalion were not the only ones supplied by Iowa for the Mexican war, but that there were companies were (probably) enlisted into the service of the United States.

There were, a company of infantry under Capt. J. M. Logan of Burlington, recruited on the expiration of a term of one year or a company of cavalry under the same officer, and a Clayton county company of cavalry under Capt. John Barker.

These three companies served their term of service at Fort Ackinson, in the northern part of Texas, where they fought the battles against the Winnebago Indians, having been the first regulars ordered to join their regiments in Mexico.

The muster rolls of the seven companies were procured by Logan from the war department as a complete record of the soldiers under his command, and with the given list attached, have been placed in the town of Harvey, near St. Louis, as a basis for the volume in the roster of the early military history of Iowa.

"Notwithstanding the enormous volume of the general government is demanding from the state at least a charge for supplying these rolls. It is believed that no more valuable contribution to our state archives has ever been made," said Mr. Logan, "and the reason for this is that the state records were almost absolutely bare of a soldier's foot. It never collected a man for the Mexican war."

"The only scrap of record is an item (still in manuscript), from the executive journal, dated July 21st, 1846, commanding the officers of Capt. J. M. Logan."

ANSEL BRIGGS,
First Governor of Iowa.

"I believe that I speak from positive knowledge when I say that three years ago not a word in Iowa, war in the north, however well termed in early Iowa territorial and state history, could have told that this country-wealth furnished ten full companies for the Mexican war, and organized fifteen other companies that were not accepted. Dr. William Salter of Burlington and Edwin L. Salter would have come the nearest to it."

IOWA'S PART IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

(Taken from The Des Moines Register and Leader of May 9th, 1909.)

The receipt by Adjutant General Logan from the war department of the muster rolls of seven companies of Iowa Mexican war soldiers calls attention to the fact that these companies, K of the Fifteenth United States infantry and the Mormon battalion were not the only ones supplied by Iowa for the Mexican war, but that three other companies were regularly enlisted into the service of the United States.

These were: A company of infantry under Capt. J. M. Morgan of Burlington, succeeded on the expiration of its term of one year by a company of cavalry under the same officers, and a Clayton county company of cavalry under Capt. John Parker.

These three companies passed their terms of service at Fort Atkinson, in the northern part of Iowa territory, guarding the settlers against the Winnebago Indians, having taken the place of regulars ordered to join their regiments in Mexico.

The muster rolls of the three companies were procured last year from the war department at a cost of \$25 for the use of the soldiers' roster board, and with the seven just received, have been placed in the hands of Harvey Reid of Maquoketa as a basis for the volume in the roster series on the early military history of Iowa.

"Notwithstanding the ungenerous action of the general government in demanding from the state so heavy a charge for supplying these rolls, it is believed that no more valuable contribution to our state archives has ever been made," said Mr. Reid, "for the reason that the state records were almost absolutely bare of any evidence that Iowa ever enlisted a man for the Mexican war.

"The only scrap of record found is an item (still in manuscript), from the executive journals, that Governor Briggs, in July 1847, commissioned the officers of Capt. J. M. Morgan's company of dragoons.

"I believe that I speak from positive knowledge when I say that three years ago not a person in Iowa, nor in the world, however well versed in early Iowa territorial and state history, could have told that this commonwealth furnished ten full companies for the Mexican war, and organized fifteen other companies that were not accepted. Dr. William Salter of Burlington and Edwin L. Sabin would have come the nearest to it.

"Fewer newspaper files seem to have been preserved complete for the years 1846, 1847 and 1848, than for any other years of our early history. The Burlington Hawkeye, placed by Dr. Salter in the public library in that city, is, I believe, the only one that exists without a break.

"The difficulty of reproducing Iowa's history in the Mexican war is illustrated by the case of her first martyr, the gallant young captain, Edwin Guthrie, mentioned in a recent article in The Register and Leader. He was mortally wounded in a skirmish at the pass of La Hoya while on a march with his company and other detachments from Vera Cruz to Pueblo. He was shot three weeks after landing in Mexico, before he had ever seen his regiment. It had assembled at Newport Barracks, Kentucky, while his company was sent direct from Fort Madison to Vera Cruz. The skirmish at La Hoya was too insignificant an affair to receive mention in histories of the United States, or in the autobiographies of General Scott and General Grant. The history of the Mexican war by Gen. C. M. Wilcox does not mention it. It is described in an understandable way in the two-volume history of the Mexican war by R. S. Ripley, published in 1849, but from that account no one would suspect that the Fifteenth United States Infantry, or any part of it, had any share in the affair, and so far from Captain Guthrie's martyrdom being mentioned, the account merely says 'the Americans had only a few soldiers slightly wounded.'

"Thus, if we had only printed histories to rely upon, a holy sacrifice by Iowa upon her country's altar, would go unrecorded."

A compilation of Iowa's part in the Mexican war, and of the vigorous, almost unique, old territorial militia organization that lent aid to the first war enlistments, is an untrodden field. From scraps and fragments, diamond dust of the past, old memories, old newspapers, old documents, come facts of interest to Iowa history, and cast a genial glow of appreciation and love upon Iowa pioneers. And documents of the highest historical value, that have lain in darkness for nearly seventy years will find appropriate places in the pages of the Roster volume of the Early History of Iowa."

Harvey Reid of Maquoketa, who has been commissioned to write of Iowa's earliest patriots on the Mexican war field, is a member of the Iowa State Historical society, American Historical association and Grand Army of the Republic. He was elected assistant to the Iowa Soldiers' Roster board on Mexican war and territorial militia records in 1907. He is president of the Boardman Library Institute, Maquoketa, since 1902.

He was born in Argyle, Washington county, New York, March 30, 1842. His parents removed to Racine county, Wisconsin, in 1844.

He was educated in the common schools and spent a short time in Wisconsin university, interrupted by enlistment in the Twenty-second Wisconsin infantry in August, 1862. He served in the army of the Cumberland including the Atlanta campaign and the march to the sea. He was taken prisoner in the skirmish at Brentwood, Tenn., March, 1863, and was confined at Libby prison.

After the war he was put in charge of the office of a pork packing company at Sabula, Iowa, remaining until 1885. He was county treasurer of Jackson county, Iowa, until 1890, and has been in the mercantile business at Maquoketa since 1890. He has been adjutant of the Jackson County Veterans' association continuously since 1888, and a member of the school boards sixteen years. He was a candidate of the minority party in his county for representative in 1907.

He is author of the following books:

Sketch of Enoc: Long, an Illinois pioneer; Chicago Historical society 1884.

In the Shadow of the Gallows; a true story of an Iowa pioneer. (General Chandler, Canadian patriot war.) Newspaper serial, 1902. (Reviewed by John Snure for The Register and Leader and syndicate correspondence.)

Souvenir Fiftieth Anniversary Helion Lodge A. F. & A. M., Maquoketa, 1902

What Made Maquoketa; the Pioneer Colonies of the City and Vicinity; a Sociological Study. Jackson Sentinel souvenir edition fiftieth anniversary 1904.

Outline Geological History of Jackson County, Iowa. County Normal Institute. 1903.

Life of Colonel Thomas Cox, Pioneer Lawmaker. (Accepted by State Historical Society 1907 for Iowa biographical series.) In press awaiting funds.

Early Military History of Iowa; in preparation for Iowa state soldiers' roster board. This book will include the territorial militia and its part in the Missouri boundary dispute, the Iowa Mexican war regiment disbanded, Iowa in the Mexican war with official rosters of ten companies, the Spirit Lake massacre.

He also has written over 100 biographical sketches of Civil war veterans deceased in adjutants' memorial reports of County veteran associations; Civil war historical sketches in National Tribune and local papers; "The Battle of Pin Hook as Seen by a Civil War Veteran," local paper 1906. A realistic description and military critique of sham battle by Fifty-third regiment Iowa national guard; contributions to local geological investigations mostly in local newspapers.



Pioneer and Old Settlers' Society Hold Annual Meeting and Picnic, Saturday, July 10th

Although the call for the Old Settlers' meeting for last Saturday gave but short notice of time and place, the attendance was better than last year. The day was all that could be expected for the season, and the people began pouring into the town from the country and neighboring towns early in the morning. The great industrial parade was completed at 11 o'clock a. m., and the Old Settlers' program was put on at the stand in front of the American Savings Bank immediately thereafter.

A selection by the band was followed by a ladies' quartette, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. J. C. Nitzsche. The President of the Day, Hon. G. L. Mitchell, opened the meeting with a pleasing address, in which he eulogized the committees who had charge of the arrangements, and had many good and pleasing things to say for the Pioneers and Old Settlers. After his address he called upon Rev. Foster for an invocation. Master Lisle Utts of Davenport, was called upon for a Japanese song which he sang very nicely and won many plaudits. Rev. W. D. Lewis was then introduced as the principal speaker of the occasion, and won the close attention and approval of the audience from the first. He praised the boosters of the town, and said he had no use for knockers. He eulogized the pioneers of the country, and seemed peculiarly endowed to say just the right thing at the right place.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the quartette, after which the audience joined in singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

James A. Buchner, president of the Pioneer and Old Settlers' society, was next called upon, and in his inimitable way talked of old settlers and old times, and urged that all who were eligible to join the society, and do so now. The meeting was dismissed by Rev. Boomersbine, and immediately repaired to the First Ward park where elaborate preparations had been made for a picnic dinner in which nearly two hundred old settlers took part. The Maquoketa Concert band rendered several pieces at the park, and received a vote of thanks from the Old Settlers.

At the conclusion of the banquet a business meeting was held in the park and presided over by President Buchner, who stated that the object of the meeting was to elect officers of the Association for the coming year, and

announced that nominations for the office of president was in order. Fred Myatt nominated J. H. Buchner to succeed himself. The motion was variously seconded, and on being put by Mayor Myatt, carried unanimously. The president was called upon for a speech and responded with a story which convulsed the audience with laughter. Dr. A. B. Bowen, in a neat little speech, nominated J. N. Nims for the office of vice-president of the Association, and Mr. Nims received the unanimous vote of the society.

Fred DeGrush told an amusing story, and wound up by saying that away back in 1853 a red-headed, freckle-faced boy had gone to school to him and that he had kept tab on that boy all the years since. That recently he had been elected to the legislature, and that he, DeGrush, took all the credit for it, and he wanted to nominate him for secretary and treasurer. The nomination was seconded by several and Secretary Ellis was re-elected to the office of secretary and treasurer for the fourteenth time.

On request of the secretary, the president appointed a committee of three to examine the Secretary's books.

No further business appearing the society adjourned Sine Die.

J. W. ELLIS, Secretary.

Old Settlers and Pioneers Who Were Present.

NAME	BORN	WHERE	CAME TO IOWA
Alice Gordon-Robinson...	Dec 28, 1860....	Jackson Co., Iowa.....	1860
Kim Robinson.....	Feb. 4, 1857.....	Carroll Co., Ill.....	1878
James W. Ellis.....	Nov. 25, 1848.....	Danville, Ind.....	1852
Fredrick Andrew Oberfell.....	Apr. 9, 1838.....	Columbiana Co., Ohio.....	1844
E. R. Stoddard.....	May 3, 1870.....	Jackson Co., Iowa.....	1870
Fred Fischer.....	Jan 15, 1857.....	Germany.....	1876
Carl Herkmier.....	July 25, 1832.....	Germany.....	1854
Clarence Small.....	Aug. 8, 1845.....	New York City.....	1865
W. C. Morden.....	Feb. 28, 1841.....	Jackson Co., Iowa.....	1841
T. J. Houston.....	Dec. 2, 1839.....	Ohio.....	1848
Z M. Holcomb.....	July 15, 1852.....	Ohio.....	1863
Ryan King.....	Feb. 21, 1833.....	Pennsylvania.....	1846
G. K. Miller.....	Mar. 24, 1832.....	Pennsylvania.....	1856
N. J. Rhodes.....	Apr. 26, 1838.....	Pennsylvania.....	1852
Joseph Brady.....	Aug. 14, 1838.....	Pennsylvania.....	1854
Wm. Keeley.....	Mar. 29, 1850.....	Indiana.....	1852
Oscar Edwards.....	Feb. 26, 1857.....	Iowa.....	1858
Mark Stanley.....	Dec. 25, 1848.....	Oswego, N. Y.....	1872
Asa Reel.....	Oct. 15, 1876.....	Iowa.....	1876
E. D. Hansen.....	Apr. 26, 1850.....	Denmark.....	1875
Mrs. E. D. Hansen.....	June 17, 1859.....	Maquoketa, Iowa.....	1859
Henry Harrison.....	Oct. 9, 1851.....	Maquoketa, Iowa.....	1851
James Hamilton.....	June 26, 1841.....	Pennsylvania.....	1855
David H. Anderson.....		Virginia.....	1852

NAME	BORN	WHERE	CAME TO IOWA
Mary Goodnow-Anderson	Aug. 15, 1846	Maquoketa, Iowa	1846
Jared Prindle	July 9, 1824	New York	1874
Fred Gurius	Mar. 29, 1840	Germany	1857
James Fairbrother	Feb. 14, 1847	Jackson Co., Iowa	1847
F. W. Myatt	July 24, 1867	Jackson Co., Iowa	1867
Lucy Foster	Apr. 13, 1865	Iowa	1865
J. N. Nims	July 23, 1846	Jackson Co., Iowa	1846
Mrs. J. N. Nims	July 26, 1862	Jackson Co., Iowa	1862
Ed Kulmer	Oct. 10, 1865	Lee Co., Ill.	1873
W. E. Tubbs	Oct. 1, 1872	Clinton Co., Iowa	1872
Harvey Reed	Mar. 30, 1842	Washington Co., Iowa	1863
N. M. Trumbo	Nov. 14, 1842	Virginia	1856
Asa Struble	June 2, 1844	Ohio	1852
J. R. Wyrick	Nov. 1, 1836	Wythe, Virginia	1865
H. H. Hutchins	Feb. 29, 1839	New York	1862
W. E. Potter	May 23, 1850	Jackson Co., Iowa	1850
W. P. Dunlap	July 7, 1833	Rockingham Co., Va.	1858
A. S. Butterworth	Aug. 21, 1858	Jackson Co., Iowa	1858
Gideon Ellis	July 17, 1842	Jefferson Co., N. Y.	1856
James Van Emburg	Sept. 15, 1864	Alexander Co., Miss.	1864
S. H. Bowman	July 8, 1849	Virginia	1851
Robert Ward	Jan. 1, 1841	England	1852
C. E. Duffin	Aug. 29, 1849	New York	1873
F. J. DeGrush	June 23, 1834	Little Falls, N. Y.	1853
Albert Bentley	Oct. 16, 1848	Iowa	1848
David Rhea	Dec. 18, 1832	Queen Co., Tenn.	1854
G. W. Bowman	Mar. 3, 1825	Rockingham Co., Va.	1847
J. C. Smith	Oct. 10, 1837	Marshall Co., Pa.	1852
James Ralston	March 27, 1844	Canada	1870
Mrs. Jerry Prindle	June 20, 1840	Michigan	1855
George Cooper	March 11, 1842	Scotland	1855
Mrs. Margaret Banghart	April 20, 1854	Dubuque Co., Iowa	1854
Mrs. Ida Eckles	Oct. 19, 1858	Jackson Co., Iowa	1858
G. L. Mitchell	June 15, 1858	Jackson Co., Iowa	1858
C. F. Barnett	April 19, 1835	N. Y.	1865
J. A. Buchner	Oct. 12, 1856	Jackson Co., Iowa	1856
B. B. Hunter	May 20, 1876	Jackson Co., Iowa	1876
B. F. Bowman	May 5, 1847	Va.	1851
Mrs. Eliza Davenport	March 14, 1844	N. Y.	1868
Robert Davenport	Sept. 6, 1863	Illinois	1868
Florence Maskery	April 24, 1857	Jackson Co., Iowa	1857
Martha Van Emburg	Feb. 1, 1844	Canada	1856
A. G. Bertelsen	Jan. 27, 1832	Germany	1853
Murray Eaton	April 13, 1849	Jackson Co., Iowa	1849
Geo. W. Johnson	April 25, 1838	Pa.	1838
C. O. Webster	Feb. 19, 1868	Iowa	1868

NAME	BORN	WHERE	CAME TO IOWA
Chas. Schaffer	July, 1848.....	Pa.....	1869
Clara Schaffer	1864.....	Iowa.....	1864
Chas Patterson.....	June 8, 1860.....	Jackson Co., Iowa.....	1860
C. L. Nims.....	1845.....	Jackson Co., Iowa.....	1845
Mrs. Margaret Bradley.....	1845.....	Pennsylvania.....	1871
A. J. Phillips	Jan, 1832.....	Michigan.....	1837
Mrs. Mary McDonald.....	Oct. 25, 1839.....	Indiana.....	1848
Florence McDaniel.....	Oct. 1, 1862.....	Iowa.....	1862
Mrs. Rose Duke.....	Mar. 23, 1858.....	Iowa.....	1858
Mrs. Fannie Smith.....	Apr. 7, 1854.....	New York.....	1858
Perry Strayer.....	1846.....	Pennsylvania.....	1874
O W. Joiner.....	June 7, 1839.....	New York.....	1869
Mrs. O. W. Joiner.....	1852.....	Iowa.....	1852
Geo. H. Reitmeyer.....	June 28, 1849.....	New York.....	1877
Mark Current.....	Aug. 8, 1837.....	Canada.....	1849
Mrs. Mark Current.....	Mar. 19, 1838.....	Illinois.....	1843
Mrs. Mary Grant.....	1822.....	Canada.....	1839
L. M. McCreery.....	1835.....	New York.....	1859
Thomas Rannals.....	Jan., 1853.....	Ohio.....	1857
Anna Rannals.....	Dec. 17, 1866.....	Iowa.....	1866
R. L. Goodenow.....	Dec. 27, 1820.....	New York.....	1845
C. L. Ripple.....	Nov. 16, 1839.....	Pennsylvania.....	1855
John Anderson.....	Mar. 3, 1849.....	Iowa.....	1849
A. B. Bowen.....	Apr. 12, 1842.....	Connecticut.....	1866
John S. Thompson.....	Mar. 22, 1830.....	Pennsylvania.....	1854
Isaac W. Thompson.....	Sept 12, 1860.....	Iowa.....	1860
Chas. Ellis.....	Nov 21, 1873.....	Iowa.....	1873
Mrs. Sarah T. McCarron.....	Nov. 27, 1827.....	England.....	1855
Mrs M. J. McCreery.....	May 10, 1839.....	Illinois.....	1860
Mrs Ben Whitmore.....	Mar. 25, 1864.....	Iowa.....	1864
Silas Barkley.....	June 11, 1853.....	Indiana.....	1856
Mrs Mary Barkley.....	Apr. 19, 1853.....	Indiana.....	1855
G. W. Downing.....	Aug 31, 1839.....	Pennsylvania.....	1853
Mark Gleason.....	Aug. 2, 1845.....	Ireland.....	1854
C. L. Woods.....	Sept. 8, 1852.....	Iowa.....	1852
Frank Gibson.....	July 31, 1870.....	Iowa.....	1870
Caroline Brady.....	Dec. 12, 1847.....	Pennsylvania.....	1854

Old Settlers' Obituary List

- Elizabeth Teters, born in Ohio, April 9, 1828, died in Maquoketa, Aug. 25, 1908. Old Settler.
- Jacob Teters, born in Morgan county, Ohio, March 12, 1846, died Aug. 31, 1908. Old Settler.
- Alice M. Lowe-Beers, born in Jo Davies county, Ill., May 10, 1856, died Sept 4, 1908.
- E. L. Cooley, born in Licking Co, Ohio, Sept 24, 1840, died Oct. 11, 1908.

Polina Clary, born in Vermont, Dec. 23, 1825 died Oct. 27, 1908.

Mrs. Sarah Ripple, born in Fayette Co., Pa., March 6, 1848, died Oct. 9, 1908.

Elizabeth Miller Collins, born in Middle Alton, Ill., Feb. 27, 1838, died Oct. 17, 1908. A Pioneer.

Mrs. Rosina Rapp, born in Germany Jan. 21, 1824 died November 1908.

Harris P. Morse, born in Monroe, Michigan, Oct. 1, 1837, died in Maquoketa Dec. 1, 1908.

Rachael Hawkins-Turno, born in Indiana Jan. 14, 1839, died in Maquoketa Nov. 24, 1908.

Mrs. Martha Summers, born in Kentucky in 1832, died in Maquoketa Dec. 6, 1908. A Pioneer.

Mrs. J. E. Goodenow, was born in New York March 9, 1818 died in Maquoketa Dec. 19, 1908. A Pioneer.

Salina Conery, born in Clinton county, Dec. 10, 1861, died in Maquoketa Dec. 25, 1908.

William Dennison, born in Leesberg, Pa., June 26, 1833, came to Iowa in 1852, died in Maquoketa Jan. 19, 1909.

John Larkey, born in Jackson county, Iowa, Aug. 17, 1859, died in Jackson county, Jan 17, 1909.

John Farmer, born in Carroll county, Ohio, Jan. 31, 1831, died Jan. 14, 1909. An Old Settler.

John S. Billups was born in Bellevue, Sept. 14, 1837; died in Maquoketa, Feb 9, 1909; was a pioneer of Jackson county, and a veteran of the Civil war.

A. B. Correll was born in Wayne county, Ohio, July 25, 1840; died in Maquoketa, Feb. 20, 1909. An Old Settler.

Benjamin H. Wilcox was born in Canada, Dec. 25, 1836; died Mar. 7, 1909. Came to Jackson county, 1840. Pioneer.

Jerusha Kettle Reynolds was born in New York, Mar. 27, 1829; died Mar. 12, 1909. Came to Iowa in 1848.

John H. Morris was born in Circleville, Ohio, Jan. 5, 1834; died Mar. 22, 1909; came to Iowa in 1850. Pioneer.

Mrs. A. B. Correll was born in New York, Mar. 10, 1840; died in Maquoketa, Mar. 29, 1909; came to Iowa in 1850. Pioneer.

John M. Fitzgerald was born in Pennsylvania, Mar. 6, 1831; came to Jackson Co. in 1853; died May 21, 1909; was an old and honored member of this society and had served as its president.

Martin Lockwood was born in New York in 1836; came to Iowa in 1853; died in Maquoketa, June 1, 1909.

Mrs. Margaret Metheney was born in Ohio in 1826; came to Iowa in 1849, where she lived until 1907, when she went to Draper, S. D., and died there on May 28, 1909. Pioneer.

Mrs. Amanda Summers-Little, a pioneer of Jackson county, died in Maquoketa, June 14, 1909; born in Clinton county, Feb. 12, 1843.

Fred O. Davis was born in Jackson county, Mar. 13, 1872; died in Maquoketa, June 26, 1909.

Financial Report of Old Settlers Picnic Held July 10, 1909.

The following report of the Secretary of the Pioneer and Old Settlers Society, would indicate that the word picnic as applied to the Old Settlers annual gatherings is a misnomer. Facts and figures show that there is very little food brought to those gatherings, and if the Secretary and committees did not furnish the food there would be no dinner to serve. Mr. Ellis says that formerly the members of the Society brought in bountiful supplies of victuals, and all the Secretary had to provide was sugar and coffee, but of late years it has been hard to get enough out of the membership dues to pay the expense for food stuff and hired help and it is evident that the members will have to bring in something to eat, or do away with the dinner part of the program.

July 10 to groceries and dishes at Sanborn's.....	\$ 2 95
printing badges at Sentinel office.....	1 75
Hamley, meat.....	2 50
Tracy, butter.....	84
Lang, meat.....	2 25
Gibson, meat.....	1 40
Haight, bread and pie plates.....	1 10
Mrs. Brady, Committee for kitchen help.....	4 25
Servatius, ribbon.....	1 50
Fisher, ribbon.....	1 15
Lamey, ribbon.....	1 43
Comstock, ribbon.....	1 08
Mordea, beans.....	1 00
Lang, pork.....	60
cleaning dishes, boiler and knives.....	2 00
help on obituary list.....	1 00
labor of team for day, Lovelee.....	3 00

Total expense.....\$29 80

Receipts from registration.....26 25

\$ 3 55

Dray hauling chairs from Harrison's.....40

We the committee appointed to audit the accounts of Secretary J. W. Ellis, have examined same and find them correct as above set forth.

F. W. MYATT.
O. J. EDWARDS.

HISTORY OF FAIRFIELD TOWNSHIP.

(From the Sabula Gazette of July 22, 1876.)

Fellow Citizens: Your committee to whom was assigned the duty of writing the history of Fairfield township beg leave to present the following:

EARLY HISTORY.

What is known as Fairfield township is congressional township 84 north, range 4 east of the fifth principal meridian. It was let by contract to Col. Thomas Cox, and subdivided into sections by John McDonald, surveyor, in the year 1837. Under the territorial government of Iowa the east half of it was attached to Van Buren township and the west half to Maquoketa township for political purposes. The first Justice of the Peace under this government, within its limits was Ephriam Nevil, and the first constable was Enoch Nevil.

It was elected into a Civil Township in 1846 by seven legal voters. The first officers were as follows: Justices of the Peace, Wm. Reed and B. F. Hull; constables, H. M. Reed and J. N. Jones; clerk, Walter Henry; trustees, J. B. Rowley, John Scarborough and S. A. Richardson.

ITS NAME.

The name Fairfield was nominated by Benjamin F. Hull, and agreed to by all present. Fair, and adjective, means beautiful, handsome, pleasing to the eye, favorable, open to access. Field means open space for action or operation. Fairfield—the best place for man to settle for ease and comfort, with all the conveniences about him to enable him to become healthy, wealthy and wise.

EARLY SETTLEMENT, INCIDENTS.

John Cox was the first settler. His log cabin was put up by Hugh Neiper and Alex Frazill. (Who came near being poisoned to death from drinking coffee in which it is supposed a spider had been boiled. However, they reached Bellevue after three days weary travel and were restored to health by Dr. Moss.)

In the same year Leonard Hilyard, Joseph and Morris Hilyard and Ephriam Nevil moved with their families, into the northwest corner of the township.

Here death laid its icy fingers on Elizabeth Hilyard, the mother in Israel of the new settlement, and the first grave in the township was opened for her.

Here the first connubial celebration took place, between Wm. Watkins and the Widow Maxwell, whose husband was killed in the Bellevue war.

Here also the first child was born in the township, Maggie Cox, who is now 38 years old.

Here also the first sermon was preached, by Bishop Morris, brother of the first deceased. The second sermon was preached by Rev. John Mackintyre. When the settlers gathered for worship the men brought their guns along to protect themselves and families from Indians and wild beasts, and set them down outside the door. The preacher thought he would reprove them for their impiety, and took for his text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Just as he had announced his text a black bear came from the woods and went to the river named after himself. (Maquoquitois

Black Bear) to slake his thirst. The dogs gave the alarm, the men snatched their guns and made pursuit, and poor Bruin, for his audacity in disturbing public worship, forfeited his pelt, his flesh going to satisfy the hunger of those who had lost their spiritual rations through his appearance.

Here also the first religious service was performed at a funeral conducted by J. B. Rowley at the burial of Betsey Hilyard, wife of Morris Hilyard.

Here also the first school was taught, by J. B. Rowley, in 1843.

The next settlement was made by John Holroyd, who is now the oldest settler living in the township. He left Liverpool the first day of April, 1840, (the day of the Bellevue fight) and settled in the southeast corner of the township. After enduring the privations and hardships of pioneer life, he suffered the loss of seven children and a nephew by a steamboat explosion when his family were coming to him from England.

Here the first land was entered in the township, Mr. Holroyd and Henry Neurée each taking up an eighty September 8, 1845.

Here a class was formed for religious services in 1851; and in 1853 the Summer Hill school house was built, and a grave yard laid out, the first person buried in which was a son of James Elwood.

The third settlement was made by Wm. Reed, at the mouth of Rock Creek in 1842.

Here, as elsewhere, death came, and in less than one month the mother and two grandsons were numbered with the dead. Their remains were conveyed to Cemetery Hill and interred by the husband and son, no one being present but the members of the family.

The first sermon preached here was by Rev. Jeremiah Farrier, a seceder clergyman, from Galena. The congregation numbered seven. After this the place now known as North Bend was settled, and a school was taught by J. W. Butler.

A class for religious services was organized in 1850, and in 1854 a Sunday school was organized, and has been continued through the summer season ever since, and is now in a prosperous condition.

Here a Congregational church was organized in 1855, under the name of Rock Creek; and in 1859 a Baptist church was organized under the name of North Bend.

The fourth settlement was made in the southwest corner of the township by B. F. Hull, S. A. Richardson, Lyman Wright, Wm. Haylock and others, in 1845.

The first marriage here was that of Nelson Kimball and Hannah Stalcop. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Larkin.

There was a school house built in 1847, and a school taught by Miss Wentworth.

The first buried in Fairfield grave yard was B. F. Hull.

An M. E. class was organized here in 1849, and a Sunday school was organized some time after.

Here the first celebration was held on the Fourth of July within the township.

THE RESOURCES.

Niagara limestone is found in great abundance for building purposes and for making lime. In some places it is stratified and easily convertible into use, and will doubtless ere long be a source of wealth. Timber abounds and grows so rapidly that there are more solid inches of wood in the township now than when it was first settled. Water is plentiful. The Maquoketa river flows through the township. Water is usually obtained for culinary purposes by drilling. The soil is productive and may be brought to a high state by cultivation.

THE STAPLE COMMODITIES

are wheat, corn and oats, horses, cattle and swine. Garden vegetables of all kinds grown in a temperate zone can be raised here with profit.

CASUALTIES.

Three have been killed by accident, one committed suicide, one found dead, one drowned

EDUCATION.

Fairheld's educational facilities are equal to, if not in advance of those of her compeers. There is generally eight months school in the year. Her growth in school facilities has kept pace with her improvement in other respects. Starting with one small school in a log hut, she has at present eight districts with splendid large schoolhouses, well equipped for training the youthful mind. She has furnished for the public good one lawyer, two teachers and numerous school teachers. Her talent being entirely too honest to reach high stations has remained in comparative obscurity.

MANUFACTORIES AND TRADE

The township has no manufactories or mills, except one steam saw mill, but there are such institutions near her lines. She contains one store and two blacksmith shops. Workers in wood are numerous. Many farmers do their own making and repairing.

HEALTH AND MORALS.

She has not within her limits a lawyer or a doctor. Neither could make a living without combining some other occupation with the practice of his profession. The inhabitants are generally peaceable and healthy. This happy moral and physical condition may be partly attributed to the fact that there is not now and never has been a saloon within the limits of the township.

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity was introduced with the first year's settlers, and although the followers of Jesus were few they bore the standard of the cross through all the privations and hardships of pioneer life, until it became honored and respected among men, and believed on by the many. More effort has been put forth to unfurl the banner of the Gospel in Fairfield than in any other township in the county. She has within her territory but one meeting house, but the large and commodious school houses furnished ample accommodations for meeting and Sabbath schools.

NOW AND THEN.

Now the people live on luxuries. Then on necessities.

Now they live on the choicest viands, fine flour, preserves, pies, pudding, pickles and canned fruits. Then they lived on hog and hominy, venison, fish, samp potatoes, pumpkins and wild plums.

Now they ride in splendid carriages drawn by fancy horses. Then they rode in lumber wagons, drawn by oxen.

Now they count their money by dollars, hundreds and thousands. Then they counted it by cents, picayunes and bits.

Now the children attend school in school houses well equipped and study reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, English grammar, history, geography and physiology and school teachers get from \$18 to \$45 per month. Then they attended in the log hut and studied spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic, and teachers got from \$1.50 per week to \$12 per month.

Now the evening twilight is melodious with the sounds of the organ and the engine whistle. Then it was hideous by the scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf.

Now money is an equivalent for all dues and the acquisition of wealth is man's master passion. Then the currency was an exchange of commodities or labor, and there was such a desire to pay back in the kind received that Squire Reed married Wm. Conway "on tick," and waited till Conway was elected Justice of the Peace, and then Conway married Reed to his third wife to pay the debt, no interest being allowed on anything except money.

Now, at the last election, there were 165 votes polled. Then at the first there were 7.

Then the people were all on a level, and sympathy and kindness were extended to all. Now pride and vanity show their undignified heads, and caste is seen in all communities and assemblies.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST.

Whereas, the founders of our government in its infancy invoked the blessings and protection of Divine Providence, to which may be ascribed their great success: It seems fitting that at this centennial celebration grateful acknowledgement should be made to the Supreme Ruler of the World for the protection and blessings He has conferred upon us and we would suggest that thirty minutes be set apart for public, religious and devout thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings that have been bestowed upon us as a township, and humbly invoking the continuance of His favor and His protection.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN HOLROYD,
DAVID BLAKELY,
WM. E. REED.

PROMINENT IOWANS RESPOND.

Many Promise to Be Here to the Dedication of the Governor Ansel Briggs Monument.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Friend:—Yours of the 2nd at hand, I am sorry to say that it will be impossible for me to attend the unveiling services of the Ansel Briggs Monument.

I hope you will have fine weather and a big crowd. I will keep in mind the date. I expect to make a trip to Canada about that time or a little before.

Yours respectfully,

W. I. BEANS.

Corydon, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Mr. Ellis:— I am just in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of Iowa's first Governor, "Anse Briggs", and I desire at this time to express to you and to the members of the Jackson Co Historical Society, my appreciation of your kindness and to assure you that it will afford me unbounded pleasure to be present with you and enjoy the exercises attendant on this noble and patriotic occasion, so long delayed.

Comrade Ellis, you are entitled to the lasting gratitude of the people of your county, and not only them, but the people of the entire State of Iowa, for your efficient efforts in securing the appropriation, which assured the completion of this tribute of respect to "Our First Governor." Personally I am glad that it was my privilege to have a small part in this matter as a member of the 33rd G. A., it was my vote that was first recorded in favor of the measure. Again thanking you and wishing you and the society the very best success, in the exercises of the day, I regret very deeply that it will be impossible for me to be present.

With best personal regards for yourself. I am,

Very truly yours,

W. P. ALLRED.

Deep River, Iowa, Aug. 3rd, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Mr. Ellis:—Your invitation to attend the unveiling of the Ansel Briggs monument as member of the 33rd G. A. is received.

I will be pleased to attend said service, if I am in the state at that time. I thank you for the invitation. I often think of the pleasant hours we spent together last winter. Wishing you happiness and all the good things of life. I am,

Yours truly,

G. W. TILTON.

Reinbeck, Iowa, Aug. 6, 1909.

J. W. Ellis, Maquokea. Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Your very kind invitation of the 2nd to be present at the unveiling of the monument to the Hon. Ansel Briggs is just received, and I am very sorry that business engagements make it impossible for me to accept. I am glad that your people are taking an interest in perpetuating the memory of this distinguished man and with best regards. I am,

Sincerely yours, SHERMAN W. DEWOLF.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Aug 5, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Ellis:—I have yours of the 2nd inst., extending to me an invitation to attend the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of Ansel Briggs, on Sept. 22nd.

I am not certain as yet, that I can attend your exercises, but hope to do so. I trust that you may have a profitable day and a large attendance.

Yours very truly, C. G. SAUNDERS.

Lenox, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Sec., Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—Yours of the 2nd enclosing invitation to unveiling of a monument erected at the grave of the first Governor, was received. I thank you very much for the honor extended, but am sorry that business over which I have no control will make it impossible for me to attend, much as I would enjoy being present. I took great pleasure in supporting the measure for the appropriation, thinking that it was the proper thing for the people of the State to do. Wishing that your undertaking may prove a success and that the day may be propitious. I remain,

Sincerely yours, T. W. BENNETT.

Waterloo, Iowa, Aug. 3rd, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to be present at the dedication of the monument of Ansel Briggs, Iowa's first Governor, duly received and want to thank you for this invitation. Mrs. Feeley and myself have been planning on attending these exercises, so we will be present on September 22nd.

Yours sincerely, GUY A. FEELY.

Albia, Iowa, Aug. 3rd, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Ellis:—Your invitation to the dedication of the Brigg's monument has just been received and I wish to thank you for the same. If circumstances are such that I can be there I certainly will, as I would like very much to go. You are to be congratulated upon your success in getting the appropriation through, as I understand that it has been attempted several times before this last session and it is a great honor to Jackson county to furnish the last resting place of the first governor of Iowa.

With best regards, I am, Yours truly,

THOS. HECKENLOOPER.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Aug. 3, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your invitation to attend the dedication of the Briggs' monument on September 22. while I cannot at this time give a definite answer, I hope that I may be able to be present. I have no doubt that the occasion will be a pleasant one. You will probably and rightfully take a great deal of satisfaction in seeing the monument erected and dedicated as it was due wholly to your efforts that the appropriation was made. Trusting that the occasion will be one of great pleasure and satisfaction to you. I remain, Yours very truly,

ERNEST R. MOORE.

Boone, Iowa, Aug. 3, 1909

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—Your favor with invitation to the unveiling exercises of the monument to Gov. Ansel Briggs, at Andrew next month, is received, and I thank you for the same. It recalls to my mind the vicissitudes of House File No. 1, last winter, and now that the purpose of the bill is about to be realized, I desire again to congratulate you for whatever sentiment or spirit is aroused by the state assisting in the erection of this monument, to one of her worthy pioneers, to you should be given the credit. I think I can share in the spirit of this occasion, even though unable to be present, and with the people of your county, feel that in honoring the memory of Ansel Briggs they honor themselves and the whole State. With kindest regards. I am, Yours truly,

W. W. GOODYKOONTZ.

Delmar, Aug. 3rd, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—Today I received your kind invitation to be present at the unveiling of the Ansel Briggs' monument at Andrew, Iowa, on Sept. 22, 1909. Nothing preventing I shall be there on that date. I am pleased to see your photo on the back of the invitation as a recognition of your faithful services in getting the appropriation through the 33rd G. A. May the day be a beautiful one is the wish of your friend and brother member in the House of Representatives. Very Respectfully,

A. W. KENDALL.

Bloomfield Iowa Aug. 3 d, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Mr. Ellis:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the unveiling of the monument in memory of Ansel Briggs, first Governor of Iowa, Sept. 22, 1909. I very much regret that it will be impossible for me to attend these services and assure you that my best wishes are with you on this occasion. Your people certainly are under many lasting obligations to you for what you accomplished in the securing of the appropriation for this worthy purpose and man. I beg to be

Yours truly, I. T. DABNEY.

Dubuque, Iowa, Aug. 3, 1909

My Dear Mr. Ellis:—Will try to be on hand at Andrew on Sept. 22nd.

Very truly yours, A. F. FRUDDEN.

Sioux City, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Mr. Ellis:—Your announcement of the dedication exercises of the Ansel Briggs monument received. Allow me to congratulate you and the officers of your association, on securing this monument to the first Governor of Iowa. If it is possible for me to be present with you I will do so. With kind personal regards. I remain, Yours truly,

W. L. HARDING.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—I desire to acknowledge your favor of recent date with invitation to attend the exercises at the unveiling of the monument erected in the cemetery at Andrew, in your county, in honor of the memory of Hon. Ansel Briggs, first Governor of this state. These exercises to occur on September 22nd. Please accept my thanks for the courtesy extended. I will endeavor to be present and think that I will be able to be there on the occasion referred to. It is difficult for me to make a positive appointment for a date so far ahead because of business matters that are likely to arise most any time. However, will do the best I can in the matter.

Very sincerely yours, W. C. HAYWARD, Secretary of State.

Iowa City, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Ellis:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to the Briggs monument dedication, Sept. 22, 1909. I thank you for thus remembering me and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be with you on this happy occasion and to again meet you, and circumstances permitting, I hope to avail myself of your kind invitation and with kind personal regards. I am as ever,

Your friend, GEO. W. KOONTZ.

Guthrie Centre, Aug. 4, 1909.

J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your esteemed favor of the 2nd, inviting me to attend the public exercises attending the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of Ansel Briggs on the 22nd of Sept., at hand. I appreciate your courtesy and regret to inform you that other engagements will make it practically impossible to be present on that occasion.

Very truly yours, W. K. DEWEY.

Rep. 31st district.

Hampton, Iowa, Aug. 5, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Mr. Ellis:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the exercises of your Historical Society on Sept. 22. I regret very much my inability to be present. Our court will be in session at that time.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. D. EVANS.

Odebolt, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Ellis:—Your very kind invitation of the 2d inst, to attend the public exercises at Andrew, Iowa, Sept 22nd at hand. I do not know just how I will be situated at that time but if I can get away without too much inconvenience I shall be glad to be with you on that occasion. although I very much doubt if I will have time, as I expect to be in the west up to nearly that time and will probably have a stack of work to clean up before I can take another trip. Thanking you for your very kind invitation, I am,

Truly yours,

JOSEPH MATTES.

Marion, Iowa, Aug. 4th 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Sec'y. of Jackson Historical Society, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Ellis—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to attend a monument dedication, in honor of Ansel Briggs, and wish to thank you for the same. At the present time I fear business matters will prevent my being away from home on that date I should be very much pleased to attend so important an event and if I can arrange business matters so that I may be able to attend, will advise you.

Yours very truly,

J. W. BOWMAN.

Office of Wm. Larrabee, Clearmont, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1909.

J. W. Ellis, Secretary, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Thanks for the invitation to attend the public exercises attending the unveiling of the monument erected in memory of Governor Ansel Briggs. I feel thankful that the Jackson County Historical Society has received for the people of the state this memorial of Governor Briggs. It is pleasant to contemplate the improvement made in Iowa since the administration of Governor Briggs. The happy and prosperous condition of our people at the present time. Yours truly,

WM. LARRABEE.

New Hartford, Aug. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis Maquoketa, Iowa

Dear Sir and Friend:—Replying to your kind invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument of Governor Briggs, say that it would give great pleasure to be present at the time and place you name, and if nothing transpires to prevent, I expect to be with you on that occasion.

Yours very truly,

J. A. COUSINS.

Hampton, Iowa, Aug. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—While I greatly appreciate the invitation to the monument dedication Sept. 2 it will not be convenient for me to be present on that occasion as I have planned to go to the Pacific coast at that time. I want to congratulate you upon the success of the undertaking for I well remember the hard work and anxious hours you spent in getting it through the legislature. With kind regards. I remain,

Yours truly,

N. W. BEEBE.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Clinton, Iowa, August 4th, 1909.

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of an invitation addressed to Hon. Karl Johnson requesting my presense at the dedication of the monument of Iowa's first governor, and please accept my thanks for the same, as I take it that the above named Honorable gentleman has received the invitation intended for me. If possible I shall be pleased to be present.

Yours very truly,

J. L. WOLFE.

Leon, Iowa, Aug. 3, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir—Your invitation to attend the public exercises attending the unveiling of the monument erected in Jackson County, Iowa, to honor the memory of Ansel Briggs first Governor of the State of Iowa, on the 22nd day of September, 1909, received. I thank you for this invitation and congratulate you on the success of your effort in securing the return to Iowa soil of the body of Governor Briggs and the erection of a suitable monument to mark his grave in his Iowa home. I am not sure that I can attend, but will if I can conveniently. Very truly yours,

Rep. 33rd G. A.

E. J. SANKEY.

West Union, Iowa, Aug. 3rd, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Mr. Ellis—I have your kind invitation to attend the dedicatory services of the Ansel Brigg's monument on Sept. 22nd, for which I thank you very much. If possible I will be with you on that date. Wishing you a very successful event, I am

Yours very truly,

HENRY L. ADAMS.

Orange City, Iowa, Aug. 3, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir and Friend—I received your invitation of the 2nd inst. to attend the exercises in connection with the unveiling of the Ansel Brigg's monument on the 22nd of Sept. I should be very glad to accept this invitation, but our term of court commences on the 13th of that month, and it will therefore be impossible for me to do so. Since adjournment of the session I have been quite busy and not met many of the members. Should occasion present itself to bring me your way I will be sure to call on you for a visit.

Yours very truly,

GERRIT KLAY.

Rep. 33rd G. A.

Des Moines, Aug. 4th, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir—I have your kind invitation to attend the exercises attending the unveiling of a monument to honor the memory of Gov. Ansel Briggs. In reply will say it will be impossible for me to attend. Thanking you for the invitation, I am,

Yours very truly,

W. W. MORROW, Treasurer of State.

Grundy Centre, Iowa, Aug. 6 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis.

Dear Sir:—I wish to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to attend the dedication of the monument erected to the first governor of Iowa. I would enjoy meeting you again, also I would enjoy the exercises at this dedication. I do not think it possible that I can get away at that time. My time is taken up very fully now. If when the time comes I can get away I will take it in, but as things look now I do not expect to be so fortunate.

Yours truly,

R. M. FINLAYSON.

Elliott, Iowa, Aug. 6, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Sec., Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Friend:—I received your kind invitation to attend the services connected with the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of the late Gov. Ansel Briggs, first governor of this state. Thanks for the invitation, but under the circumstances it would be almost impossible for me to attend, as my wife and I expect to start next week for Seattle. I feel as if I would like very much to see all of the members of the last G. A. Again thanking you for the invitation, I remain,

Yours Sincerely,

C. E. DE WITT.

Dept. General Instruction, Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 5th, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—I regret that it will be impossible for me to be present at Andrew on Sept. 22 on the notable occasion of the unveiling of the monument erected by the State of Iowa to the honor and memory of Ansel Briggs, first governor of the state of Iowa. The erection of the monument is a fitting, if tardy recognition of the life of this sturdy pioneer.

Very respectfully,

JOHN F. RIGGS.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 6, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir:—It would give me great pleasure to be present at the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of Gov. Ansel Briggs, Sept. 22nd, but I think it would not be possible for me to be present. Please present my compliments to the officers of Jackson County Historical Society, and assure them that I appreciate the honor of being invited to witness the ceremony. Very cordially,

HENRY SABIN.

Adjutant General's Dept., Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 6, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation to be present at the unveiling of a monument erected in the cemetery in the town of Andrew Jackson county, Iowa, to honor the memory of Ansel Briggs, first governor of the state of Iowa, and I regret very much that I will be unable to be present at that time.

Very respectfully,

GUY E. LOGAN, Adjutant-General.

Bellevue, Iowa, Aug. 13, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis,

Dear Friend:—Yours of the 2nd reached me on my return from western trip. I shall try and be present unless some unavoidable matter that needs my presence, should come on same day. Very truly yours,

A. G. KEGLER.

Des Moines, Aug. 12, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your programme and announcement for the Ansel Briggs' monument dedication to be held at Andrew in your county on the 22nd day of Sept., 1909. If my official engagements do not interfere I will try to be present on that date. Yours very truly,

H. W. BYERS.

Ilion, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Your very kind invitation to the unveiling of the Briggs' monument has just reached me here. I would like to be present on the occasion but as our court will then be in session, it will not be possible. I thank you for your kindness, and remain Yours truly,

JOHN C SHERWIN.

Aurelia, Iowa, Aug. 9, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis Maquoketa, Iowa

Dear Sr:—I hasten to acknowledge receipt of your gracious invitation to be present at the Gov. Briggs' monument dedication. I thank you for the invitation and regret that I shall not be able to attend, but I trust you will have a good attendance of assembly members and a pleasant and profitable time. I am Sincerely yours,

W. P. DAWSON.

Canton, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1909.

Mr. James Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I beg to say that I will be present at Andrew on the date you mentioned. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am

Yours very respectfully, LYMAN B PARSHALL.

Dyersville, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1909

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Friend:—Your kind invitation to the dedication of the monument to the first Governor of Iowa, Ansel Briggs, on Sept. 22nd, at hand. In reply will say I consider it an honor to be present on an occasion like that. I shall try to be there if nothing prevents. With best wishes to you and the Jackson Co. Historical Society, I am Yours truly,

HENRY TEGELER.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 5, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Secretary, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I wish it were possible for me to attend the dedicatory exercises incident to the unveiling of the monument to Ansel Briggs, first Governor of Iowa. When I consider the growth and development of my

adopted state and the place she occupies in the sisterhood of states, I can scarcely realize that I was born during the incumbency of Iowa's first governor. I am glad the monument has been erected. The spirit of commercialism must not crush out the spirit of patriotism. Throughout our country are many monuments erected from fifty to two hundred years ago, but I have not seen many erected during the period of our greatest prosperity. The appropriation, therefore, was wise though long delayed. Let the legislature be liberal lest the people of Iowa forget. Yours very truly,

LESLIE M. SHAW.

Board of Control of State Institutions, Des Moines, Aug. 9, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis,

Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to be present at the monument dedication at Andrew, Iowa, on Sept. 22nd, is at hand. In reply I beg to say that it is impossible for me to advise definitely whether I can be present on that occasion or not, but will endeavor to advise you later. I desire to congratulate you and the State of Iowa, that although long deferred, at last a monument is to be erected to the memory of the first governor of our great state, for which the citizens of Iowa are indebted to you. With kind personal regards, I am

Sincerely,

I T. HAMILTON.

Iowa City, Iowa, Aug. 8 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Secretary, Maquoketa Iowa.

My dear Sir:—Your very kind invitation to be present on Sept. 22nd at the public exercises attending the unveiling of a monument in memory of Gov. Briggs is received. It would give me great pleasure to be present on this interesting occasion, but the court will be in session at that time, and it will be impossible for me to attend. Very truly yours,

EMLIN MCCLAIN, Justice Supreme Court.

Sioux Center, Iowa Aug. 7, 1909.

J. W. Ellis,

Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to attend the exercises at the unveiling of the monument erected at Andrew in honor of Ansel Briggs received, but am sorry to inform you that it will be impossible for me to attend as I expect to be away from home at that time. Regretting that conditions will make it impossible for me to be there. I remain

Very truly yours,

NICHOLAS BALKEMA, Senator from 49th District.

Chariton, Iowa, Aug. 6, 1909.

J. W. Ellis, Secretary, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir:—I sincerely thank you for the honor of an invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of the first Governor of Iowa, Ansel Briggs. I also congratulate you in securing an appropriation from the State for that purpose. You people are not only recording, but you are making history which will be very creditable to the State, and especially to Jackson county. I fear I will not be in a situation to accept your kind invitation to be with you on so memorable an occasion.

please convey to your county society my regrets at not being with you, and my congratulations upon your success in so worthy an undertaking.

Very truly yours, WARREN S. DURGAN.

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., Aug. 6, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Mr. Ellis:—I thank you for your kind invitation to be present at the event in Maquoketa, which is of historic interest, and I regret that it is impossible for me to accept it. I thank you very much for your kindness.

Very truly,

W. D. JAMESON, Eighth District Iowa.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 9, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Ellis:—I have your invitation to attend your unveiling exercises of the Briggs monument on Sept. 22nd. Please accept my thanks for same. I am very sorry that I will not be able to be with you at that time as our court will be in session.

Yours truly,

JOHN B. SULLIVAN.

Almont, Iowa, Aug. 9, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Friend:—Your kind invitation to attend the monument dedication at Andrew, Sept. 22nd, received. In reply will say I shall be pleased to accept, and will try and be with you. With kind personal regards, I am

Very truly,

J. L. WILSON, Representative from Clinton Co.

Birmingham, Iowa, Aug. 9, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis,

Dear Sir:—Your invitation to be present at the dedication of the Briggs monument received. Thanks, I will try to be present on that occasion. I wish to congratulate you on your success in the matter. You surely did good work in bringing the stiff-necked house around to your side.

Truly yours,

S. H. BAUMAN, Representative from Van Buren Co.

Davenport, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Friend Ellis:—Your invitation to attend the Briggs ceremonies Sept. 22nd, has been received, for which please accept my thanks. Unless something turns up that will prevent I will be present.

Yours very truly,

AUGUST A. BALLUFF.

Adjutant-General's Dept., Des Moines, Aug. 9, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis,

My dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the exercises connected with the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of Ansel Briggs, the first Governor of Iowa, in the town of Andrew on Sept. 22nd, 1909. If I can make the necessary arrangement to be absent from the work I have in hand here at that time, I shall be very glad to ac-

cept your invitation, but I cannot at this time determine whether I will be able to be present on that occasion or not. I congratulate you on your efforts in securing the erection of the monument.

Yours very truly,

G. W. CROSLLEY.

Hon. J. W. Ellis,

My dear Sir:—Your invitation to attend the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of the first Governor of Iowa received. I will consider it an honor to be present, and will be there if I can arrange my business so I can get away. The appropriation for which you justly have the honor of securing was a very laudable act, and any man who would vote against it would certainly be an ingrate.

Very respectfully yours,

GEO. C. CALKINS, Representative 13th District Iowa.

Marblehead, Mass., Aug. 17, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis,

My dear Sir:—I am obliged by ill health and old age to decline the invitation to join the exercises for the Gov. Briggs memorial. I am now in my 88th year, and passing the summer at the sea-side here, hoping to regain some lost strength, otherwise I should be glad to join in the testimonial to the first governor of our state. Thanking the committee for the honor of their invitation, I am Very truly yours, JOHN A. KASSON.

Danville, Iowa, Aug. 17, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis

Dear Sir and Friend:—Your kind invitation to be present at the unveiling of a monument to the memory of Iowa's first governor received. In reply will say that I find it impossible to attend the ceremonies. I congratulate you on securing the appropriation for the monument and assure you that no work of mine in the 33rd General Assembly, gave me more pleasure than that of assisting you in this work. With kind personal regards, I remain Your friend,

W. D. DODDS.

Lake City Iowa, Aug. 18, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis,

My dear Friend:—Coming up the street this p. m., I met an old pioneer, one of the very first to locate in this part of the county in the 50's and I was reminded of your invitation to attend the dedication of the monument to Gov. Ansel Briggs. I regret that it will be impossible for me to attend your exercises, but I congratulate you on the success that has attended your effort to bless the first Governor of Iowa with a final resting place in Iowa soil. I do not think that our people can be too grateful to the memory of the study pioneers who laid the corner stone for this state in territorial days, and looked after the interests of an infant commonwealth with jealous bravery, and what now seems an inspired faith in the greatness that has come from humble beginnings. Content to do and discover for others rather than to possess and keep for self the pioneer is worthy of our remembrance and emulation. With kindest personal regards, I remain Yours very truly,

JOHN W. JACOBS

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 19, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your invitation to the dedication of the Ansel Briggs monument, Sept. 22nd, 1909. I thank you for this invitation and regret exceedingly that I cannot be present. A great many years ago I met and was introduced to Ansel Briggs in Omaha. I think he resided in Omaha at the time. At any rate, I remember distinctly of meeting him. He looked to me like a grand and substantial man. I hope the weather may be favorable and that everything may pass off with enthusiasm at the dedication. Sincerely yours, LAFAYETTE YOUNG,

Pub. of The Des Moines Capitol.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 18, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis,

My dear Sir:—I thank you very kindly for the invitation to attend the dedication of the monument erected to honor the memory of Ansel Briggs the first Governor of Iowa, and would be pleased to do so but it will not be convenient. I was born in Van Buren county, Iowa Territory, Feb. 21, 1842, making me nearly five years old when Gov. Briggs was inaugurated, and remember Hon. Elisha Cutler, Secretary of State, 1846-48, and Hon. Josiah Bonney, Secretary of State, 1848-50, well, the latter for many years.

Respectfully,

V. P. TROMBLY.

New York, Aug. 16, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation inviting me to be present at the unveiling of a monument erected in the town of Andrew, in honor of the memory of Ansel Briggs, the first Governor of the State of Iowa, on the 22nd of September next. I beg to express to the Historical Society my appreciation of this invitation, and to state that it would give me great pleasure if it were possible to accept it, but age, distance and pre-engagements absolutely prevent my doing so. I avail myself of this occasion to state that Ansel Briggs, prior to his election as Governor, made his home in Davenport at the house of my father, and I remember him as well as is possible for a boy of ten or eleven years of age. It is a great pleasure to me to know that his memory is to be thus appropriately honored. With kindest regards, I am

Very sincerely, JOHN F. DILLON.

Ottumwa, Iowa, Aug. 17, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of the invitation of the Jackson County Historical Society to attend the exercises at the unveiling of the monument erected at Andrew, Jackson county, in memory of Ansel Briggs. I desire to thank you for the invitation and to assure you that if it is possible, I shall deem it a privilege to be present. Yours very truly,

EDWIN G. MOON.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa Iowa.

Delavan, Wis., Aug. 16, 1909.

Letter received. Will be with you Sept. 22nd. Sincerely,

BEN VAN STEINBURG.

Hon. J. W. Ellis,

Adel, Iowa, Aug. 17, 1909.

My dear Mr. Ellis:—I received some little time ago your invitation to be present on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of Gov. Briggs. I have delayed answering in order that I might determine, if possible, whether I could be present. We will have a term of court in session at the time of the unveiling, and with the business that has accumulated for us for the next term, it does not seem at all likely that I can get away. I regret that this is true, because it would afford me a great deal of pleasure to be with you on such an occasion.

Sincerely yours,

G. W. CLARK.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Indianola, Iowa, Aug. 16, 1909.

Dear Sir:—Yours enclosing invitation to attend the dedicatory exercises of the Briggs monument, received. I think it will be impossible for me to be present at that time. Yours truly,

A. V. PROUDFOOT

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Secretary, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Keokuk, Iowa, Aug. 15, 1909

Dear Sir:—I thank you for your courteous invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument to Hon. Ansel Briggs Iowa's first Governor, Sept. 22nd 1909. It would be a great pleasure to meet the people on that occasion. I think it will be impossible to gratify my wish. I am certain the exercises of the 22nd will be full of interest.

Respectfully,

J. M. SHAFFER.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Sec.

Marion, Iowa, Aug. 14, 1909.

Dear Sir:—I most sincerely thank you for the cordial invitation you have honored me with to be present at the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of the first Governor of Iowa, Ansel Briggs. I appreciate the patriotic society you speak for but also honor you for the successful effort on your part to have the State do a long neglected duty. Your name will be associated with this movement so long as duty well done is appreciated by a patriotic people. I will be present if health permits.

Yours truly,

Wm. G. THOMPSON.

J. W. Ellis, Sec'y Maquoketa, Iowa.

Hancock, Iowa, Aug. 12, 1909.

Dear Sir:—Mr. Brandes is in Europe and it will be impossible for him to attend the exercises of the unveiling of the monument in honor of Ansel Briggs. Yours respectfully,

MRS. H. C. BRANDES.

Jessup, Iowa, Aug. 12, 1909.

Hon. Jas. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of invitation to attend unveiling of monument to Gov. Ansel Briggs at Andrew. Shall be present, if possible. Respectfully yours, B. F. STODDARD.

Newton, Iowa, Aug. 14, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of Ansel Briggs, Iowa's first Governor. I regret that my time will be so occupied as to prevent my attendance. I have just returned from a trip to the west, and am somewhat behind with my work, and court is approaching. I am heartily in sympathy, however, in thus honoring the memory of Iowa's first governor, an honor that has been too long deferred. I trust that the occasion will be fittingly commemorated, and redound to the credit of your society and the state. Very truly yours, W. K. COOPER.

Glenwood Springs, Colo., Aug. 13, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis,

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to be present at the unveiling of the monument in memory of Gov. Ansel Briggs. I regret to say that it will be impossible for me to attend. I have been sick since the first of June, and am now in the mountains trying to recuperate, which I am doing slowly. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am Truly, GRENVILLE M. DODGE.

State of Iowa, Executive Department, Des Moines, Aug. 16, 1909.

My dear Mr. Ellis:—I am in receipt of the invitation to attend the Ansel Briggs monument dedication the 22nd of September, and you may expect me there unless something unavoidable prevents it.

Very truly yours, GOVERNOR B. F. CARROLL.

Muscatine, Iowa Aug. 14, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Your note of invitation to the unveiling of a monument to honor the memory of Ansel Briggs, the first Governor of the State of Iowa, is received, and I return you my thanks for the same. But owing to my old age I may not be able to be with you, for I have seen more than eighty years. I have reason to honor the old pioneers of our glorious Iowa, because my beloved wife's uncle, Robert Lucas, who had for two terms served as Governor of Ohio, was appointed by President Van Buren, the first Governor of Iowa Territory. Wishing you a pleasant time, I remain Yours truly, SAMUEL McNUTT.

Indianola, Iowa, Aug. 24.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Mr. Ellis:—Your kind invitation to me to attend the public exercises attending the unveiling of monument erected to honor the memory of Ansel Briggs, first Governor of Iowa, duly received. I regret to say that I will not be able to be with you on the 22nd day of Sept., or at least it looks to me that way at the present time. Will be very glad to attend should matters shape themselves so I can. You no doubt remember that I was one of your friends in getting this appropriation, and it goes without saying I would be very glad to be with you on that day. With kind regards, I remain
Yours very truly, J. H. DERROUGH.

World-Herald, Omaha, Nebr, Aug. 19, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis:

Dear Sir:—Please accept our thanks for your kind invitation to attend the unveiling of the monument to the memory of Gov. Ansel Briggs and our regrets that we shall be unable to attend. We trust that the event will be in attendance worthy of its high aim in perpetuating the remembrance of the great executive.
Very sincerely,

MR. and MRS. SANDS F. WOODBRIDGE.

Davenport, Iowa, Aug. 21, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Many thanks for your invitation to attend the Ansel Brigg's monument dedication at Andrew on the 22nd of Sept. It will be impossible for us to take part in the interesting ceremonies, but you will confer a favor by sending me a copy of the full program of exercises as soon as it is ready. With best wishes.
Very truly yours

B. F. TILLINGHAST, Editor of Democrat.

Clarence, Iowa, Aug. 20, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I wish to acknowledge invitation to unveiling of monument to Governor Briggs, Sept. 22nd. 1909. I regret very much that I can not be present owing to other engagements about the same time.

Yours respectfully,

HIRAM DEWELL.

Sioux City, Aug. 20, 1909.

J. W. Ellis, Secretary, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir:—I regret to say I cannot be with you Sept. 22nd on the occasion of the unveiling of monument at Andrew in honor of Ansel Briggs, first Governor of Iowa. I appreciated the courtesy of your invitation.
Yours truly,

GEO. D. PERKINS.

Albia, Iowa Aug. 18, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis., Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Ellis:—I have just returned home after an absence of three weeks on vacation and find on my desk your invitation to attend the public exercises of the unveiling of a monument erected to honor the memory of Ansel Briggs. It affords me great pleasure to say that I hope to and will be in attendance on Sept. 2nd, 1909, unless some matters unforeseen prevents.
Very truly yours,

JOHN T. CLARKSON.

Omaha, Nebr., Aug. 28, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Secretary Jackson Co. Historical Society.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of 22nd inst. regarding the unveiling of Gov. Briggs' monument at hand. I will be unable to attend the exercises on account of matters pending here. Thanking you for favors shown. I remain

Yours truly,

MRS. W. H. LAFFERTY.

Burlington, Iowa, Aug. 30, 1909.

My dear Mr. Ellis:

I thank you for the honor of an invitation to commemorate the first Governor of our State. Ansel Briggs and Philip B. Bradley were my early friends when I came to the territory in 1843. I know the territorial governors and have known all the state governors down to Gov. Cummins. What a noble state has come of their labors! The infirmities of age will prevent my leaving home. Very respectfully, WILLIAM SALTER.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 24, 1909.

J. W. Ellis, Secretary.

Dear Sir:—Your invitation to attend the unveiling exercises of a monument erected to the memory of the late Governor Briggs, Sept. 22nd, received. I regret to say that it will be impossible for me to attend on account of previous business engagements. Thanking you for your kind invitation and hoping you will have nice weather for the unveiling. I am

Yours respectfully

ANSEL S. BRIGGS.

Adair, Iowa, Sept. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I have yours of some time ago inviting me to attend the monument dedication this month. I regret that I will be unable to be present at that time on account of a meeting that I expect to attend in Kentucky during that week. You are to be congratulated upon the success you had in securing the appropriation from the Legislature last winter and hope in the future that more of these monuments may be erected in this state. Thanking you for your kind invitation. I am,

Yours truly,

A. C. SAVAGE.

Dubuque, Iowa, Aug. 27, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Absence from home prevented an earlier acknowledgement of the invitation of the Jackson Co. Historical Society to attend the unveiling of the monument in memory of Hon. Ansel Briggs, the first Governor of the State of Iowa. I shall certainly be present unless matters, which I cannot control, prevent my attendance. I knew Gov. Briggs very well. My partner, the late Judge Booth and myself attended to his legal business in Jackson county during the latter years of his life. I soon learned to respect him for his sterling integrity, his strong common sense and sturdy independence of character. He certainly possessed in marked measure that vigorous manhood which characterized so many of the early settlers of Iowa. It is most fitting that the county and state, to the development of which he gave the best years of his life, should thus honor his memory.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

Davenport, Iowa, Sept. 3, 1909.

Hon J. W. Ellis.

My dear Mr. Ellis:—Your kind invitation to attend the unveiling of the Briggs' monument at Andrew the 22nd of Sept., is received. I sincerely regret my inability to be present at this occasion. I find that we have all been called to Des Moines on official business at that particular time.

Yours very truly,

F. J. SESSIONS.

Clinton, Iowa, Sept. 3., 1909.

J. W. Ellis.

Dear Sir:—I have received the invitation to be present at the dedication of the monument of the Governor on the 22nd of this month. Many thanks for kind remembrance of the same. I will be there if possible. Will there be a conveyance to take me to Andrew? Let me know if possible.

Truly yours,

ELIZABETH HARDING.

Davenport, Iowa, Sept. 3, 1909

J. W. Ellis. Secretary Jackson Co. Historical Society.

It is my intention at the present time to be with you on the occasion of the dedication of the Briggs' monument. I thank you for the invitation and should anything occur later to prevent my being present. I will communicate with you. Very truly yours,

MARIA P. PECK.

The Cliff House, Manitou, Colo., Sept. 2, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I have been in hopes I could be present at the ceremony in your county in September and will be if possible. I am glad your work has not been in vain for all Iowa feels great satisfaction in knowing that the remains of our first Governor will rest in Iowa, his native state, and county. And you are to be congratulated for having been able to be prime factor in creating interest along this line. Trusting that the ceremony will be all that an occasion of this kind should be. I am

Yours truly,

FRED LARABEE.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 26, 1909.

J. W. Ellis, Esq., Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Your invitation to be present as a pioneer, at the public exercises attending the unveiling of the monument to be erected in memory of Gov. Ansel Briggs on the 22nd of Sept. was received in due time. I regret, however, that the condition of my health, which is somewhat frail, will probably prevent my attendance. I was born in Des Moines county, Iowa, November, 1838, and well remembered as a child when Mr. Briggs was first elected Governor. I also afterwards met him a number of times while I was living in Council Bluffs and when he was a resident either of Council Bluffs or Omaha. I believed thoroughly in honoring the pioneers who helped lay the foundation of our great state in which I reckon Gov. Briggs as one of the prominent actors, and am greatly rejoiced that his remains are to be finally interred in Iowa soil. Thanking you for the invitation and hoping that the program of exercises may be successfully carried out. I remain

Very sincerely yours,

I. D. EDMUNDSON.

St. Charles, Iowa, Sept. 6th, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your announcement of the dedication of the monument of Ansel Briggs at Andrew, and the invitation to attend. I am sorry that it will not be my pleasure to be present, but I want to say that I feel an interest in the work that you are accomplishing. I want to congratulate you on the victory you have achieved in securing the removal of the body to Iowa, soil. Wishing you success in your chosen work and hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting you often,

I am sincerely yours, H. A. MUELLER.

Early, Iowa, Sept. 7, 1909

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Friend Ellis:—Your kind invitation received some time ago and I have not answered sooner hoping to so arrange matters to be with my few remaining acquaintances in old Jackson County, Sept 22nd. At this writing I fear I will not be able to go. I also have an invitation from Clinton county to meet with friends at about that date, but I fear will have to forego this pleasure also. Hoping the meeting will be a success and remember me to all the boys, I am

Yours truly,

Rep. from Sac County.

WILL DRURY.

U. S. Customs Service, Port of Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 7, 1909

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Secretary.

My dear Sir:—Upon my return from the west I found your invitation to attend, Sept. 22, 1909, the ceremony of unveiling a monument erected in the town of Andrew by the State of Iowa, to honor the memory of Ansel Briggs, first Governor of the State of Iowa. With many thanks to your Historical Society for the invitation. I should like very much, as a Pioneer, to be present on such an interesting occasion, but on account of ill health, I fear it will be impossible for me to be with you. Thanking you again, I remain,

Yours very truly,

G. L. GODFREY.

Mashta, Iowa, Sept. 6th, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Sec Jackson Co. Historical Society, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—We acknowledge with grateful thanks the invitation to attend the exercises of the unveiling and monument dedication by the State of Iowa at Andrew, Sept. 22nd, 1909, in memory of Ansel Briggs, first Governor of Iowa. We take great satisfaction and rejoice with you in that the hopes which have gradually been gaining strength and definiteness, are now to become realities. We sincerely trust that the work in which you have so arduously engaged and in which all have so effectually co-operated, may be a joy to you, and a source of satisfaction and pride to our beloved State, Iowa. Our plans are now to be present the 22nd inst. and at which time we shall hope to clasp hands with many warm friends.

We have the honor to be most sincerely yours,

ALEX D. ROBERTSON,

(Mrs Alex D. Robertson, formerly Nannie M. Briggs, Grand-daughter of Ansel Briggs.)

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 3, 1909.

Hon J. W. Ellis.

My dear Sir:—Please accept my thanks for the invitation to attend the dedication of the monument in honor of the first Governor of Iowa, Ansel Briggs, on the 22^d inst. I find that my time is engaged for that date and that I cannot be present. Trusting, however, that you will have an interesting meeting, I am

Very truly yours,

G. S. ROBERTSON.

Dubuque, Iowa, Sept. 6, 1909

To Hon. J. W. Ellis Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of Aug 2nd inviting my presence on the 22nd inst. at Andrew as "Pioneer" on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument erected to honor the memory of our first Governor is gladly accepted and will be pleased to attend on that occasion nothing preventing. My character as Pioneer with which you are pleased to honor me with, dates from Jan. 5th, my birth day in Dubuque in 1837, and I am possibly the oldest native living resident in Dubuque city and county at the present time. Our prosperous city was but a small village in my childhood days and I have had the pleasure to see and watch its growth to a populous city of at least 50,000 inhabitants and co-incidents have seen and lived under the governorship of Ansel Briggs, whose memory you propose to honor. Thanking the Jackson Co. Historical Society for thus honoring me, I am

Yours very respectfully, ALEX SIMPLOT.

Omaha, Nebr., Aug. 30, 1909.

To the Honorable Secretary and Officers of the Jackson Co. Historical Society.

My dear Sirs:—It is with expressions of warm appreciation and thanks that we write to acknowledge your invitation to the dedication of the monument Sept. 22nd, 1909, in remembrance of Ansel Briggs. The tender affectionate memories that must come upon us at such a time as this, should never lead us to untruthful compliment, and indeed the voice that is silvered today would be the very first to cry out against posthumous praise of his character. Still we would not be forgiven if we failed to give voice to the esteem in which he was universally held and for his great respect and testimonial from his fellow men of Iowa he would be sincerely conscious, and to accept it would be to lighten the sweet bond that directly connect him to Iowa and her people. How often have we who were intimately associated with him in the last years of his life, seen how solemnly and longingly he was conscious of the possibilities of the formative condition of Iowa as a state and his conviction that she should have courage to execute the message written of her on the scroll of prophesy. "That this his adopted state might ever be distinguished for virtue, intelligence and prosperity." He wanted for his loved Iowa, the summit of a mountain, whose lofty peaks might pierce the clouds so we follow where before us runs the vision of the shining ones. I am making all preparations to be with you on the date aforesaid, when I hope to meet many old time friends and no doubt many new ones. Hoping for you all success, I am most

Sincerely yours,

MRS. JOHN S. BRIGGS.

JACKSON COUNTY VETERANS' 21ST ANNUAL REUNION

Held at Bellevue, Wednesday and Thursday, August 25
and 26, 1909—Unfavorable Weather Condition.

It was the weather man alone that marred the annual event of the Jackson County Veterans' Association, which was held at Bellevue, Iowa, last Wednesday and Thursday. The rain on Wednesday which started in the early morning kept many of the old soldiers at home and as a result the registration was much smaller than in former years, only 67 enrolling. However, the enthusiasm that prevailed at the meetings was not lessened by the adverse weather condition. We reprint from the Sabula Gazette the registration and the following report:

REGISTRATION OF VETERANS.

MAQUOKETA.

Geo. Cooper, A, 15th Io.	E. M. Weeman, K, 11th Ill. Cav.
M. E. Finton, F, 31st Io.	H. L. Benjamin, E, 46th Ill.
Fred Gurius, I, 2d Mo.	Wm. Reed, I, 24th Io.
Asa Struble, E, 2d Io.	A. M. Phillips, I, 31st Io.
T. J. Wilson, I, 12th Io.	Jos. Brady, F, 7th Io. Cav.
Harvey Reid, A, 2d Wis	Jas. C. Smith, I, 24th Io.

BELLEVUE.

Jas. M. Bell Co. K., 31st Io.	F. Tompkins, D, 43d Wis.
John F. Snyder, K, 2d Io.	Adam Heckelsmiller, E, 15th Ill.
John F. Nichol森, K, 31st Io.	Wm. Snodgrass, F, 31st Io.
M. M. Bear, A, 45th Ill.	S. C. Sanderson, F, 96th Ill.
Ignatz Klein, F, 12th Ill.	Jrs. M. Fonda, E, 27th Io.
Phil Fablinger, F, 96th Ill.	Ell Nelson, D, 5th Io. Cav.
I. N. Howard, I, 2d Io.	John Grice, F, 12th N. Y.

SABULA.

W. B. Lovell, A, 8th Io. Cav.	W. R. Oake, A, 26th Io.
Sam Kinder, 7th Wis. Battery.	J. H. Guenther, A, 9th Io.
Robt McLaughlin, D, 11th Io.	John Weber, 92d Ill.
N. C. White, A, 9th Io.	H. S. Heberling, 1st Io. Cav.

ANDREW.

R. M. Gibson, M, 2d Io. Cav.	Jas. G. Hamilton, A, 9th Io.
E. B. Wylie K, 31st Inf.	S. M. Gibson, M, 2d Io. Cav.
W. F. Hoyt, K, 6th Cav.	James Waddell, I, 139th Penn Inf.

LAMOTTE

J. H. Kohlenberg, D, 2d Io.	Robt Honess, G, 74th N. Y.
Pierce Cahill, F, 10th Wis.	Thos. Bramhold, I, 24th Io.
Wm. Storm, I, 24th Io.	

PRESTON.

Chas. Wager, A, 24th Io.	C. A. Berninger, C 5th Wis.
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MILES

F. M. Miles, A, 24th.	V. Denick, A, 24th.
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EMELINE.

John W. Said, A, 45th Ill.	Thos. Houston, A, 26th Io.
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DELMAR.

A. H. Brown, A, 9th Io.	J. C. Donley, A, 124th Pa.
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ELWOOD.

O. P. Cornish, F, 44th Io.	Carl Herkleman, G, 2d Cal. Cav.
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ST. DONATUS.

Wm. Troy, K, 31st Io.	C. Gepford, E, 5th Io. Cav.
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CANTON.

Levi Strong, A, 26th Io.	Michel Walls E, 9th Mo. Cav.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Theo. Kleppien, E, 26th Io., Charlotte, Iowa.
G. E. Fuller, C, 92d Ill., Savanna, Ill.
D. W. Cleveland, A, 21st Io. Inf., Dubuque.
James Ramey, K, 31st Io., Clinton.
Geo. L. Wright, Lt. Col. 2d Io. Inf., Denver, Colo.
John Ostert, K, 31st Io. Inf., Marshalltown.
J. C. Carr, Adj. 31st Io. Inf., Morris, Ill.
James Belk, I, 31st Io. Inf., Otter Creek.

Thirteen sons of Veterans and 27 Patriotic Women registered. One feature that was greatly missed was the Veterans' drum corps which has always been an inspiring feature at previous reunions.

After registration Wednesday morning an excellent dinner was enjoyed at the me's hall and the ladies of Bellevue were highly complimented on

the excellent rations provided and their careful attendance to the wants of their guests. Owing to the rain the afternoon program was postponed until evening when it was merged with the campfire program. The address of welcome was made by Mayor Kegler and was responded to by Commander Geo. Cooper, in behalf of the veterans. A strong address by Major W. H. Torbert, of Dubuque, was the principal number on the program and Major Torbert held the close attention of the large gathering for a considerable time. His talk had the right ring to it and the soldiers and their friends enjoyed it thoroughly.

Col. Geo. L. Wright, of Denver, Colo., was introduced and gave a very interesting talk. Col. Wright was one of the first Jackson county boys to enlist. His home was on a farm near Maquoketa, but when the war broke out he was attending college at Epworth. In May, 1861, he answered the call to arms and enlisted in the Third Iowa Infantry with a Dubuque company. He served faithfully throughout the war and was mustered out colonel in command of the Second Infantry. His attendance at the reunion was much appreciated.

Col. Wright was followed by W. R. Oake, of this city, who made some remarks that were well received.

One of the most interesting things on the program was the adjutant's memorial report read by Adjutant Harvey Reid. The Bellevue quartet sang some patriotic airs and the Maquoketa band added to the musical part of the program.

At the business meeting held on Thursday morning the following officers were elected:

Commander—William Reel, Maquoketa.

Senior Vice Commander—W. R. Oake, Sabula.

Junior Vice Commander—Pierce Cahill, Lamotte.

Adjutant—Harvey Reid, Maquoketa.

Quartermaster—G. M. Gibson, Andrew.

Commissary—J. G. Hamilton, Andrew.

Color Sergeant—Chas. Berninger, Preston.

Chaplain—John W. Said, Emeline.

PATRIOTIC WOMEN.

President—Mrs. Fred Gurius, Maquoketa.

First Vice President—Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Maquoketa.

Second Vice President—Mrs. E. P. Waddell, Andrew.

Sergeant—Mrs. Royal Oake, Sabula.

Treasurer—Mrs. Joe Brady, Maquoketa.

Andrew was selected as the next place of reunion.

An amendment to the constitution was adopted by which it was provided that when the membership of the association shall have become reduced by death to a number too few to keep up its organization and care for the records and memorials that they shall be deposited with the Boardman Library Institute in the city of Maquoketa.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, in the good province of the Great Commander of the universe the Jackson County Veteran Association was permitted to convene in the beautiful city of Bellevue on the 25th and 26th days of August, 1900. Therefore be it unanimously resolved by said association in session assembled.

1. That to the good and loyal people of Bellevue, we extend our sincere thanks for their most royal hospitality and entertainment, so freely given at the rink, in which our every want was freely and amply supplied.

2. That the music supplied by the Maquoketa concert band was of the most inspiring value and was highly appreciated by the combined patriotic societies of the county.

3. That we regard the able and eloquent address of Hon. W. H. Torbert as very appropriate and that his words have inspired us to future action for the greater good of the country for which we sacrificed much to save and protect.

4. That to the kindred patriotic organizations and especially to the W. R. C., who assisted us so ably in our duties of the occasion, we tender our sincere and heartfelt thanks.

5. That in our departure to our several homes we take an undying memory of the good wishes and interest extended by one and all in our behalf and will ever look back to this occasion as one of the happiest days of our life.

By order of said association,

R. M. GIBSON,

WM. REEL,

G. L. WRIGHT,

Committee.

ADJUTANT'S MEMORIAL REPORT.

Commander and Comrades:

It is now twenty-one years since the Jackson County Veteran Association came into being at the place in which we now meet. The life-time of a generation has passed. Sons of Veterans born that year have now attained legal manhood, are qualified to exercise the right of suffrage, and some of them are fathers of grandsons of veterans. Taking a longer look backward, it is more than forty-four years since the last of us were mustered out of the military service because the great war had at last closed. During all of those forty-four years, the ranks of the grand army have gradually grown thinner, and today a mere remnant have brought their silvered heads and bowed forms to the scene of that first meeting. We still claim that we are boys as of old, but the gallant boast is made with a quaver in the voice that does not ring out with the shout and roar that erst was heard at Donelson and Vicksburg, at Resaca, McAllister and Spanish Fort, at Spottsylvania and Cedar Creek. Some of those voices became still in the year that is just closed, and it becomes my unwelcome duty to recall them to you.

1. That first meeting held at Bellevue, September 19th and 20th, 1888, came from an action taken by the Fifth Iowa Infantry to hold a reunion there at that date. Iuka Post, G. A. R., appointed a committee to invite

the Grand Army Posts and all old soldiers of the county to meet with the Fifth Iowa, and to organize a Jackson County Veteran Association to meet annually at some city or town in the county. That committee, Michael Altphilisch, R. E. Coulehan, Anton Weinschenk, George Young and M. V. Smith, met favorable responses to the invitation, called the meeting and the result has been one of the liveliest, best sustained, veteran associations in the state.

Comrade GEORGE YOUNG, thus early associated with the organization of our association became one of its most active, earnest and valuable members. I think that he never missed a meeting and he was ever ready to put his shoulder to the wheel and assist in all of its efforts and aims. At the reunion in Preston in 1902 he was elected commander and presided with great efficiency when the reunion was held in his own town in 1903. At Miles in 1906 he was elected junior vice-commander, and filled that office when the reunion of 1907 was held in connection with the home-coming at Maquoketa. And last year at Preston, he was elected quartermaster and anticipated with eager zest giving his efficient energy and skill to aid in making this present meeting in his home town a success. But alas, the mysterious dispensation of Providence decreed otherwise. He retired to rest after a day of ordinary activity and cheerfulness, but at four o'clock in the morning of March thirtieth, 1909, a sudden attack of heart failure seized him and he woke no more on earth.

Comrade Young was born in Hesse, Darmstadt, Germany in 1838; came to America in 1856 and settled first in Galena, but two years later came to Bellevue. In 1860 he went to Corinth, Mississippi, but came back before hostilities broke out, and on June 24, 1861, enlisted at Bellevue in the ranks of the first company raised in Jackson county, Company I, of the Fifth Infantry. On July second, 1863, he was promoted to chief musician of the regiment, and was mustered out at the expiration of his term of service, July 30th 1864 at Chattanooga, Tenn. He remained in the south after discharge and entered the service of the government as a carpenter until the close of the war. Then he accepted the same employment with the Memphis & Charleston railroad until 1868, when he returned to Bellevue. In 1874, he engaged in the hardware merchandising business, which he conducted successfully until his death.

He was always a public spirited citizen, entering heartily into everything that tended to promote the best interests of his city. He held several offices of trust, and had been for several years a member of the County Soldiers' Relief Commission. He was prominent in the affairs of the Masonic lodge, and in the German Order of Harugari, and united heartily with his comrades in maintaining Iuka Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. In the ranks of the Jackson County Veteran's Association his absence will be sadly deplored.

2. LEMUEL MANLEY was a mulatto, free born among the Quakers of Pennsylvania, about 1822, but taken in early life to North Carolina. At the age of thirteen, his mother, who had purchased her freedom, took the

family to Ohio. For some years he was employed on steamboats on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, but some time before the Civil war settled near Waukesha, Wisconsin. He enlisted there in the 37th Wisconsin, one of the new regiments organized in 1864. The regiment was sent to the Army of the Potomac, and took part in the latter part of Grant's campaign, including the siege of Petersburg, and the foot race to Appomattox. I was interested in Mr. Manley's army service because James Bintliff, his colonel, had been for more than a year a captain in my own regiment, and I knew him well.

Comrade Manley came to Maquoketa in 1828 from Clinton, but had also lived for a time at Fayette, Iowa. He was a quiet, industrious conscientious man, respected by the whole community. He was often urged to join with the old soldiers in the Post, and in Memorial day services, but he seemed to feel that it would be presumption in a man of his color, and we had to be content with kindly recognition in other ways. He was admitted to the Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown about three years ago and died there August 28, 1908. His remains were sent to Maquoketa, where they were laid to rest beside his wife and daughter in Mount Hope cemetery, with full military honors by A. W. Drips Post, G. A. R. He was a man who bore his years lightly—few would have suspected that he had attained the great age of 86 years.

3. Among those who generally attended our reunions in the earlier years of the existence of the association, was ALLISON YOUNG, who then lived at Preston. He partook of the benefits of the Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown several years ago and died there October 5, 1908. He was born in Mercer county, Pennsylvania in 1827 but I am not informed in regard to his history before he came to Preston, except that his army service was in Company C, 45th Illinois Infantry, nor do I know just when he came to Preston. He was one who took great pride in his army record and enjoyed social intercourse with his comrades.

4. Another Bellevue comrade whose genial presence has been welcomed at nearly all of our reunions, but to whom the last good-bye has been said, is PATRICK HANNON, who died at his home in Bellevue, October 12, 1908. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, June 3, 1838, and came to America with his parents when he was five years old. Their home was at Cincinnati for a time, then DeWitt and Maquoketa. His enlistment in Company H, 32th Iowa Infantry is recorded as from Maquoketa, but his home was in Bellevue since his discharge, at the close of the war.

5. The state of Iowa was so young at the time of the Civil war, that instances are very rare of natives of the state enlisting in its regiments especially as early as 1861. And when the soldier was twenty-four years old at enlistment as was Comrade JOHN S. BILLUPS when he joined Company A, of the old Ninth Infantry, August 6 1861, it means that he came into the world in Jackson county almost coincident with its first settlement. Comrade Billups was born in Bellevue the oldest settlement in the county,

on September 14, 1857. He was left an orphan at six years of age, lived with friends at Cottonville eight years, and then ran on the Mississippi as cabin boy and steward on steamboats until 1858, when he removed to Maquoketa and took a position in the Wright Woolen Mills. He enlisted there in Captain A. W. Drips' company, re-enlisted as a veteran and served four years in all, in the army.

After his return to Maquoketa he engaged in the grocery business as clerk, being in our store, that of D. H. Anderson, for sixteen years. In 1898, he engaged in business for himself. He was a long and patient sufferer with Bright's disease, and passed away at midnight of February 9, 1909. He was of a quiet and unostentatious nature, but highly respected by all. He was an active member of the Union Veterans' Union of Maquoketa and often registered at our county reunions.

6. JOHN R. ROE, who died at his home in Maquoketa, March 14, 1909, came to that city about 1893 from his farm near Green Island. He was born in New Jersey in 1828 married in Danville, New York, in 1850, and came to Iowa a few years later. He enlisted at Jacksonville, Chickasaw Co., in Company C, 38th Iowa, August 20 1862 and was discharged at the expiration of his term of service July, 1865.

Comrade Roe was a member of the Congregational church in Maquoketa and was highly respected for his probity and good works. He was a member of A. W. Drips Post, G. A. R., under whose auspices his remains were interred in Mt. Hope cemetery. We often met him in attendance at our county reunions.

FRITZ VOLLBEHR, another aged comrade who was thirty-three years old when he enlisted at Davenport in Company B, of the Tenth Iowa Infantry, September 22, 1864, died at his farm home about three miles from Sabula March 27, 1909, after only three days' illness. Comrade Vollbehr was a German, born in Kiel, Schleswig Holstein, in 1827. He served in the German army in his youth and became engaged in the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1848. He came to America in 1854 making settlement at once at Sabula, and thus became for nearly fifty five years a resident of that locality. He enjoyed through life a reputation for honesty and uprightness rarely equalled. Chauncey Lawrence Post, G. A. R., conducted the funeral obsequies and six members of A. W. Day Camp, S. of V. officiated as pall bearers.

8. The name of JOSEPH W. SAVITZ, Company F, 129th Pennsylvania Infantry appears upon the register of the first meeting of this association in 1888, as a resident of Bellevue, and it is missing from very few of those held since. In 1895, he served the association at its eighth annual reunion at Bellevue as Officer of the Day. For the last few years he has lived at Preston and Maquoketa, and suffered gradually failing health. He had arranged to go to the Soldiers' Home, but became so weak that he was taken to the city hospital at Maquoketa and died there May 2nd, 1909. His remains were taken to Bellevue for interment in the family lot.

9. WILLIAM SIMPSON was one of the young men of our ranks, born in Pike county, Pennsylvania in 1846, and came to Sabula with his parents in 1855. They located on a farm three miles from that town, and from there William, a boy of seventeen, enlisted in Company G, 142nd Illinois Infantry on May 15, 1864. He was discharged at Chicago, October 26, 1864.

He pursued the vocation of a farmer until two years ago, when weakened by a stroke of paralysis, he removed to Sabula. The malady proved fatal, and on the fifth of April, 1909, he was borne to his last resting place by loving hands of his comrades of the Grand Army Post and brethren of the Knights of Pythias lodge.

10. ARCHIBALD T. LAMBERTSON, of Company K, 31st Iowa Infantry, registered last year from Clinton, but he was an old Jackson county boy son of pioneers who came to Bellevue in 1843. He was born in Dearborn county in 1825, lived near Bellevue till 1876 when he removed to Clinton. He died at the home of his daughter in Palisade, Nebr., June 15, 1909, in his 84th year, and the remains were brought back to Clinton for interment.

11. A report of the mortality among Jackson county soldiers would not be complete without mention of EDGAR A. TOLMAN, who enlisted in Drips' Company A, 9th Infantry, with the Sabula squad, and the boys all say that he was a good soldier. He removed to western Iowa a good many years ago. I regret that further details of his death are not available.

Unveiling of Monument
Mrs. Nannie Briggs-Robertson, grand-daughter
of Gov. Briggs, while band
plays "Star Spangled
Banner," and military sal-
ute by Co. M, I. N. G.

Presentation of Monument
— President Mitchell.

Response—Gov. Carroll.

Song—"America."

Address—Ex-Gov. Lamm.

Address—Sen. Fred.

Address—Sen. DeAr.

Address—Judge Graham.

Short Talk—Sen. Wilson.

Short Talks—Representa-
tives Boettger and Bal-
luff.



piece of oak which is
feet square and painted,
is an outline map of Iowa.
Covering it completely on
top is a bronze medallion
portrait, life size, of Gov.
Briggs. On the east is the
following inscription in gold
and a half inch letters:

ANGEL BRIGGS, 1811-1881.
Governor, 1861-1863.

Given by the State of Iowa to the
people of the State of Iowa
at the death of A. B. Briggs.

Surmounting this a large
monument 2 ft. 6 inches at
base, 12 ft. in length, and
20 inches square at top.
Monument is built of Barr
granite from Vermont, and
weighs 30,000 pounds.

Andrew, Jackson County, Iowa was the scene for pretty much all
travelers in this section of the state. Wednesday, April 22. It was the day
set apart by the Jackson County Historical Society for the dedication of

A MAJESTIC MONUMENT DEDICATED TO ANSEL BRIGGS.

A State Occasion Attended by Thousands at Andrew, Sept.
22, 1909—Eminent Iowans Present to Participate.

The Program

Music—Andrew Band.
Call to Order by President
G. L. Mitchell of Jackson
Co. Historical Society.
Invocation—Rev. Shrader.
Song—Iowa, Beautiful Iowa.
Memorial Address—W. C.
Gregory.
Unveiling of Monument—
Mrs. Nannie Briggs-Rob-
ertson, grand-daughter
of Gov. Briggs, while band
plays "Star Spangled
Banner," and military sa-
lute by Co. M, I. N. G.
Presentation of Monument
—President Mitchell.
Response—Gov. Carroll.
Song—"America."
Address Ex-Gov. Larra-
bee.
Address Sen. Frudden.
Address—Sen. DeArmand.
Address—Judge Graham.
Short Talk—Sen. Wilson.
Short Talks—Representa-
tives Boettger and Bal-
luff.

The Monument

is 22 ft. high above a con-
crete base, on an eminence
which makes it visible for
miles around.

First granite base is per-
fectly plain; second base
has name of "Briggs" in
5x1 inch letters on east,
and on west side of third
piece or die, which is three
feet square and polished,
is an outline map of Iowa.
Covering it completely on
north is a bronze medallion
portrait, life size, of Gov.
Briggs. On the east is the
following inscription in one
and a half inch letters:

ANSEL BRIGGS, 1806-1881.

Governor, 1846-1850.

Erected by the State of Iowa to hon-
or the memory of its first governor,
Act of the 33rd G. A., 1909.

Surmounting this a large
monolith 2 ft., 6 inches at
base, 12 ft. in length, and
20 inches square at top.
Monument is built of Barr
granite from Vermont, and
weighs 30,000 pounds.

Andrew, Jackson County, Iowa was the mecca for pretty much all
travelers in this section of the state Wednesday, Sept. 22. It was the day
set apart by the Jackson County Historical Society for the dedication of

the Ansel Briggs monument to the honor of Iowa's sturdy old commoner and first governor of this great commonwealth. Notwithstanding the lowering weather, the roads leading to the classical old geographical center and one-time county-seat of this county, were thronged with vehicles of every kind. It must be understood that Andrew, the old-time home of the first governor, is eight miles from the nearest railroad at Maquoketa, and maintains a population as large as it ever had—400 or 500. The old town is thrifty and with its numerous new and rebuilt homes and places of business bears evidence for keeping up with the times.

The citizens were alive to the importance of the occasion, flags were suspended across the streets and a cordial welcome extended to all visitors. A large speakers' platform had been erected in the beautiful hillside cemetery underneath large evergreens near the majestic monument. Seats were arranged in tiers before the speakers stand, but they were not sufficient and hundreds of the visitors were obliged to stand. Besides the presence on the platform of Gov. Carroll, ex-Governor Larrabee, Senators Frudden, of Dubuque, DeArmand of Scott, Wilson of Clinton, Parrshall of Jackson, Representative Boettger and Balluff of Scott, Kendall of Clinton, Ellis of Jackson, and Judge Graham of Dubuque, ex-members of the legislature, members of the Historical society the press gang and distant relatives of the first Governor, there were Mrs. John Briggs, of Omaha, a daughter-in-law, with whom the Governor made his home in his last years, her daughter Mrs. Nannie Briggs-Robertson and husband of Washita, Iowa, and their son. Mrs. Robertson is the grand-daughter of Ansel Briggs and had the honor of unveiling the monument.

Among the prominent members of the Jackson County Historical Society present at the exercises were: W. C. Gregory, Harvey Reid, Geo. L. Mitchel, J. W. Ellis, W. B. Swigart, Dr. A. B. Bowen, B. A. Spencer, D. A. Fletcher, Jas. Fairbrother, and Dr. Chas. Collins, all of Maquoketa, and Mrs. Elizabeth Harding of Clinton, grand-daughter of Mrs. Frances Carpenter Briggs, third wife of Gov. Ansel Briggs.

A feature of the afternoon exercises, and which followed the memorial address, was the presentation of a large and beautiful floral tribute from Omaha, accompanied by the following card from Mayor Dahlman and read to the audience by Chairman Mitchell:

"To the Mayor of the City of Andrew, Ia.—In the name of the city of Omaha we herewith present this wreath of laurel in memory of Ansel Briggs, first governor of Iowa, in recognition of the fact that Governor Briggs spent the last six years of his life in Omaha, and was an incorporator of the Omaha & Florence Land company. He was highly respected by all of our citizens.

(Signed) James A. Dahlman, Mayor."

Mayor Sampson made response in behalf of the city of Andrew, expressing the appreciation felt and in closing stated that Andrew had furnished the state its first governor and if the time ever comes when Iowa needs more good timber for governor Andrew stands ready to supply it.

The program was carried out in the order and as above outlined.

President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It was here where he spent much of his active life. The
 ing in the city of New York. He was born in 1812, and
 entered in which he was sent to the city of New York.
 in the city of New York, and he was born in 1812, and
 was, we feel, a noble, that the spirit of the nation
 or, we, with loving hearts, and we are, we are, we are,
 ge the city of New York, and he was born in 1812, and
 created.

A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and tie, framed in an oval. The man is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The background of the portrait is a light, textured grey. The entire image is set against a white background with faint, illegible text visible through the paper.

EX-GOVERNOR ANSEL BRIGGS.

EX-GOVERNOR ANSEL BRIGGS.

Memorial Address of Hon. W. C. Gregory.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

We have assembled here today to do honor to the character, work and memory of a pioneer law-maker, a distinguished citizen and former resident of this town.

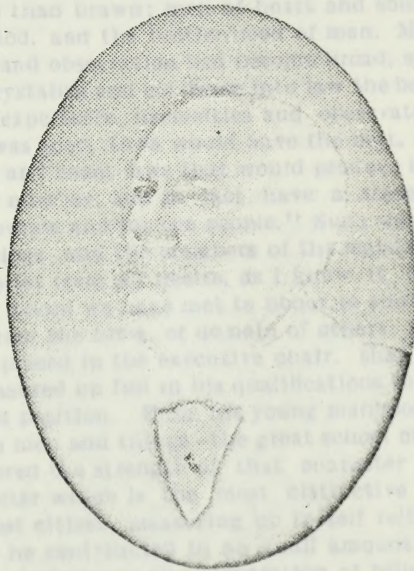
It was here where he spent many years of his active useful life. The coming together of so many who personally knew him, testifies to the love and esteem in which he was held, by those nearest to him, and standing here in the city of the dead, where so many of his kindred, and friends are buried, we feel, if possible, that the spirits of the departed are hovering over us, with loving interest, and we read on the faces of this vast assemblage the satisfaction, and nallowed joy that the purpose of this occasion has created.

Ansel Briggs was born in the state of Vermont on the 3rd day of February, 1806. His boyhood was passed in his native state, where he attended the common schools and received a fair education, supplemented by a term in Norwich Academy. He went to Cambridge in the State of Ohio in the year 1830 where he engaged in the business of establishing and maintaining stage lines. He soon imbibed the spirit of office holding, so prevalent in that state, and accepted the nomination for the office of County Auditor on the whig ticket, but suffered defeat. Thereafter he cast his lot with the democratic party. Having entered into a contract with the United States to carry the mail on horseback from Davenport to Dubuque, also to Iowa City, he moved his family to Iowa in the year 1836, and located at the town of Andrew, Jackson county. He immediately identified himself with the community. He did more. His spirit of enterprise; his great desire to benefit the community; his comprehension of their wants and necessities, promoted him to take up, and carry on nearly all kinds of business and work, that was conducive to the wants of the community, and the upbuilding of the town, in which he soon became first, and foremost. He became half owner of the plat of the town of Andrew in which is located the cemetery, in which we are assembled, and which he donated to the town. He also became the owner of the farm adjacent on the east, and cultivated its soil. He established the first grocery and store in the town of Andrew, and established a newspaper, which he put under the editorial management of that able journalist, Joseph B. Dorr, who in the war of the Rebellion became distinguished as Colonel of the 8th regiment, Iowa Cavalry. He also built and caused to be operated a saw mill near the town of Andrew, and established a stage line from Muscatine to Dubuque.

Busy, hard-working man though he was, he was not unmindful of his duty as a citizen, to take part in the political affairs of his town, county and state, and such was his prominence and recognized ability, that in the year 1842, he was elected to represent Jackson county in the territorial legislature, and he thereby became prominent in the counsels of his party.

After the expiration of his term in the legislature he was elected sheriff of Jackson county. Iowa having been admitted into the union as a state the political parties held conventions to place in nomination candidates for

the office of Governor and other state officers. The democratic party held a convention at Iowa City on the 24th day of September, 1846. Jackson county had attained prominence by reason of the fact, that it had given the largest majority for the constitution in proportion to the number of votes cast at that election and therefore was styled "the banner county of democracy," and it was conceded, that this county should have the privilege of presenting the first name as candidate for the nomination for governor. Accordingly John J. Dyer then a resident of Andrew, soon afterward appointed Federal judge for the district formed by the State of Iowa and thereby became the first Judge of that District, and who had been favorably mentioned as candidate for Governor, graciously presented the name



HON. W. C. GREGORY.

of his fellow-townsmen, Ansel Briggs. There were three candidates for the nomination, Jesse Williams, Wm. Thompson and Ansel Briggs. Mr. Briggs received 62 votes to 31 and 32 to the other candidates respectively on the first ballot, whereupon the other candidates withdrew and the nomination of Briggs was made on the 2nd ballot by acclamation. He was elected over the whig candidate, Thomas McKnight, by a majority of 247. One of the principal issues between the whig and democratic party at this time was as to banks. The democratic party opposed all banks of issue. A short time before the convention was held which nominated Governor Briggs, he at a banquet, in response to a toast in defining his position on this question uttered the following: "No banks but Iowa soil and they

well tilled." This seemed to sound the k-y note to the position of his party, and made him the popular man of the day, and did much towards securing his nomination for governor. He was inaugurated as governor on the 3rd day of December, 1846, and the work of building a state began.

Zone girdles territorial lines, broad prairies, fertile soil, coal deposits, beautiful river, valuable timber, magnificent water powers, do not alone constitute a state. When Iowa was carved out of the Louisiana purchase, extending about 250 miles from north to south, 300 miles from east to west, skirted and bounded on the east and on the west by mighty rivers, it became "The Land of Gods farm," "Beautiful Land" and to build a state for the people then living therein, and the millions who should come after, required men. Men who had been moulded for such work. Men of more brains than brawn; men of heart and soul, who believed in the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. Men who from learning, practical work and observation had become broad, safe and strong, who would generalize, crystalize and condense into law the best from older states and from the lives, experience, necessities and observations of themselves so that in all that was good, Iowa would have the best, in the constructive work of legislation, and enact laws that would produce the greatest happiness to the greatest number, and in fact have a state government,—"of the people, by the people and for the people." Such was the type and character of Governor Briggs and the members of the legislature under his administration. It is far from my desire, as I know it would be from the approbation of him, whom we have met to honor, to adorn his memory with a chaplet plucked from the brow, or domain of others; but we claim that at the time he was placed in the executive chair, that he represented in his person, and measured up full in his qualifications to all of the requirements of his exalted position. From his young manhood, in direct and vigorous contact with men and things—the great school of experience and observation—he gathered the strength of that character by which he was known—that character which is the most distinctive and highly prized possession of the best citizen, measuring up to self reliance, firmness, and practicability, and he contributed in no small amount of his time and store of practical knowledge to the preparation of bills, and measures in the great constructive work of the legislature.

Acts of general interest were passed during the first, legislature to complete the change from territorial to state government; to provide for the election of United State senators; to establish certain new counties and state roads; to provide for common schools; to elect a superintendent of public instruction and management of school funds, and to provide for the instruction of the deaf, dumb and blind, and many other important measures we cannot take time to mention. We mention only such as shows the general trend of legislation. The distinguishing act of the second legislature under his administration was known as the homestead law, which affected every household, and home in the state. The people were poor. There was but little money in circulation, the per capita being \$1.11. The money shark was abroad in the land; the rates of interest were from

10 to 40 per cent. and the small beginnings poverty stricken homes of the people were being consumed, in the whirlpool of judicial procedure, for small debts contracted for the necessities of life. An act was passed providing for the exemption of the homestead of the family from judicial sale. This law has been amended and improved from time to time, but the important and vital features remain the settled law of the state. The enactment of the school law and its approval by the executive deserve more than a passing notice for it is under the operation of this initial law, and amendments that our magnificent system of schools have been built up and the percentage of illiteracy of the state has been the smallest, and now is, of any state in the union save one. In addition to the enactments as to the common schools, an act was passed for the establishing and organizing of three Normal schools, and providing for a state university at Iowa City. Governor Briggs secured the location of one of the Normal schools at Andrew. The work of constructing a building under this act had progressed at this place to the completion of the walls when it was destroyed by a tornado, and it was never rebuilt.

Hail to the memory of the first governor and the members of the legislature who did so much for the intellectual growth and development of the children of our state, and for the protection of home and family.

His term of office expired December 4th, 1850, on the inauguration of Stephen Hemstead, his successor. His administration had been able, honest and progressive and the state kept from debt. There was a balance of \$1.39 in the treasury at the close of his administration.

Governor Briggs recognized the family and home as the foundation of society and the highest civilization. He was married three times. His first wife living but a short time. To the second marriage eight children were born, all of whom died in infancy except two, and one of the latter died at the age of twenty-one, leaving his son John S. the only surviving child. His second wife died in the year 1847, while he was governor of the state. He subsequently married Mrs. Frances Carpenter a widow lady of this town, who departed this life August 20, 1859. He practically retired from leadership and active political work at the close of his term of office as Governor.

Yielding to the spirit of unrest and longing to enter new fields and take up new enterprises which generally lingers in the heart of the pioneer he went to Nebraska in the year 1856 and became one of the founders of the town of Florence, a short distance from Omaha, and which for a time, was its vigorous rival. He also went to Colorado and later to Montana, returning occasionally to this locality, which he still considered his home, until 1878 when he went to Omaha to make his home with his son and where he remained up to the time of his death, which occurred on the 5th day of May 1881. He was buried in the cemetery at that place.

Great in his public life and character he was no less so in his private life and homely virtues. He was genial and affable to all; dignified and commanding, without austerity; loyal to his party, but not dogmatic; true

to his family; loyal to his friends; kind to his neighbors; a lover of children: a noble man

The Historical Society of Jackson county in recognition of his public life and service and of that sentiment which is written, as it were, by the finger of God on the human heart, for one to want to go back to the old home as life begins to wane, and the day-star of hope can no longer be seen, or if that should be impossible, when they have crossed the bar, that their remains may be taken and buried beside their kindred, and long delayed justice demanding that his remains should repose in the soil of his adopted state, which he had served so well, and in the cemetery he had so generously provided for others in which his mother, wife and loved ones were buried, took up the work of the removal of his remains, and of securing an appropriation from the state to erect a monument, befitting his life and services at his grave. The undertaking has been accomplished. And here the monument stands, a massive granite shaft from his native state, which will stand forever like a sentinel, through sunshine and in storm, saluting the coming of the King of Day as the seasons come and go and challenge the passer by to halt, and pay respect to the memory of a pioneer law-maker, the first Governor of the State of Iowa.

Address by President G. L. Mitchell of Historical Society Presenting Monument to the People of the State of Iowa.

This has been an inspiring moment, when to the cheers of the people and the stirring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" there has been unveiled this monument to the memory of the first governor of the state of Iowa. It has been inspired by patriotism, love of country and her institutions, and a just pride in our own fair state, her beauty, her glory, her development, and her history.

Monuments are erected to mark historic spots, the scene of great events in the world's history, to perpetuate the memory of men great in literature, statecraft and war, and sometimes to a thought, an idea, or a sentiment, and today we dedicate this monument to the memory of Ausel Briggs, not alone because he was great, but because with him is identified and in him is personified the beginning in the making of a great commonwealth, our own magnificent state of Iowa.

Of him or his career I need not speak, for you have just listened to a very interesting and eloquent memorial address setting forth his services to the people and the new state he had helped to create. Eighteen-hundred-forty-six—nineteen-hundred-nine, sixty-three years, less than man's allotted span of three score and ten, and that a transformation scene, the most wonderful which the eye of man ever beheld. In 1846 a scattered population of one hundred thousand people, a vast expanse of unbroken prairie stretching on and on beyond the western horizon with here and there a spot where some hardy pioneer had built his cabin home and first turned the fur-

rows of that virgin soil which from that day until this, has been contributing so bountifully to the wealth of the world.

"Today a great state of a great union of states, one of the great states of a great nation that has become a leader among the powers of the earth. The prairies covered with happy homes, with grazing herds and smiling harvests, with villages, towns, and populous cities, a veritable empire of more than two millions of people, happy, prosperous, loyal to country and her institutions; a people great not only in their number, but greater still in their spirit, their culture, their morality, and their intelligence.

Standing here today and looking away toward the distant horizon we gaze upon a scene of rarest beauty, and over fields of wondrous fertility. I have looked upon the peaks of the Rocky mountains, rearing their snow-capped crests toward heaven, veritable store houses of copper, and silver, and gold, and have stood entranced by their grandeur and filled with awe and reverence, as I contemplated the wondrous works of the Creator, but for a scene of quiet restful beauty, give me these fields of Iowa, with their ripening harvests waiting to be garnered, a veritable cornucopia of plenty, and in whose alluvial depths is wealth incomparably greater than the gold and silver of mine and mountain.

As Tell loved the peaks and prags of Switzerland, so a native born son of Iowa, do I love these peaceful scenes about us.

You ask what land I love the best,
Iowa, 'tis Iowa,
The fairest state in all the west,
Iowa, oh Iowa.
From yonder Mississippi's stream,
To where Missouri's waters gleam,
Oh, fair it is as poet's dream,
In Iowa, In Iowa.
See yonder fields of tasseled corn,
Where plenty fills her golden horn,
In Iowa, In Iowa.
See how her wondrous prairies shine,
To yonder sunset's purpling line,
Oh happy land, Oh land of mine,
Iowa, Oh Iowa.

"These fields were bought from the Indians for seven cents an acre, the exact amount paid was \$2,877,574. They have multiplied in value a thousand fold, and during the life time of many in this audience they will yet multiply again, and let me say to you men of Iowa, that if you own an acre of Iowa land or an Iowa farm, keep it; and let me say to you young men within the hearing of my voice, stay on the farm, there is no occupation more honorable. I believe in the whole, none more lucrative, and no place where you are more needed and can better serve your time and generation.

"It has been officially estimated that the true value of all real and personal property of the state reaches the tremendous total of \$2,446,000,000. I will not weary you with figures and the story of our physical greatness, for you are familiar with it, and there are matters of growth and development of greater import to you, to me, and to the world, for while we have been making such tremendous strides along the lines of physical growth and development we have been making a civilization of the highest order, a land of schoolhouses, a land of churches, a people whose influence for right and truth is being felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the lakes to the gulf.

"We are giving to the world men and women of education and culture, women noble and pure, men upright and honest, men of character, men of force men of honor, men of courage.

"For more than a quarter of a century the mortal remains of our first governor had lain in the soil of a sister commonwealth, the grave unmarked, unhonored, and almost unknown. At the last session of the legislature a bill was introduced, passed, and received the approval of the governor, providing for the appropriation of one thousand dollars for the purpose of removing his body from Omaha, Neb., to his former home, Andrew, Jackson county, Iowa, and there erecting a suitable monument to his memory.

"The bill was introduced by our worthy representative, the Hon. J. W. Ellis, and in its behalf he was untiring in his zeal, unceasing in his effort, and to the many details in connection with the work culminating in these exercises today he has given freely of his time, his efforts and his means. By the provisions of the bill, the duty of removing the body, the selection of a design and the erection of a monument, was placed upon the Jackson County Historical society. The work has been done, the body has been removed and now rests beneath this sod, his ashes mingling with those of kindred and friends of long ago. The monument has been erected, plain, simple, majestic, emblematic of the life, the times, and the character of him whose memory it will perpetuate, and if, honored sir, we can receive from your lips those words of commendation, 'well done,' we will be more than satisfied, and it, standing here, a silent testimonial of the appreciation of a great people, it shall be an influence creating a truer realization of the blessings we enjoy, a broader a deeper consecration to the public service a more exalted patriotism, our efforts have not been in vain.

"And sir, I now wish to present to you, as the chief executive of the state and the representative of her people, this monument to the memory of her first governor, for dedication."

Father of the Oregon Monument Bill.

"Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God above."

A black and white portrait photograph of a man with dark hair, wearing a suit and tie. The photo is framed by a thick black border.

A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and tie. The portrait is framed within an oval border. The man is looking slightly to the right. The background of the portrait is light and textured.

HON. J. W. ELLIS,
Father of the Briggs Monument Bill.

HON. J. W. ELLIS.

Father of the Briggs Monument Bill.

Address by Gov. B. F. Carroll.

I assure you that it is with a great deal of pleasure and gratification that I come among you today under these circumstances. I am confident that if all the people of this great state of Iowa could be present with us today to witness your exercises and to view this beautiful monument that you are dedicating, that you would receive not only a word of approbation from me but from the great people of a great state. The marvel is, to me, that you have been able to erect so beautiful a monument with the appropriation that has been made. The great state of Iowa can well afford to thus honor its distinguished dead. You nor I will miss its significant cost. I feel that I am highly honored in being permitted to come to these dedication exercises, and to do honor to the memory of the first governor of our state. I am delighted also that we are honored by the presence here of one of the grandest men, one of the greatest governors the state of Iowa has ever had—Governor Larrabee.

I am glad because of the erection of this monument of granite. I have wondered long why the state of Iowa has waited so long to do fitting honor to the memory of Governor Briggs by bringing his remains from their resting place in Omaha to the state over which he resided, to the place he made his home, there to rest throughout the ages. But many things came to us slowly. The state of Iowa has had her problems, her trials and her perplexities. And now the paltry sum of one thousand dollars has brought back to Iowa and to Andrew the remains of one of our most honored citizens. Your representative, Mr. Ellis, deserves great credit for securing the passage of his bill for that appropriation. I have signed many bills, but I can remember no bill the signing of which has given me greater pleasure than did the approving of this bill. I trust too that the time may soon come when we shall have at our Capital in Des Moines, a sort of Hall of Fame much the same as they have in Washington, where the portraits of our distinguished sons may help to perpetuate their memory.

But the beautiful monument means little to me and to you. It simply marks the resting place of the distinguished dead. It is fitting, but, my friends his real monument is the great state of Iowa itself—built upon, a foundation he worked to lay. A state is more than railroads, telephones; modern methods and facilities, more than great fields of ripening crops of untold wealth, it is principle, sturdy loyalty, love of liberty and institutions, justice, right. In the laying of the foundation of our now great state, its first governor, Ansel Briggs, had much to do. Think what change has occurred in less than two-thirds of a century. He fought for the education and betterment of Iowa's people. Today we have seventeen great state institutions. They are good, but we want them better. We want the best, and we will have the best. We have the best people—I have no hesitation in saying that we have the best people in the world, best in education, in intelligence. Why, when only one state outstrips us in literacy, why except the one when we are so near the top? Governor

Briggs did much for the common school system in Iowa. He did much in other ways. He has left to you and to me a heritage that cannot be chiseled in stone, but only on the tablets of the hearts of men.

In sixty-three years what a change! The state of Iowa during his administration embraced only twenty-seven counties. And now there are ninety-nine. The total valuation of the state, for taxable purposes at that time was only about eleven millions of dollars. I didn't have time to inquire just what you would take for Jackson county, but I imagine you wouldn't want to sell it for that. If you do, I should like to borrow the money and buy it. When Governor Briggs was chief executive there was not in Iowa a mile of railroad. No wonder that he fought to have the Des Moines river, and the Cedar, and the Skunk, and yes, the Maquoketa, made navigable! That was the only way to travel in those days, unless you took an ox-cart or went on foot. His were pioneer days. Gov. Briggs worked, too, for good roads, and he planned a highway from Keokuk to the Missouri river, by way of Des Moines. At that time the greater portion of the state was supposed to be uninhabitable. That then was "Iowa, Beautiful Land."

We are proud of our great farms. In the time of Governor Briggs' administration the back issue was a great political question. He stumped the state, it is said, with the slogan—"No banks but Iowa soil, and that well tilled."

They were a sturdy people in those days, and it is a great measure due to the spirit of 1846 all down the years to 1909, that has given us this great state. They were burdensome times, and the more burdens you throw onto a true man the better he comes up purified and strengthened.

Here Governor Carroll digressed from his topic to tell of the trials of the men of the union in 1861 and 1865, and continuing with a splendid tribute to them he said:

But war is not necessary to try men's souls. We of today have our trials, and it takes as much courage, sometimes, to stand for the duties of everyday life as it does to bare your bosom to the bullets of the enemy. Gov. Briggs was that kind of a man himself. He accomplished much. We are doing much, but there is yet much to be done. Governor Larrabee, this is a better state than it was when you were governor, and twenty-four years hence it will be incomparably better than it is today. You will farm better, your farms will raise better corn, more corn to the acre, than it is doing now. Your schools will be better, your methods, your facilities, all will be better. Don't say we will not. Get that pessimistic idea out of your head. It doesn't belong there.

The governor closed with a tribute to the work of the Jackson County Historical Society and a stronger one for Representative Ellis in his untiring efforts to secure the recognition of Iowa for Governor Briggs, that Iowa's first governor deserves.

Points from Ex-Gov. Larrabee's Address.

Ex-Governor Wm. Larrabee was next introduced. The old governor has reached the four score mark but his vigor is that of the average well preserved man of sixty. The ex-governor dwelt on the remarkable foresight of Governor Briggs. The school system Briggs urged in his messages stands today, he was a pioneer in the normal school field, in scientific agriculture and his conception of the need of transportation and to secure which end he urged the government to make land grants in furtherance of steam roads are evidences of his broad mind. It required a big man, a constructive statesman to grasp the necessities set forth in these projects. Referring to Iowa's greatness it was declared the state radiates greatness. It has it to spare. "There are 80,000 Iowans in Nebraska; 80,000 in Missouri and other states share in less proportion—missionaries of intelligence. More than this, Iowa produced national characters and still is producing them. Iowa is due to produce presidents. Virginia was first, then New York had a monopoly and Ohio seems now the most prolific in presidential timber but the drift is west and Iowa is due." (There were those in the audience who believed that the ex-governor had taken his cue from the facts behind the icy reception given President Taft at Des Moines on Monday. Larrabee is on record as refusing to be read out of the republican party even by the president on the tariff issue).

"Our educational facilities are unexcelled," declared Mr. Larrabee, "but our education is far from complete. It must progress in one very vital articular. The greatest menace civilization has today is the saloon. It must be voted out of the state and the public must be educated to this point. It once was driven out but the legislature brought it back. But it will be voted upon again and it will have to go."

The speaker then took up national questions and deplored the power that corporate interests are exerting in national legislation. With a score of men in Wall street controlling the major portion of the country's enterprises, a condition exists which must be remedied and remedied at once. "When you people," declared Mr. Larrabee, "vote for a Wall street candidate you vote for the abdication of the people's authority at Washington."

It is not surprising that the west should begin to have some feeling against the east from the fact that we have so long paid tribute to the eastern power that controls national legislation. This great corporate power of a few rich men must be combatted by the people.

There was some things in the remarkable address of ex-Governor Larrabee that may prove a wise prophecy. The governor displayed a courage which few younger men would lay claim to. But the governor has a right to talk. Twenty-four years ago when Mr. Larrabee first became governor of this state, the railroad interests which were then at the zenith of their power dominated the politics of the state. It seems not very long ago when we—all of us Democrats and Republicans alike—rode to the state conventions on free asses. That railroad corporations in this state

are now subject to stricter and more just laws is largely due to the Larrabee administration. And it is not strange that Mr. Larrabee objects to seeing that control frittered away by the national government. The ex-governor in discussing the recent attempt of the national administration to divide the powers of the inter-state commerce commission went so far as to mention President Taft by name and hold him up to censure.

With the recent Boston speech in which President Taft accused the late Gov. John G. Johnson of teaching sectionalism between the East and West, Gov. Larrabee took issue. The ex-governor asserted flatly and with much warmth that Gov. Johnson was right and that Mr. Taft was wrong. It was contended in a general way that recent national legislation was operating to discriminate against the West and favor the East, and it was argued in a more specific way that the industrial property of the country largely owned in the East had been the recipient and beneficiary of favoring legislation.

Hon. William Graham of Dubuque.

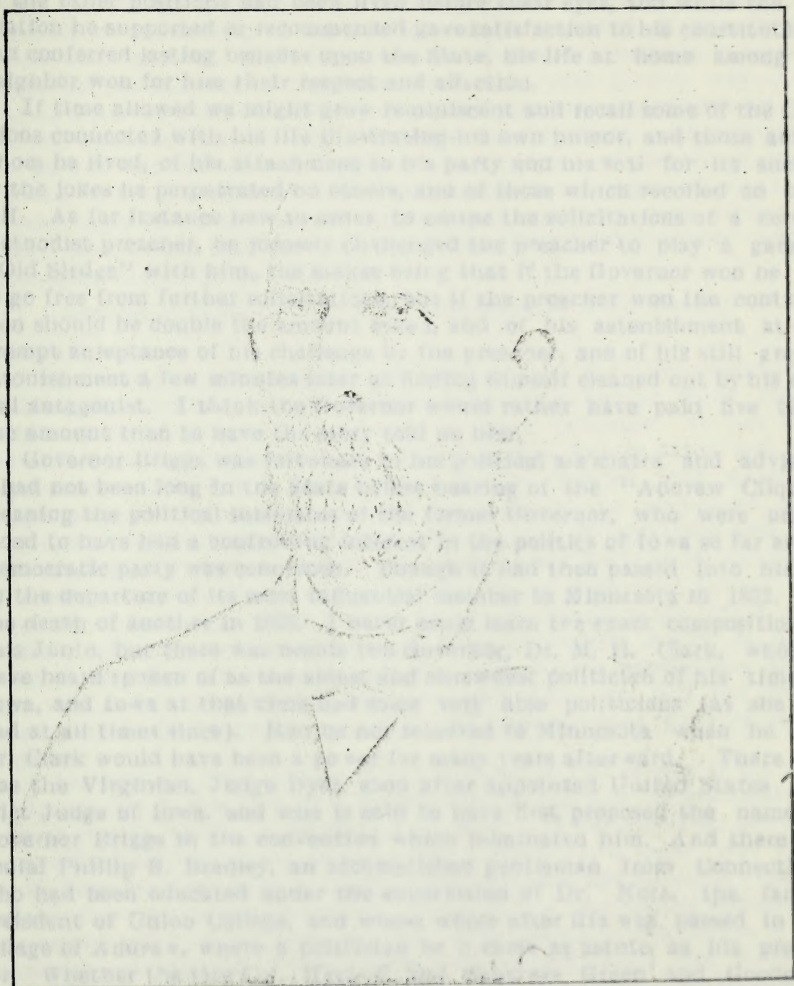
Nearly two generations have passed since the man, in whose memory Yonder shaft has been erected laid down the cares and insignia of office, and resumed his station among the common people of this commonwealth, and one generation has passed away from these busy scenes of life since he took up his abode in the house appointed for all living. Very few are now, living who were citizens of Iowa, when Ansel Briggs was its Governor. Very few, if any, survive who cast their ballots for him, for that exalted position, probably not one who have this day attended the unveiling of the monument erected to his memory, and only a few who enjoyed personal acquaintance with him, or who can recall his personal characteristics.

I suppose that as I am one, who after his retirement from office, acted for him in a professional capacity, I am called upon to make a few remarks concerning the personality of the man to do honor to whose memory this concourse is called together. My acquaintance with him though extended over twenty years was not intimate, but I knew enough of him to respect his many virtues, and to admire his sturdy independence of character, the integrity of his principles and the simplicity of his life. Ansel Briggs was not a great man. He never thought of being great. He never imagined that he was great. He was not one of those of whom the poet speaks when he wrote:

"The men of mind are mountains, and their heads
Are sunned long ere the rest of earth."

He had no pride of intellect, no pride of position, or pride of purse. He was one whose highest aim was to discharge the duties that lay before him to the best of his ability for the best interest of those he served. He never sought for position or for power, but when position was conferred upon him, and power was placed in his hands he brought to the discharge of his duties a clear understanding, an honesty of purpose, and an integrity that nothing could swerve from what he conceived to be the right. The

principles instilled in his mind in early years by the rigid old puritans of his native state bore their legitimate fruitage in his mature life among the free surroundings and the clearer atmosphere of his western home. As was



HON. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

well said by him who delivered the memorial address it is the homely virtues of the man that we delight to dwell upon, and the people of Jackson county will recall more vividly and with keener pleasure the manner of his

life among them as he pursued his avocation as mail carrier, stage line proprietor, merchant, editor and farmer, and the discharge of his duties as sheriff than his career as legislator, or as Chief Executive of the State. His acts as lawmaker, or as Governor they knew of only by report. His life in the other positions had been lived before their eyes, and while the legislation he supported or recommended gave satisfaction to his constituents, and conferred lasting benefits upon the State, his life at home among his neighbor won for him their respect and affection.

If time allowed we might grow reminiscent and recall some of the traditions connected with his life illustrating his own humor, and those among whom he lived, of his attachment to his party and his zeal for its success or the jokes he perpetrated on others, and of those which recoiled on himself. As for instance how in order to escape the solicitations of a certain Methodist preacher, he jocosely challenged the preacher to play a game of "Old Sledge" with him, the stakes being that if the Governor won he was to go free from further solicitations, but if the preacher won the contribution should be double the amount asked, and of his astonishment at the prompt acceptance of his challenge by the preacher, and of his still greater astonishment a few minutes later at finding himself cleaned out by his clerical antagonist. I think the Governor would rather have paid five times the amount than to have the story told on him.

Governor Briggs was fortunate in his political associates and advisors. I had not been long in the State before hearing of the "Andrew Clique," meaning the political intimates of the former Governor, who were understood to have had a controlling interest in the politics of Iowa so far as the Democratic party was concerned. Though it had then passed into history by the departure of its most influential member to Minnesota in 1852, and the death of another in 1855. I never could learn the exact composition of this Junto, but there was beside the Governor, Dr. M. H. Clark, whom I have heard spoken of as the ablest and shrewdest politician of his time in Iowa, and Iowa at that time had some very able politicians (as she has had at all times since). Had he not removed to Minnesota when he did, Dr. Clark would have been a power for many years afterward. There too was the Virginian, Judge Dyer, soon after appointed United States District Judge of Iowa, and who is said to have first proposed the name of Governor Briggs in the convention which nominated him. And there was genial Phillip B. Bradley, an accomplished gentleman from Connecticut, who had been educated under the supervision of Dr. Nott, the famous president of Union College, and whose whole after life was passed in the village of Andover, where a politician he became as astute as his preceptor. Whether the late Col. Wyckoff and Senators Green and Goodenow whose names will linger long in the annals of Jackson County, could be called members of the "Andrew Clique" or not, I cannot say, but they were closely associated with those before named. It may excite some surprise that the messages and other documents issued from the Executive office in his day were drafted by one who had received only a common school education, but it is understood that the final polish was given by his private sec-

retary, Frederick Bangs, a lawyer, and like the Governor himself a graduate of the printing office.

It is a matter of congratulation that the good sense and the good taste of those in charge of the preparation of this memorial chose, not polished marble, nor somber bronze, but the enduring granite of his native state to commemorate the homely virtues and the sturdy manhood of the rugged first Governor of Iowa. This monument itself will fitly indicate to coming generations the character of the man. It is right and proper, and most befitting that the State of Iowa should in this manner acknowledge his services and commemorate his life. The state officials have well performed their part in this service, and it only remains for me on behalf of those who were in his life time the friends and associates of departed worth to lay this chape on his last resting place. Good neighbor, true citizen, a faithful officer, wise legislator, upright Executive, kind husband, loving father, good man, hail and farewell!

This Address of State Senator J. A. DeArmand of Scott County.

Fellow Citizens:—

I want to thank the committee of arrangements for this opportunity of adding my mite to this auspicious occasion, and of paying tardy justice to the memory of an Iowa pioneer and an Iowa Governor. It has been said of George Washington that he was first in war, first in peace and last to get a monument, but I am inclined to the opinion that Ansel R. Briggs can go the father of his country one better on the monument matter. But all things come to him who will but wait, so the saying goes and all's well that ends well. We have met in this beautiful town in this grand old county today to dedicate this monument to the memory of Iowa's first Governor. I have been asked to say a few words regarding the effort that has been made in order that the dust of this old pioneer might be again placed in Iowa soil and the spot marked so that future generations might know that in our rush for place and power and glory we had not forgot those who laid the foundation of one of the greatest states in all the galaxy of states.

It has been my good fortune to be a member of two sessions of the Iowa legislature and during both of those the honored and able representatives of Jackson county labored in season and out with that never-give-up spirit to the end that this day might be more than a dream and a hope. But let it not be forgotten that Iowa is a great state; the calls and demands upon her exchequer are numerous and varied. There is ever that fear of establishing a precedent and so it has happened that while admitting the justice of the claim and endorsing the worthy cause, the appropriation was withheld, and so session after session passed and new men went to the legislature and took up anew the battle with the final result, the fruition of long-cherished dreams.

It is not necessary for me to tell this audience of the faithful efforts of the men who guided the measure through both houses; of the final assault upon the appropriation committee, which with its care and discretion gulp-

ed down at one swift swallow a bill for \$100 000 to build a grand stand at the state fair grounds while Iowa's university, the pride and glory of us all, stands almost alone in the need of a woman's building among the universities of the west. When we think of this we well may be proud of the work of Jackson county's members for their very enthusiasm bore fruit in creating interest in others, and thus we have reason to be more endeared to our grand old state, even though this duty has been tardily performed.

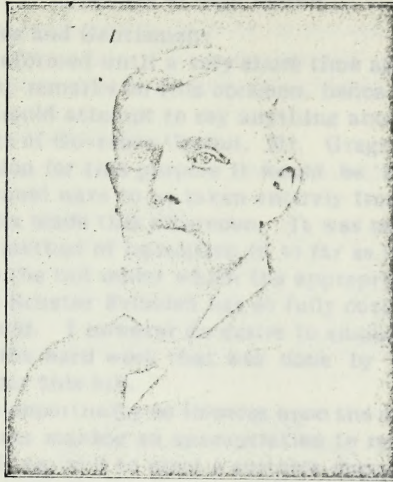
I take it that no state or nation can be thoughtless of the memory of those who give the best that is in them to make for posterity, greatness and renown. "The king is dead, long live the king" is the cry of the liver of the present, while memorable regard for the doers of noble deeds establishes a citizenship of highest and best courage and glory.

The man whose memory we commemorate today builded better than he knew for, from his wise and conscientious labors we today reap the harvest of a united, happy and prosperous people. May the lessons of this day and this occasion instill in the hearts of all the people of our loved commonwealth the great truth that they who would live in the hearts and minds of the ages must forget self and remember that strict devotion to duty brings its reward, and in the fullness of time justice is done.

Senator Frudden of Dubuque Speaks.

Senator A. F. Frudden of Dubuque was introduced. The senator "told legislative secrets" regarding the securing of the passage of Mr. Ellis' bill for the Briggs' appropriation. He told how Mr. Ellis had camped on the trail of the measure—the first house bill introduced at the last legislative session—through the committee on appropriations, how the minority report won over the opposition majority report on the floor, how he had followed the measure into the senate, through the committee rooms, how it had been taken in hand by Senator Wilson of Clinton county, and how, after much buffeting on the legislative seas it emerged intact and how as the final act it had been signed by the governor. "And I am informed," said Senator Frudden, "that Mr. Ellis stood over the governor and watched him place his signature on the bill and then demanded the pen with which it was written."

The senator stated that Jackson county always had a peculiar significance to him. It was in June, 1871, that as an immigrant lad of sixteen years he landed in Iowa. He was proud to be present at Andrew and have a part in the exercises. "It is meet and proper that the body of Ansel Briggs be returned to Iowa to be laid among those of the people who knew him and loved him, so well and in a community where so many tender memories of him still exist. It is fitting that Governor Briggs should be laid to rest amid the scenes where he achieved his greatest successes and beneath a monument hewn from the granite hills of his native state," said Mr. Frudden.



SENATOR A. F. FRUDDEN.

Address by Rep Boettger of Davenport.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I desire to thank the arrangement committee and Mr. Ellis for their kind invitation to be present today and pay homage which has been delayed so long to a man who so richly deserves it. I appreciate the invitation very much and I assure you it is a pleasure to be present among you today. My colleague Mr. Balluff has told you of the efforts of your worthy Representative Mr. Ellis and Senator Parshall. How, after the Committee on appropriation had reported House File No. 1 for indefinite postponement it was resurrected and finally passed. Little do you my friends realize how closely House File was hovering to the waste basket. It is therefor all the more honor is due Mr. Ellis that he did not permit it to enter there and perish, for once in the basket there is no return. We may sing of the praises and stand here and tell you of his untiring efforts, but words and music cannot express what Mr. Ellis endured until the bill so dear to him and you was finally signed by the Governor. You may and should be proud of the man whose untiring efforts made it possible for you and I to pay homage to our first Governor Ansel Briggs, and to have so beautiful a monument erected which marks the spot of his last resting place.

I am proud to have been one who voted to give you the thousand dollars as it was little enough you asked. In conclusion let me say that what has been said of Mr. Ellis by the preceding speakers I desire to corroborate. I can see him now sitting in his seat all attention to business and now and then a member coming to him for advice on a bill up for consideration.

Address by Rep. Balluff.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I had not been informed until a very short time ago that it was expected of me to make any remarks on this occasion, hence did not come prepared to do so. If I should attempt to say anything about Ansel Briggs after the extended remarks of Governor Carroll, Mr. Gregory and others, who had made investigation for this purpose it would be only a repetition of their remarks and would have to be taken entirely from what I remembered of their statements made this afternoon. It was my intention to say a few words as to the method of legislation in so far as it applied to House File No. 1, which is the bill under which the appropriation for this monument was made, but Senator Frudden has so fully covered this subject that there is nothing to add. I however do desire to emphasize Senator Frudden's remarks as to the hard work that was done by your representative, Hon Jas. W. Ellis, for this bill.

He never lost an opportunity to impress upon the members of the House the justice of the State making an appropriation to return the remains of Governor Briggs to Iowa, and to erect a suitable monument to his memory at Andrew which was his former home. It is but just to say that there were those who at first honestly doubted the advisability of the State disbursing money for this purpose. Many of them were won over by the arguments of Mr. Ellis and some saw the necessity of voting for this appropriation when one was made for the Allison monument. Personally, I always felt that it was a duty of the State to make this appropriation, and that this was a duty that had been long delayed.

A monument of more magnificent proportions would without question have been erected by the citizens of his former home to the memory of Governor Briggs, but this would have meant nothing in comparison with the fact that the State of Iowa has recognized its obligation.

I also wish to say a deserved tribute to your able Representative in another direction. You, as his neighbors, acquaintances and constituents are well aware that he has no bad habits and therefore had little occasion to spend his time in the cloak room where those who were users of the weed spent a considerable part of their time enjoying the fragrant "Havana" or "stinky pipe." He could always be found in his seat paying strict attention to the proceedings, and his ability to determine the right and wrong of the ending bills was remarkable. It was quite noticeable that such members as were either enjoying themselves in the cloak room or otherwise engaged often—yes very often—made enquiry of Mr. Ellis as to the status of matters pending or the desirability of supporting or defeating the same, and I have heard it said that his judgment was uniformly right.

If Jackson County desires to be well represented at Des Moines, it should keep Mr. Ellis in the harness, and the question of politics is never considered at Des Moines after the organization is perfected.

I am very glad to have been able to be here with you today in performing this long delayed act of justice to Iowa's first Governor. I wish

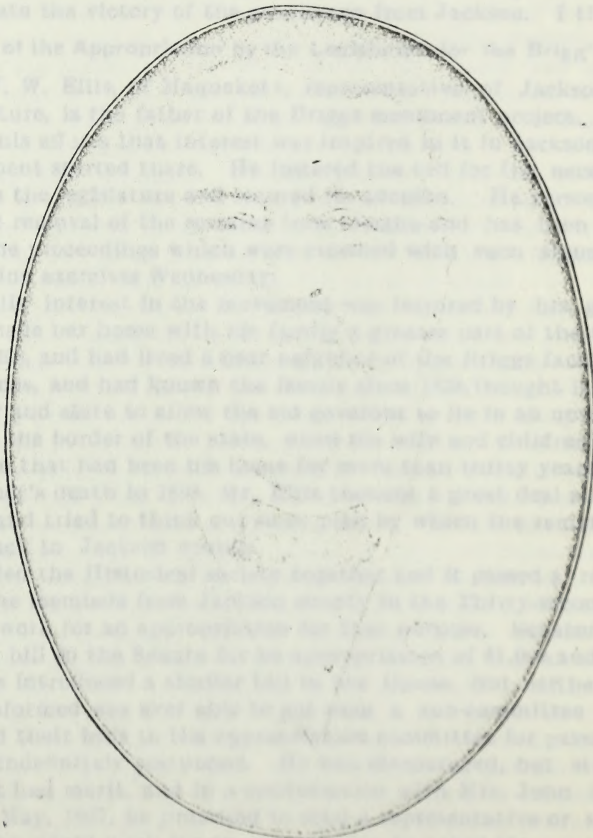
to say further that your Historical Society has done wonders with the limited amount of money at their command in procuring the splendid shaft which we are today dedicating. The large assembly demonstrates to me that it is a matter in which the citizens of Jackson county have taken a deep interest.

I thank you for your kind attention.

Address of State Senator John L. Wilson of Clinton County.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It is rather embarrassing for me to be called upon to address you after listening to the able speeches just delivered to you by these distinguished gentlemen. I will not attempt to make a speech, however I wish to say I am delighted to be with you today and take part in these exercises. It is an honor that any man should feel proud of. I also am pleased to say it



SENATOR JOHN L. WILSON.

was my privilege and honor to be a member of the State Senate Appropriation committee that passed House File No. 1, introduced by the Honorable J. W. Ellis, your worthy Representative of this county, of whom every citizen of this county (especially) should be proud; the man who is more responsible for this appropriation you have secured than any one man to mark the grave of the first Governor of Iowa.

Mr. Ellis worked earnestly and faithfully for this bill from start to finish, and success rewarded his efforts. I doubt very much if another member of either House or Senate could have secured the appropriation at this time as there was a greatly increased demand made for money for all the state institutions, and at times it seemed to the committee as though there would not be funds enough to go around, and Mr. Ellis was asked to withdraw his bill and wait till some future time. But he would not become discouraged, and by his winning way and constant work success crowned his efforts, and we are here today to do honor to the departed ex-governor, and celebrate the victory of the gentleman from Jackson. I thank you.

The Story of the Appropriation by the Legislature for the Briggs' Monument.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, of Maquoketa, representative of Jackson county in the legislature, is the father of the Briggs monument project. It was due largely to his efforts that interest was inspired in it in Jackson county and the movement started there. He fostered the bill for the necessary appropriation in the legislature and secured its adoption. He personally superintended the removal of the remains from Omaha and has been the moving spirit in the proceedings which were crowned with such signal success in the unveiling exercises Wednesday.

Mr. Ellis' interest in the movement was inspired by his grandmother, who had made her home with his family a greater part of the time between 1886 and 1898, and had lived a near neighbor of the Briggs family in the territorial times, and had known the family since 1838, thought it a disgrace to the county and state to allow the old governor to lie in an unmarked grave, just across the border of the state, when his wife and children were buried in the town that had been his home for more than thirty years. After his grandmother's death in 1898. Mr. Ellis thought a great deal about the old governor, and tried to think out some plan by which the remains could be brought back to Jackson county.

He called the Historical society together and it passed a resolution requesting the members from Jackson county in the Thirty-second general assembly to work for an appropriation for that purpose. Senator Lambert introduced a bill in the Senate for an appropriation of \$1,000, and Representative Dunne introduced a similar bill in the House. But neither gentlemen, we were informed was ever able to get even a sub-committee of three to recommend their bills to the appropriation committee for passage, and the bills were indefinitely postponed. He was discouraged, but still felt that the project had merit, and in a conversation with Mrs. John S. Briggs in Omaha in May, 1907, he promised to send a representative or senator from Jackson who would work for an appropriation to honor the memory of Governor Briggs.

In 1908 about the time that candidates began announcing themselves for the various offices Mr. Ellis received a letter from a member of the Briggs family which incidentally reminded him of his promise. He knew of no one likely to be a candidate for the legislature that he could hope to interest in the work. After pondering the subject over night he went to the auditor and got nomination blanks and sent them out for signature and declared himself a candidate for the office of representative. He made no secret about telling the people that he was going to work for an appropriation to honor the memory of his old neighbor and fellow citizen. After election he felt he had undertaken a big job and when he reached Des Moines he realized more than ever that it would take hard, patient and persistent work to get a bill through the two houses that Senator Lambert with an experience of four years in the House and nine in the Senate could not start in either House.

His first move was to get 100 cards with a picture of the old governor on one side with a sketch of his life and service to the state on the other, and make the acquaintance of the members in the following manner: The first Sunday after the legislature convened one of the papers had pictures of nearly all members of both Houses taken from cuts made from photographs and were fairly good pictures. He kept one of these papers in his desk. Each portrait had the name under the picture. He studied these pictures every spare moment. For instance, he would look at the picture of McDonald of Carroll, then he would locate Mr. McDonald and fix his name and face indelibly in his memory; then take Berry of Henry county and locate him, and so on until he had all the democrats located the first week, for the reason that he was in the midst of them.

After getting a number of representatives' names and faces fixed in his memory, he would watch for them in the big hotels in the evening. When he saw a member that he could name he would approach him and call him by name and introduce himself, get a few minutes of his time and tell him the story—the pitiful story—of the first governor of Iowa being buried in a foreign state in an unmarked grave under the shadow of a \$50 000 monument to a first governor of the other state. He had a list of the members of both Houses and a list to all the standing committees, but was chiefly interested in the committees on appropriation of the two Houses.

He got an interview with Hon. Ernest R. Moore of Cedar Rapids, chairman of the House committee on appropriations. He told him the story of Ansel Briggs, the pioneer governor, and tried to excite his sympathy, but found him as cold as stone. He said he was opposed to special appropriation and should present a resolution the next morning that no bills carrying an appropriation should be considered until the state institutions should have been provided for, but said if there was anything left in the treasury after the state institutions had been taken care of he did not see why this bill would not be all right. Ellis was determined to get the first bill in if possible and succeeded in getting it in under title of House File No. 1, the assembly adjourning soon after. It was introduced several days before

any other bill and got a week's advertising all over the state, as every paper mentioned and commented on the bills. Each member read about it in his own home later.

After the second meeting of the House appropriation committee, Chairman Moore sent him a note by a page telling him he could have a hearing if he so desired the next day at 2 o'clock. When the time came he was on hand and loaded. He had the benefit of years of study of Governor Briggs. He was introduced to the committee by a gentleman from Linn and was treated very courteously by all and listened to with close attention. He never talked to an audience that he thought he had right with him as he did to that committee. At the conclusion of his address Chas. W. Miller of Bremer made a splendid talk for the bill and moved that it be recommended for passage, but the chairman announced that a rule had been adopted that no bill should be considered the day it was presented and before he got out of the room the chairman referred the bill to a sub-committee, consisting of Anderson, Derrough and another whose name he did not catch. He has always felt that if he could have got a vote at that meeting he would have saved lots of trouble. However, the situation was by no means discouraging. The next morning Anderson and Derrough told him they would report favorably on the bill and had no doubt about it passing the House committee.

That afternoon the committee met again and it was announced by Chairman Moore that the meeting was for the purpose of giving the members of the board of control a hearing, hence it was not expected there would be any other matter considered. John Cownie talked to the committee for three hours on the great needs of the institution and told them approximately how much would be needed. By the time he finished nearly half the members had been excused, there being but 22 members of the 38 present, when Mr. Ellis' friends made the report recommending his bill for passage and of the 23 members Kendall, of Clinton, and the two members of the sub-committee were all that were there that cared anything for Briggs. Kellogg, of Harrison, moved that the bill be indefinitely postponed. The motion was seconded, and a secret ballot taken that resulted in putting the bill to sleep, 13 voting for indefinite postponement and 10 against.

Mr. Ellis did not sleep any that night but lay awake and planned on how to recover the lost ground. Next morning he was at the state house early and received many expressions of sympathy and got George Koontz to prepare a form for a minority report and had it signed by the members who had voted against indefinite postponement. Ward, of Woodbury, told Chairman Moore that he would present the minority report and Moore promised to give him a chance for a hearing.

The next day being Lincoln's birthday anniversary, it was generally concluded that there would be an adjournment over to Tuesday as the Weaver picture would be unveiled on Monday. Consequently Mr. Ellis and many others went home Thursday night. Tuesday morning he was back to the capitol and at his desk early, and feeling fine. His house journal for

Saturday was brought to him and he read the following with feeling that can be imagined better than be explained:

"Mr. Speaker, your committee on appropriations to whom was referred house file No. 1, a bill for an act to make an appropriation for the removal of the remains of ex-Governor Ansel Briggs from Omaha, Nebr., to Andrew, Jackson county, Iowa, and for the erection of a monument in the cemetery at the place in commemoration of his memory, beg leave to report that they have had the same under consideration and have instructed me to report the same back to the House with the recommendation that the same be indefinitely postponed. Ernest R. Moore, Chairman Adopted."

That seemed to settle the question as there was the bill indefinitely postponed. But Mr. Ellis was determined not to be defeated in this great and noble undertaking and again bobbed up as serenely as Banquo's ghost, and was immediately surrounded by such friends as Koontz, of Johnson; O'Connor, of Chickasaw; Schulte, of Clayton, and Crozier, of Marion, who offered sympathy and assistance.

A committee was appointed and waited on Mr. Moore, who, at the opening session of the House, the next morning explained that when he presented the majority report that he did not know Representative Ellis was absent and as he desired to be fair with the friends of the bill he asked the unanimous consent of the House to withdraw his report, which was given. Mr. Moore asked that it go over until the next day.

Mr. Ellis then selected five members to speak in behalf of the bill. The next morning Holmes, of Kossuth, called up the Allison monument bill, made a talk on it and put it to passage. The bill received a constitutional majority, and at the instant its title had been agreed upon Mr. Ellis arose and obtained recognition and asked unanimous consent to consider House File No. 1. The House Journal, February 18, page 56, shows Moore moved that the report of the committee be adopted. It was moved by Ward, of Woodbury, to substitute the minority for the majority report and a roll call was demanded. Representative Ellis spoke in behalf of the bill and was followed by O'Connor, Crozier and Schulte, each one presenting good arguments. The roll call showed 97 ayes and four nays. Thus the minority was substituted and Moore moved its adoption. Thus the bill passed the House on Friday, February 18. The bill went through the Senate chamber at a quick pace which ended a hard, long fought battle in which right and justice dropped the victors. On May 14 a contract was awarded to the Huffman Bruner Granite company of Cedar Rapids for the erection and completion of the proposed monument.

On May 20th, Representative Ellis departed for Council Bluffs and was met there by Representative Brandes of Pottawattamie, and an undertaker. The next morning Senator Saunders, Mr. Brandes and Mr. Ellis boarded a car and went over to Prospect Hill cemetery in Omaha. Here he found the superintendents and two assistants at work opening the grave. There was present, Mrs. John S. Briggs, a daughter-in-law of the governor and at whose home he died, and Captain Martin Dunham, an early day resident of Jackson county, son of old Esquire Dunham, of Dunham's Ferry, who

claimed to be the only pallbearer now alive. These with the undertakers and some newspaper reporters of Omaha, witnessed the exhuming of the remains. The contents of the badly decayed casket were placed in a new casket which was in turn put in a large metal lined box and the lining soldered over.

* *

A Word Personal from Hon. J. W. Ellis.

Having heard many expressions of regret and disappointment, that I did not take a part in the program last Wednesday, I feel that a brief explanation is necessary from me.

When I arranged the program for the exercises two weeks prior to the date set for dedicating the monument, I fully realized that there was a greater number of prominent and able people had accepted our invitation to take part in the exercises, than time would allow to be heard, and I felt that our people would rather hear those distinguished guests who had honored us with their presence, than to listen to me. I had promised our guests who took part in the program to get them back in time to take the afternoon trains, and we were fifteen minutes late in starting our exercises and it is a matter of regret that we had to hurry some of the speakers away and thus disorganize the audience before the program was carried out.

I desire through these columns of the press of the county to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to all who assisted in any way to make the occasion a success. I feel especially indebted to those guests who left their homes and occupations to come at their own expense and take part in the program; also to those good broad-minded, liberal gentlemen, Thomas Hench, F. E. Wirth, A. A. Hurst, Frank Coverdale and Dr. Skelly, who kindly donated their services and automobiles to carry our guests to Andrew and back; to the members of the press who gave us free use of their columns to advertise the event, and to all of those who contributed of their means to cover the incidental expense, and especially to those outside helpers like Charley Wyckoff, Henry Ottens, Andrew Chase, Mr. Sampson, and the teachers and the schools of the county. Last, but by no means least, those good men with whom I feel honored in being associated with in the great and good work of collecting and reserving the history of our county and state.

I am asked very often how I feel now after the successful culmination of my hopes and plans of years. I will say that I am deeply gratified, I am satisfied, I am happy.

(Signed) JAMES W. ELLIS.

MORE PROMINENT IOWANS RESPOND.

Prairie View Ranch, Carr, Colorado, Sept. 10, 1909.

Mr. Ellis,

Dear Friend: In reply to your kind invitation to attend the monument dedication of dear old Grandpa Briggs, will say I intended to be there but unforeseen circumstances will now prevent me. Many times I have thought to write you and thank you for what you have done. That all you have undertaken will be crowned with success is the wish of

Your old and true friend, FANNIE IONA GLASER.

U. S. Senate, Des Moines, Iowa, September 13, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Sec'y, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Mr. Ellis: I have yours of the 11th inst. Your former invitations have not reached me or I certainly would have replied. I regret very much to tell you that it will be impossible for me to be at Maquoketa on the 22nd inst. I have already made engagements which render it impossible for me to be in that part of the state at that time. I feel that the dedication of Governor Briggs' monument will be a most interesting occasion. We cannot honor too much the memories of the men who gave Iowa the impulse which she now enjoys. We are deeply indebted to the pioneers of the commonwealth, and I rejoice to know that in the old town of Andrew, one of these obligations is to be recognized.

Yours cordi lly,

ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

Waterloo, Iowa, September 8, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir: Yours of the 7th received and was very glad to hear from you and appreciate the honor of being placed on your program. I regret that the indications from my present condition is that I will be unable to attend. I was taken sick three weeks ago and barring a few days in the office and a couple of days spent in Des Moines, I have been in bed most of the time. At present am on my back and uncertain when I will be able to get up. I had inflammation of the liver and congestion of the portal system which has shut off the flow of blood in the veins on my right side. It seems as if it would be impossible for me to be there to be present at the celebration. I would be more than pleased to tell your fellow citizens of Jackson county how faithfully you fought and what hard work it required on your part to secure the appropriation, and think that you had better assign the subject to some one that will be there as your home people should know something of the effort it required. If possible I will come and will drop you a line so that you can get it just before the date, letting you know whether I will be able to come or not.

Yours sincerely,

GUY A. FEELY.

Kearney, Nebr., Sept. 6, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Ellis: I have the honor to acknowledge your invitation to attend the ceremonies at the unveiling of the monument erected in honor of Ansel Briggs, Iowa's first governor, on the 22nd inst. I regret a previous engagement to speak in Omaha on Emancipation Day, makes it impossible for me to accept. Iowa honors herself when she honors Hon. Ansel Briggs.

Very truly yours, NORRIS BROWN.

Wooster Ohio, September 20, 1909

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Sec. Jackson Co. Historical Society, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for invitation to the unveiling of monument in memory of Ansel Briggs, first governor of the state of Iowa, on September 22, 1909. I regard the invitation as a great honor to me, and regret my inability to be present on that occasion. This is a fitting tribute to the memory of the first governor of your great State, rich in wonderfully productive soil, and stretches of beautiful lands, all dotted over with villages and cities, prosperous in commerce and wealth populated with a citizenship of sturdy, industrious, intelligent and educated Christian people.

I wish you a great day. Yours very truly, MAHLON ROUCH.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, September 18, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of yours of September 15th. While I have returned home very much better, I am not yet fully myself and my doctors tell me that it is not prudent for me to undertake going to any functions whatever, for the present, or traveling any more than it is absolutely necessary. I am very sorry that I cannot be present at the dedication of the Governor Briggs monument. I knew the Governor well and he was, you know, for a time, a resident of this part of the country. Please extend to your people my reasons and my regrets, and greatly oblige.

Yours truly, G. M. DODGE.

Albia, Iowa, September, 10, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Mr. Ellis: I am just in receipt of your favor of recent date inviting me to deliver a ten-minute talk at the dedication of the Briggs monument on the 22nd of this month. Replying will say that by reason of a recent change of affairs, our Court will convene on that day which makes it impossible for me to be in attendance. Our regular term of Court should begin September 20th. I had arranged matters so as to enable me to attend the services, but within the last ten days Judge Roberts the presiding judge at our next term of Court made an order that Court would not convene until the morning of the 22nd; hence in view of the fact, prevents me from being able to attend the services of which I very much regret. I assure you it would afford me great pleasure to talk to the people on that occasion and I very greatly appreciate the kind invitation to do so, but under the circumstances will be unable to be present. Thanking you for the favors shown, and assuring you that I will be with you in spirit, if not in person, I am,

Very truly yours, JOHN T. CLARKSON.

Des Moines, Iowa, September 10, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of the invitation of your society to attend the exercises upon the unveiling of a monument dedicated to Ansel Briggs, first Governor of Iowa. I had hoped to be present but regret that I shall not be able to participate. I have no doubt the ceremony will be in keeping with the dignity and honor of our State which is showing in this manner its appreciation of one of her public servants.

I remain,

Sincerely yours, C. J. FULTON.

Adel, Iowa, September 10, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: I have yours urging me to be present at the dedication of the Briggs monument, and asking to put me on the program for a short talk upon that occasion. I am sorry to say that it will be impossible for me to leave home at that time. Our court is in session and will be, and we already have a number of cases assigned for trial, and others for assignment. I regret my inability to be away from here at that time. Assuring you that I appreciate your invitation, I am,

Sincerely yours,

G. W. CLARKE.

Ottumwa, Iowa, September 10, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Ellis: I have your letter with reference to making a ten minute talk on the 22nd, at the dedication of the Briggs monument. I very much regret that I will most probably be unable to be with you. Our court is now in session and I shall begin the trial of a case next week which in all probability will occupy sufficient time to keep me here on the date mentioned. Thanking you for your kind invitation, I am

Yours very truly, EDWIN G. MOON.

Sioux City, Iowa, September 10, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Mr. Ellis: Your letter of the 9th inst. at hand, in which you extend invitation to be present and take part in the program in the dedication of Briggs monument the 22nd inst. I am deeply grateful to you for your kind invitation, and would be highly pleased to take advantage of the opportunity if possible, however, I hardly feel safe in saying at the present time that I can be with you on the 22nd. We have so many matters pending at this time that it will probably be impossible for me to get away without great inconvenience. I wish to thank you most heartily for this kind invitation, and assure you that it is my hope that you will realize all that you anticipated for this memorable day. You are to be congratulated on the work you did in getting the bill through the legislature last winter, and ought to receive due credit in your county for the same. It would be a delight to me to give personal testimony in your county to the excellent work that you did in this regard last session. Thanking you again for the kind invitation, I beg to remain

Yours truly, W. L. HARDING.

Dear Sir,

Mr. J. W. Ellis, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir: I am pleased to acknowledge

your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply

to inform you that the same has been

forwarded to the proper authorities for

their consideration. I shall not be able

to reply to you more fully at this time

as I am leaving for the West tomorrow

and shall not be able to return until

the 15th inst.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

John W. Ellis

St. Louis, Mo.

Enclosed for you are the

originals of the letters from the

various parties to the case.

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I remain,

Sincerely yours,

John W. Ellis

St. Louis, Mo.

Buffalo, Iowa, Sept. 10, 1909.

Honorable J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir: Accept my thanks for your kind invitation to participate in the unveiling of the monument so justly due to that good man, Ansel Briggs. As a man I knew him many years before he was governor. In 1836, when managing his mail route from Dubuque to Burlington, he arranged with my father for a stop and feed station at Buffalo. My father was then postmaster here. Ansel Briggs, as I remember him, was a plain, common sense man, not especially brilliant but one of God's noblemen, an honest man. It was to be regretted that the Iowa legislature hesitated so long in donating to this monument when so willing to set apart a much larger sum for a monument to Senator Grimes.

Please pardon me for changing to a different subject. My father, whom I mentioned above established a ferry across the river here making out a road to Monmouth forty miles south in Illinois, and running north to Dubuque lead mines 74 miles due north and, took a claim upon the Wapsipicon, placing John Shuck in charge; also a claim below the forks of the Maquoketa, sending in 1835, Wallace and Solomon Pence to hold this claim. They took claims and settled there, no doubt the first actual settlers of Jackson county, or then Dubuque county. I presume I knew many of your early settlers, but in sadness must state that all of them have crossed the mighty river from whence there will be no return. Have been a great sufferer for more than a year and have been hindered much in this writing by piercing pains in my head. Am an old man within 60 days of 87 years, i. e. the 14th of November next, so you will see that it is impossible for me to be with you in doing justice to that grand good man, Ansel Briggs, Iowa's first governor.

Most truly yours, W. L. CLARK.

Are you a son of my old friend, Lyman Ellis? Warm friends in all but politics. Well do I remember his dry, quaint manner and speech.

Halstead, Kansas, September 12, 1909.

J. W. Ellis, Secretary Historical Society.

Your kind invitation received and nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present at the unveiling of the monument of Ansel Briggs, Iowa's first governor, for I was born in the town of Andrew in 1844 and knew the governor from my early childhood but having made arrangements to be in Maquoketa, Oct. 20 and 21 at the reunion of Iowa's old Regiment, the Second Iowa Cavalry, it will be impossible for me to be there.

Yours with respects, R. H. McDONALD.

Hampton, Iowa, Sept. 21, 1909.

Hon. James W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir: I have delayed replying to your kind invitation with the hope that I could give you a favorable reply, but I find I will be unable to attend the dedication of the monument erected in honor of our first governor. You are entitled to much credit for your untiring efforts in causing this monument to be erected, and I heartily congratulate you and your people on attaining your hearts' desire. I am sorry I cannot be with you and bespeak for you a pleasant and profitable occasion. With kind regards, I remain

Yours very truly, N. W. BEEBE.

Chicago, Ill., September 21, 1909.

J. W. Ellis, Sec'y Jackson County Historical Society, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: We have your invitation to attend the monument dedication at Andrew on September 22nd. We regret, however, we shall be unable to meet with you. We take this opportunity to congratulate you upon the successful culmination of your efforts in this very worthy cause, and beg to remain

Yours very truly, E. E. and A. D. PALMER.

Washington, D. C., September 16, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Ellis: Your kind invitation to be present at the unveiling of a monument to honor the memory of Governor Briggs received. I appreciate what you are doing. It is a gracious act on your part and on the part of the people of Jackson County. I regret that it will not be possible for me to be present, as I have just returned from a survey of Department work in the far West and must attack business of the Department that is now in arrears.

Respectfully, JAMES WILSON,
Secretary of Agriculture.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, September 30, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Ellis: Your invitation to be present at the unveiling of the Briggs monument on the 22d inst. has been received. I find that I will be unable to meet with you on that occasion, which I very much regret. The interest you have taken in honoring the memory of the first Governor of the Commonwealth of Iowa is worthy of commendation.

Sincerely yours, ALBERT N. HARBERT.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Sept. 23, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Ellis: Your favor of the 15th inst. directing my attention to the dedication on yesterday, came duly to hand. It was not possible for me to be with you. I promised nearly a year since to read a paper before the Municipal League on the subject of terminal taxation. My date was fixed for the 22nd. of September, and I was in Fort Dodge yesterday. I saw by the papers that you had a very fine occasion notwithstanding that the rain somewhat interfered with the exercises. You have reason to be proud of your success in this matter. Through you the people of the State of Iowa have been able to do justice to a very able man.

With kindest regards I remain, Very truly, C. E. SAUNDERS.

Waterloo, Iowa, September 15, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

My dear Sir: I regret very much that it will be impossible for me to be present at the dedication of the Ansel Briggs monument. My health is such that the doctors say it will be some time before I will be able to do any traveling. It is a great disappointment to Mrs. Feely and myself as we had planned a pleasant trip and I would have appreciated very much the honor of being on the program of the dedication of the monument to Iowa's first Governor. With kindest wishes.

Yours very truly,

GUY A. FEELY.

Waukon, Iowa, September 14, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: It is with the greatest of pleasure that I hold your invitation to the dedication of the Briggs monument, and I congratulate you in your splendid success of securing the same. I desire to thank you for interesting me in the cause and any work that I performed was a work of humanity and of brotherly love for yourself. I cherish the memory of our work and of our friendly relations, hoping that every detail will be perfect. There is a fighting chance for me to be with you; I will if possible.

Yours very truly, E. H. FOURT.

Omaha, Nebr, September 15, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis, Sec. Jackson Co. Historical Society, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Sir: This will acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation to be present at the unveiling of a monument in memory of Ansel Briggs, first Governor of your state. There will be a representative of both Wm. A. and Geo. C. Chapmans family in attendance. Thanking you for this invitation we are,

Yours truly, MR. and MRS. W. A. CHAPMAN.

Bellevue, Iowa, September 15, 1909.

Friend J. W. Eills: Much obliged for your kind invitation to be present at Andrew on the 22nd. Will be there sure if alive and well, and it does not storm early in the morning. Passed 86 years on the second of this month, but couldn't help it, felt rather ashamed and kept very quiet.

Yours truly, M. G. HYLER.

The Omaha Daily Bee, Omaha, Aug. 21, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Ellis.

My dear Sir:—I beg to thank you for your kind invitation ot attend the unveiling of the Ansel Brigg's monument and rerget that other engagements in Sept. will prevent me from attending. Thank you none the less for the thoughtful remembrance. Very truly yours,

VICTOR ROSEWATER.

Clinton, Iowa, Sept. 4, 1909.

Hon. J. W. Ellis, Secretary, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Ellis:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to be present at the exercises of unveiling the monument erected to honor the memory of Ansel Briggs, first governor of the State of Iowa. I thank you for the invitation and while it would afford me much pleasure to meet with citizens of Iowa on the occasion named, I regret to inform you that owing to an important busine s engagement in California, it will be impossible for me to attend the exercises. With personal regards to you and through you to my many warm friends in Jackson county, I am

Yours very truly,

G. M. CURTIS.

EULOGY AND LIFE SKETCH OF W. E. RICHARDSON

Written and Read at Funeral by His Neighbor and Friend,
Charley Wyckoff.

(Reprinted from The Preston Times)

The funeral of W. E. Richardson was held at the Richardson home near Union Center, Sunday, Sept. 19 1909. The service was conducted by Rev. McBride of Preston, and a song service was conducted by his old-time friend, Ben Van Steinburg. The remains were encased in a beautiful casket covered with floral offerings brought by friends. The pallbearers were neighbors—Ed Haner, Henry Wellendorf, Clark Stewart, Robert Gilmore, Thad Schlegel and Ed Reubsamen. After the reading of the burial service and prayer by Rev. McBride, Charley Wyckoff read a short biographical eulogy he had prepared. Rev. McBride sang a very beautiful and appropriate solo, after which the hundreds of people that filled the house and the surrounding yard were permitted to view the remains, which were then taken to the cemetery near the home and laid to rest beside father and mother gone before.

The following is the article read by Mr. Wyckoff, at the funeral:

"Neighbors and friends: It was thought fitting upon this sad occasion to have some one other than a preacher, some friend who, by long acquaintance, could say some words of friendship and love and true neighborly friendship—words spoken by one that knows whereof he speaks; word by one who has known this dear departed friend, known him in childhood, as a man, known him as a friend and never found him wanting in anything that makes a true American citizen.

"Another life is closed: a face that has been so familiar in Jackson county for many years has passed from life; duties well done; to find sweet rest in the immortal field of paradise. Death, the angel of peace and joy to the weary, is always a grief-bearing messenger to hearts bereft of one of life's brightest charms, a dear friend's love, a dear friend's counsel. Although a long life has been lived and its trials have been met with honest heart determined to do right, still death's visit causes sorrow which only the alleviating influence of time can heal. Lives of usefulness are not soon forgotten. Their influence never ends. Such was the life of W. E. Richardson, whose spirit passed peacefully to rest Friday, September 17, 1909.

"W. E. Richardson was born July 5, 1846, in the little old log cabin be-

side the road in Fairfield township, at what was known at that time as Hull's Corners. He was the son of the late S. A. Richardson, so well and favorably known throughout Jackson county as one of the early pioneers. He grew to manhood in Fairfield township, where he has always lived except some two years while a boy he lived in Washington territory at Walla Walla and some two years after his marriage he lived in Shelby county, Iowa. He was married to Clara Belle Blakely on the 18th day of January, 1877. There were born to them, two children, Helen, now wife of Allan Fowler of Fairfield township, and Mary, living at home.

"Some fifteen years ago he had some kind of growth on his lip. He had it operated on some three times, and it was thought by his family that it was cured. Some two years ago his jawbone became affected, and he submitted to another operation about one year ago, having part of the bone removed, and again his family and friends hoped that a cure had been accomplished, but God had ordered it different, and it again began its work of destruction, and although all that could be done by skilled doctors was done, yet he gradually became worse. but was of such a patient disposition he did not complain of much pain. Day by day he became weaker until on the morning of September 17, 1909, his spirit passed peacefully to rest. He was at his death, 63 years, 2 months and 12 days old.

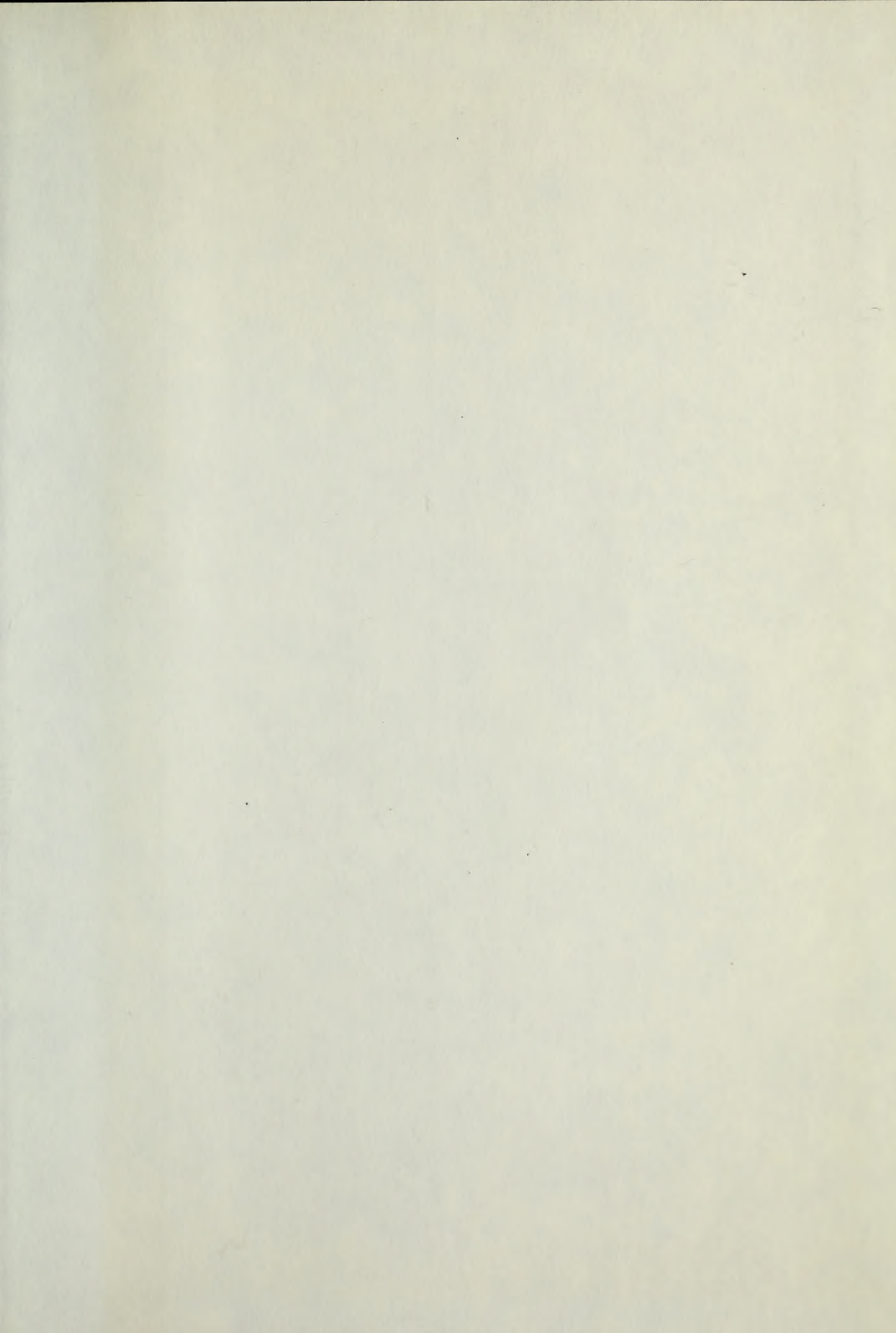
"He was warm hearted and hospitable. At his home the latch-string always hung out. He was not a member of any church, but was liberal in his belief, was free from sectarian prejudice, and was willing to assist any organization that he believed would benefit his fellow man. In fact his religion consisted of charity, that kind spoken of by Peter, that suffers long and is kind; that is not puffed up; that charity, that is the golden ladder that reaches from earth to heaven; that charity, that when it becomes the ruling power, prompts men to act. The sectarian wall that divides the christian churches will crumble into dust, earth become heaven, and hell a fable and happiness before unknown be man's crowning glory.

"Politically, he was a democrat and always ready to do what he could to help to advance the cause of true democracy. He was a 32nd degree Mason. He was honored by the township with offices of trust: has been one of the members of the board of directors of the Farmers Insurance Company more than twenty years. In all his dealings and transactions he aimed to be honest and if a mistake was made it was one of the head and not of the heart. He was warm hearted, open handed and charitable, ever willing to share his mite with those about him and ready to do all in his power to smoothe the path of his friends and neighbors, and they will long remember his many acts of kindness and self-sacrifice on his part. He was a man of high mental attainments, strong purpose, was well read, was considered a substantial man in the community, was a man of high character, was of a cheerful and happy disposition with a kind word for all and always inclined to look on the bright side of life.

"Thus have I in my bungling manner tried to gather a brief history of my departed friend. But there is another and a more perfect history that is written in never fading characters on the hearts of his family, and on the hearts of his friends, a history that will live to wield an influence for

good on his neighborhood long after what I have written will be forgotten. His children will cherish the remembrance of his many virtues as a priceless legacy. His sorrowing wife will remember his pleasant smile with which he was ever wont to greet her. He was a loving husband, a kind and loving father, and a kind neighbor. His home was always made pleasant by his presence. He was esteemed by all that knew him, as a genial and noble man. That he was dearly loved by his children and dear wife was shown by the never tiring care with which they tried to keep him with them. No husband had better wifely care; no father's aching head had kinder hands to soothe it and help to bear the bitter pain of death; but his time had come and we mourn his loss.

“Peace to his ashes.”





JAN 75



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

